Tolstoĭ, Leo, 1828-1910.
The complete works of Lyof
N. Tolsto i V. 10

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The Complete Works *of*

Lyof N. Tolstoï

The Long Exile
Master and Man
The Kreutzer Sonata
Dramas

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
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THE LONG EXILE

AND OTHER STORIES

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INTRODUCTION

The contents of the present volume illustrate Count Tolstoï's versatility to a remarkable degree. His stories for children are marked by the simplicity and sincerity that children demand. What could be more fascinating to a boy than his description of his dogs? And is there anything in literature, anywhere, more perfect in its absolute symmetry, its inherent pathos, and its unobtrusive moral than the story called in the original "God sees the Truth"?

The author himself, while he regards with scant consideration his earlier works, such as "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," places this story in the highest rank as complying with the canons of art.

The "Stories for Children," which comprise a few taken from the "Novaya Azbuka" or New Primer, and not found in Vol. IV of the Moscow edition, are followed by the entertaining and suggestive account of the school which Count Tolstoï established for the children of his peasants shortly after the emancipation. His theory of freedom in the school reminds one of that set forth by the American educator, A. Bronson Alcott, and to a certain extent employed by him under very different conditions. It has in it the incontrovertible truth that children study best that which interests them, and that they may be led more successfully than driven into the paths of learning.

His arguments against examinations as tests of knowledge coincide with the experience of most teachers. They have their place, but altogether too much stress is laid on them in our schools and colleges, and as they are generally conducted they do more harm than good. They lead to cumulative cramming, and they are almost invariably unfair.

But interesting as the count's theories and results are, the personality of the man himself, the pictures that he draws of himself dealing with his peasant lads, and the unconscious methods of the born story-teller in presenting facts, give a peculiar charm to the whole account.

The enthusiastic *naïveté* of the plea that the cultured class should learn of the unspoiled peasant to write fiction has exactly the same charm as revealing the count's generous and lovable qualities. But that he has taken the lesson to heart by cultivating that simplicity and sincerity characteristic of a healthy child, a genuine boy, is shown by the tale — "Walk in the Light" — with which the volume ends, and which sums up and applies to practice under the guise of a story of antiquity Count Tolstoï's views of education and his ideas of a religious life. The "Dialogue between Clever People" may be regarded as an implicit introduction to this beautiful tale, and it is so printed in the Moscow edition.

Taken as a whole it is undoubtedly one of the most stimulating and suggestive volumes of the series.

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THE LONG EXILE;

OR,

GOD SEES THE TRUTH, BUT BIDES HIS TIME

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Vladimir a young tradesman named Aksenof. He had two shops and a house.

Aksenof had a ruddy complexion and curly hair; he was a very jolly fellow and a good singer. When he was young he used to drink too much, and when he was tipsy he was turbulent; but after his marriage he ceased drinking, and only occasionally had a spree.

One summer Aksenof was going to Nizhni[1] to the great Fair. As he was about to bid his family good-by, his wife said to him: —

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, do not start to-day; I dreamed that some misfortune befell you."

Aksenof laughed at her, and said: —

"Are you still afraid that I shall go on a spree at the Fair?"

His wife said: —

"I myself know not what I am afraid of, but I had such a bad dream; you seemed to be coming home from town, and you took off your hat, and I looked, and your head was all gray."

Aksenof laughed.

"That means good luck. See, I am going now. I will bring you some rich remembrances."

And he bade his family farewell and set off.

When he had gone half his journey, he fell in with a

[1] Nizhni Novgorod; it means Lower New Town.

tradesman who was an acquaintance of his, and the two stopped at the same tavern for the night. They took tea together, and went to sleep in adjoining rooms.

Aksenof did not care to sleep long; he awoke in the middle of the night, and in order that he might get a good start while it was cool he aroused his driver and bade him harness up, went down into the smoky hut, settled his account with the landlord, and started on his way.

After he had driven forty versts,[1] he again stopped to get something to eat; he rested in the vestibule of the inn, and when it was noon, he went to the doorstep and ordered the samovar[2] got ready; then he took out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a troïka[3] with a bell dashed up to the inn, and from the equipage leaped an official with two soldiers; he came directly up to Aksenof, and asked: —

"Who are you? Where did you come from?"

Aksenof answered without hesitation, and asked him if he would not like to have a glass of tea with him.

But the official kept on with his questions: —

"Where did you spend last night? Were you alone or with a merchant? Have you seen the merchant this morning? Why did you leave so early this morning?"

Aksenof wondered why he was questioned so closely; but he told everything just as it was, and asked: —

"Why do you put so many questions to me? I am not a thief or a murderer. I am on my own business; there is nothing to question me about."

Then the official called up the soldiers, and said: —

"I am the police inspector,[4] and I have made these inquiries of you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been stabbed. Show me your things, and you men search him."

[1] Nearly twenty-six and a half miles.

[2] Water-boiler for making Russian tea.

[3] A team of three horses harnessed abreast; the outside two gallop, the shaft-horse trots.

[4] *Ispravnik.*

They went into the tavern, brought in the trunk and bag, and began to open and search them. Suddenly the police inspector pulled out from the bag a knife, and demanded: —

"Whose knife is this?"

Aksenof looked, and saw a knife covered with blood taken from his bag, and he was frightened.

"And whose blood is that on the knife?"

Aksenof tried to answer, but he could not articulate his words: —

"I .... I .... don't .... know .... I .... That knife .... it is .... not mine. ...."

Then the police inspector said: —

"This morning the merchant was found stabbed to death in his bed. No one except you could have done it. The tavern was locked on the inside, and there was no one in the tavern except yourself. And here is the bloody knife in your bag, and your guilt is evident in your face. Tell me how you killed him and how much money you took from him."

Aksenof swore that he had not done it, that he had not seen the merchant after he had drunk tea with him, that the only money that he had with him — eight thousand rubles — was his own, and that the knife was not his.

But his voice trembled, his face was pale, and he was all quivering with fright, like a guilty person.

The police inspector called the soldiers, and commanded them to bind Aksenof, and take him to the wagon.

When they took him to the wagon with his feet tied, Aksenof crossed himself and burst into tears.

They confiscated Aksenof's things and his money, and took him to the next city, and threw him into prison.

They sent to Vladimir to make inquiries about Aksenof's character, and all the merchants and citizens of Vladimir declared that Aksenof, when he was young, used to drink and was wild, but that now he was a worthy man. Then he was brought up for judgment.

He was sentenced for having killed the merchant and for having robbed him of twenty thousand rubles.

Aksenof's wife was dumfounded by the event, and did not know what to think. Her children were still small, and there was one at the breast. She took them all with her and journeyed to the city where her husband was imprisoned.

At first they would not grant her admittance, but afterward she got permission from the nachalniks and was taken to her husband.

When she saw him in his prison garb, in chains, together with murderers, she fell to the floor, and it was a long time before she recovered from her swoon. Then she placed her children around her, sat down amid them, and began to tell him about their domestic affairs, and to ask him about everything that had happened to him.

He told her the whole story.

She asked: —

"What is to be done now?"

He said: —

"We must petition the Tsar. It is impossible that an innocent man should be condemned."

The wife said that she had already sent in a petition to the Tsar, but that the petition had not been granted. Aksenof said nothing, but was evidently very much downcast.

Then his wife said: —

"You see the dream I had, when I dreamed that you had become gray-headed, meant something, after all. Already your hair has begun to turn gray with trouble. You ought to have stayed at home that time."

And she began to tear her hair, and she said: —

"Vanya,[1] my dearest husband, tell your wife the truth: Did you commit that crime?"

Aksenof said: —

"So you, too, have no faith in me!"

And he wrung his hands and wept.

Then a soldier came and said that it was time for the wife and children to go. And Aksenof for the last time bade his family farewell.

[1] Diminutive of Ivan, John.

When his wife was gone, Aksenof began to think over all that they had said. When he remembered that his wife had also distrusted him, and had asked him if he had murdered the merchant, he said to himself: —

"It is evident that no one but God can know the truth of the matter, and He is the only one to ask for mercy, and He is the only one from whom to expect it."

And from that time Aksenof ceased to send in petitions, ceased to hope, and only prayed to God. Aksenof was sentenced to be knouted, and then to exile with hard labor.

And so it was done.

He was flogged with the knout, and then, when the wounds from the knout were healed, he was sent with other exiles to Siberia.

Aksenof lived twenty-six years in the mines. The hair on his head had become white as snow, and his beard had grown long, thin, and gray. All his gayety had vanished. He was bent, his gait was slow, he spoke little, he never laughed, and he spent much of his time in prayer.

Aksenof had learned while in prison to make boots, and with the money that he earned he bought the "Book of Martyrs,"[1] and used to read it when it was light enough in prison, and on holidays he would go to the prison church, read the Gospels, and sing in the choir, for his voice was still strong and good.

The authorities liked Aksenof for his submissiveness, and his prison associates respected him and called him "Grandfather"[2] and the "man of God." Whenever they had petitions to be presented, Aksenof was always chosen to carry them to the authorities; and when quarrels arose among the prisoners, they always came to Aksenof as umpire.

Aksenof never received any letters from home, and he knew not whether his wife and children were alive.

One time some new convicts came to the prison. In

[1] "Chetya Minyeya."
[2] *Dyedushka.*

the evening all the old convicts gathered around the newcomers, and began to ply them with questions as to the cities or villages from which this one or that one had come, and what their crimes were.

At this time Aksenof also was sitting on his bunk, near the strangers, and, with bowed head, was listening to what was said.

One of the new convicts was a tall, healthy-looking old man of sixty years, with a close-cropped gray beard. He was telling why he had been arrested. He said: —

"And so, brothers, I was sent here for nothing. I unharnessed a horse from a postboy's sledge, and they caught me with it, and insisted that I was stealing it. But I said, 'I only wanted to go a little faster, so I whipped up the horse. And, besides, the driver was a friend of mine. It's all right,' I said. 'No,' said they, 'you were stealing it.' But they did not know what and where I had stolen. I have done things which long ago would have sent me here, but I was not found out; and now they have sent me here without any justice in it. But what's the use of grumbling? I have been in Siberia before. They did not keep me here very long, though." ...

"Where did you come from?" asked one of the convicts.

"Well, we came from the city of Vladimir; we are citizens of that place. My name is Makar, and my father's name was Semyon."

Aksenof raised his head and asked: —

"Tell me, Semyonuitch,[1] have you ever heard of the Aksenofs, merchants in Vladimir city? Are they alive?"

"Indeed, I have heard of them! They are rich merchants, though their father is in Siberia. It seems he was just like any of the rest of us sinners. And now tell me, grandfather, what you were sent here for?"

Aksenof did not like to speak of his misfortunes; he sighed, and said: —

[1] Son of Semyon. Simeon; Semyonof is the genitive plural of Semyon, forming a sort of family name.

"Twenty-six years ago I was condemned to hard labor on account of my sins."

Makar Semyonof said: —

"But what was your crime?"

Aksenof replied, "So I must have deserved this."

But he would not give any further particulars; the other convicts, however, related why Aksenof had been sent to Siberia. They told how on the road some one had killed a merchant, and put the knife into Aksenof's luggage, and how he had been unjustly punished for this.

When Makar heard this, he glanced at Aksenof, slapped himself on the knees, and said: —

"Well, now, this is wonderful! This is really wonderful! You have been growing old, grandfather!"

They began to ask him what he thought was wonderful, and where he had seen Aksenof. But Makar did not answer; he only repeated: —

"A miracle, boys! how wonderful that we should meet again here!"

And when he said these words, it came over Aksenof that perhaps this man might know who had killed the merchant. And he said: —

"Did you ever hear of that crime, Semyonuitch, or did you ever see me before?"

"Of course I heard of it! The country was full of it. But it happened a long time ago. And I have forgotten what I heard," said Makar.

"Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?" asked Aksenof.

Makar laughed, and said: —

"Why, of course the man who had the knife in his bag killed him. It would have been impossible for any one to put the knife in your things and not have been caught doing it. For how could the knife have been put into your bag? Was it not standing close by your head? And you would have heard it, wouldn't you?"

As soon as Aksenof heard these words he felt convinced that this was the very man who had killed the tradesman. He stood up and walked away. All that

night he was unable to sleep. Deep melancholy came upon him, and he began to call back the past in his imagination.

He imagined his wife as she had been when for the last time she had accompanied him to the Fair. She seemed to stand before him exactly as if she were alive, and he saw her face and her eyes, and he seemed to hear her words and her laugh.

Then his imagination brought up his children before him; one a boy in a little fur coat, and the other at his mother's breast.

And he imagined himself as he was at that time, young and happy. He remembered how he had sat on the steps of the tavern when they arrested him, and how he had played on his guitar, and how his soul was full of joy at that time.

And he remembered the place of execution where they had flogged him, and the executioner, and the people standing around, and the chains and the convicts, and all his twenty-six years of prison life, and he remembered his old age.

And such melancholy came upon Aksenof that he was tempted to put an end to himself.

"And all on account of this criminal!" said Aksenof to himself.

And then he began to feel such anger against Makar Semyonof that he almost lost himself, and was crazy with desire to pay off the load of vengeance. He repeated prayers all night, but could not recover his calm. When day came, he walked by Makar and did not look at him.

Thus passed two weeks. At night Aksenof was not able to sleep, and such melancholy had come over him that he did not know what to do.

One time during the night, as he happened to be passing through the prison, he saw that the soil was disturbed under one of the bunks. He stopped to examine it. Suddenly Makar crept from under the bunk, and looked at Aksenof with a startled face.

Aksenof was about to pass on so as not to see him,

but Makar seized his arm, and told him how he had been digging a passage under the wall, and how every day he carried the dirt out in his boot-legs and emptied it in the street when they went out to work. He said: —

"If you only keep quiet, old man, I will get you out too. But if you tell on me, they will flog me; but afterward I will make it hot for you. I will kill you."

When Aksenof saw the man who had injured him, he trembled all over with rage, twitched away his arm, and said: —

"I have no reason to make my escape, and to kill me would do no harm; you killed me long ago. But as to telling on you or not, I shall do as God sees fit to have me."

On the next day, when they took the convicts out to work, the soldiers discovered where Makar Semyonof had been digging in the ground; they began to make a search, and found the hole. The chief came into the prison and asked every one, "Who was digging that hole?"

All denied it. Those who knew did not name Makar, because they were aware that he would be flogged half to death for such an attempt.

Then the chief came to Aksenof. He knew that Aksenof was a truthful man, and he said: —

"Old man, you are truthful; tell me before God who did this."

Makar Semyonof was standing near, in great excitement, and he looked at the nachalnik, but he dared not look at Aksenof.

Aksenof's hands and lips trembled, and it was some time before he could speak a word. He said to himself: —

"If I shield him.... but why should I forgive him when he has been my ruin? Let him pay for my sufferings! But shall I tell on him? They will surely flog him. But what difference does it make what I think of him? Will it be any the easier for me?"

Once more the chief demanded: —

"Well, old man, tell the truth! Who dug the hole?"

Aksenof glanced at Makar Semyonof, and then said: —

"I cannot tell, your honor. God does not bid me tell. I will not tell. Do with me as you please; I am in your power."

In spite of all the chief's efforts, Aksenof would say nothing more. And so they failed to find out who dug the hole.

On the next night, as Aksenof was lying on his bunk, and was almost asleep, he heard some one come along and sit down at his feet.

He peered through the darkness and saw that it was Makar. Aksenof asked: —

"What do you wish of me? What are you doing here?"

Makar Semyonof remained silent. Aksenof arose, and said: —

"What do you want? Go away, or else I will call the guard."

Makar Semyonof bent close to Aksenof, and said in a whisper: —

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, forgive me!"

Aksenof said: —

"What have I to forgive you?"

"I killed the merchant and put the knife in your bag. And I was going to kill you too, but there was a noise in the yard; I thrust the knife in your bag, and slipped out of the window."

Aksenof said nothing, and he did not know what to say. Makar got down from the bunk, knelt on the ground, and said: —

"Ivan Dmitrievitch, forgive me, forgive me for God's sake. I will confess that I killed the merchant — they will pardon you. You will be able to go home."

Aksenof said: —

"It is easy for you to say that, but how could I endure it? Where should I go now? .... My wife is dead! my children have forgotten me. .... I have nowhere to go."....

Makar did not rise; he beat his head on the ground, and said: —

"Ivan Dmitritch, forgive me! When they flogged me with the knout, it was easier to bear than it is now to look at you. .... And you had pity on me after all this .... you did not tell on me. .... Forgive me for Christ's sake! Forgive me, though I am a cursed villain!"

And the man began to sob.

When Aksenof heard Makar Semyonof sobbing, he himself burst into tears, and said: —

"God will forgive you; maybe I am a hundred times worse than you are!"

And suddenly he felt a wonderful peace in his soul. And he ceased to mourn for his home, and had no desire to leave the prison, but only thought of his last hour.

Makar Semyonof would not listen to Aksenof, and confessed his crime.

When the orders came to let Aksenof go home, he was dead.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY

"We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death." — I EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN, iii. 14.

"But whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth." — iii. 17, 18.

"Love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." — iv. 7, 8.

"No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us." — iv .12.

"God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him." — iv. 16.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen." — iv. 20.

CHAPTER I

A COBBLER and his wife and children had lodgings with a peasant. He owned neither house nor land, and he supported himself and his family by shoemaking.

Bread was dear and labor was poorly paid, and whatever he earned went for food.

The cobbler and his wife had one shuba[1] between them, and this had come to tatters, and for two years the cobbler had been hoarding in order to buy sheepskins for a new shuba.

When autumn came, the cobbler's hoard had grown; three paper rubles lay in his wife's box, and five rubles and twenty kopeks more were due the cobbler from his customers.

[1] Fur or sheepskin outside garment.

One morning the cobbler betook himself to the village to get his new shuba. He put on his wife's wadded nankeen jacket over his shirt, and outside of all a woolen kaftan. He put the three-ruble note in his pocket, broke off a staff, and after breakfast he set forth.

He said to himself: —

"I will get my five rubles from the peasant, and that with these three will buy pelts for my shuba."

The cobbler reached the village and went to one peasant's; he was not at home, but his wife promised to send her husband with the money the next week, but she could not give him any money. He went to another, and this peasant swore that he had no money at all; but he paid him twenty kopeks for cobbling his boots.

The cobbler made up his mind to get the pelts on credit. But the fur-dealer refused to sell on credit.

"Bring the money," said he; "then you can make your choice; but we know how hard it is to get what is one's due."

And so the cobbler did not do his errand, but he had the twenty kopeks for cobbling the boots, and he took from a peasant an old pair of felt boots to mend with leather.

At first the cobbler was vexed at heart; then he spent the twenty kopeks for vodka, and started to go home. In the morning he had felt cold, but after having drunk the brandy he was warm enough even without the shuba.

The cobbler was walking along the road, striking the frozen ground with the staff which he had in one hand, and swinging the felt boots in the other, and thus he talked to himself: —

"I am warm even without a shuba," said he. "I drank a glass, and it dances through all my veins. And so I don't need a sheepskin coat. I walk along, and all my vexation is forgotten. What a fine fellow I am! What do I need? I can get along without the shuba. I don't need it at all. There 's one thing: the wife will feel bad. Indeed, it is too bad; here I have been working for it, and now to have missed it! You just

wait now! if you don't bring the money, I will take your hat, I vow I will! What a way of doing things! He pays me twenty kopeks at a time! Now what can you do with twenty kopeks? Get a drink; that 's all! You say, 'I am poor!' But if you are poor, how is it with me? You have a house and cattle and everything; I have nothing but my own hands. You raise your own grain, but I have to buy mine, when I can, and it costs me three rubles a week for food alone. When I get home now, we shall be out of bread. Another ruble and a half of outgo! So you must give me what you owe me."

By this time the cobbler had reached the chapel at the cross-roads, and he saw something white behind the chapel.

It was already twilight, and the cobbler strained his eyes, but he could not make out what the object was.

"There never was any such stone there," he said to himself. "A cow? But it does not look like a cow! The head is like a man's; but what is that white? And why should there be any man there?"

He went nearer. Now he could see plainly. What a strange thing! It was indeed a man, but was he alive or dead? sitting there stark naked, leaning against the chapel, and not moving.

The cobbler was frightened. He said to himself: —

"Some one has killed that man, stripped him, and flung him down there. If I go near, I may get into trouble."

And the cobbler hurried by.

In passing the chapel he could no longer see the man; but after he was fairly beyond it, he looked back, and saw that the man was no longer leaning against the chapel, but was moving, and apparently looking after him.

The cobbler was still more scared by this, and he said to himself: —

"Shall I go back to him or go on? If I go back to him, there might something unpleasant happen; who knows what sort of a man he is? He can't have gone there for any good purpose. If I went to him, he might

spring on me and choke me, and I could not get away from him; and even if he did not choke me, why should I try to make his acquaintance? What could be done with him, naked as he is? I can't take him with me, and give him my own clothes! That would be absurd."

And the cobbler hastened his steps. He had already gone some distance beyond the chapel, when his conscience began to prick him.

He stopped short.

"What is this that you are doing, Semyon?" he asked himself. "A man is perishing of cold, and you are frightened, and hurry by! Are you so very rich? Are you afraid of losing your money? Aï, Sema! That is not right!"

Semyon turned and went back to the man.

CHAPTER II

Semyon went back to the man, looked at him, and saw that it was a young man in the prime of life; there were no bruises visible on him, but he was evidently freezing and afraid; he was sitting there, leaning back, and he did not look at Semyon; apparently he was so weak that he could not lift his eyes.

Semyon went up close to him, and suddenly the man seemed to revive; he lifted his head and fastened his eyes on Semyon.

And by this glance the man won Semyon's heart.

He threw the felt boots down on the ground, took off his belt and laid it on the boots, and pulled off his kaftan.

"There's nothing to be said," he exclaimed. "Put these on! There now!"

Semyon put his hand under the man's elbow, to help him, and tried to lift him. The man got up.

And Semyon saw that his body was graceful and clean, that his hands and feet were comely, and that his face was agreeable. Semyon threw the kaftan over his shoulders. He could not get his arms into the sleeves.

Semyon found the place for him, pulled the coat up, wrapped it around him, and fastened the belt.

He took off his tattered cap, and was going to give it to the stranger, but his head felt cold, and he said to himself: —

"The whole top of my head is bald, but he has long curly hair."

So he put his hat on again.

"I had better let him put on my boots."

He made him sit down and put the felt boots on him.

After the cobbler had thus dressed him, he says: "There now, brother, just stir about, and you will get warmed up. All these things are in other hands than ours. Can you walk?"

The man stood up, looked affectionately at Semyon, but was unable to speak a word.

"Why don't you say something? We can't spend the winter here. We must get to shelter. Now, then, lean on my stick, if you don't feel strong enough. Bestir yourself!"

And the man started to move. And he walked easily, and did not lag behind. As they walked along the road Semyon said: —

"Where are you from, if I may ask?"

"I do not belong hereabouts."

"No; I know all the people of this region. How did you happen to come here and get to that chapel?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Some one must have treated you outrageously."

"No one has treated me outrageously. God has punished me."

"God does all things, but you must have been on the road bound for somewhere. Where do you want to go?"

"It makes no difference to me."

Semyon was surprised. The man did not look like a malefactor, and his speech was gentle, but he seemed reticent about himself.

And Semyon said to himself: —

"Such things as this do not happen every day." And

he said to the man, "Well, come to my house, though you will find it very narrow quarters."

As Semyon approached the yard, the stranger did not lag behind, but walked abreast of him. The wind had arisen, and searched under Semyon's shirt, and as the effect of the wine had now passed away, he began to be chilled to the bone. He walked along, and began to snuffle, and he muffled his wife's jacket closer around him, and he said to himself:—

"That's the way you get a shuba! You go after a shuba, and you come home without your kaftan! yes, and you bring with you a naked man — besides, Matriona won't take kindly to it!"

And as soon as the thought of Matriona occurred to him, he began to feel downhearted.

But as soon as his eyes fell on the stranger, he remembered what a look he had given him behind the chapel, and his heart danced with joy.

CHAPTER III

Semyon's wife had finished her work early. She had chopped wood, brought water, fed the children, taken her own supper, and was now deliberating when it would be best to mix some bread, "to-day or to-morrow?"

A large crust was still left. She said to herself:—

"If Semyon gets something to eat in town, he won't care for much supper, and the bread will last till to-morrow."

Matriona contemplated the crust for some time, and said:—

"I am not going to mix any bread. There's just enough flour to make one more loaf. We shall get along till Friday."

Matriona put away the bread, and sat down at the table to sew a patch on her husband's shirt.

She sewed, and thought how her husband would be buying sheepskins for the shuba.

"I hope the fur-dealer will not cheat him. For he is as simple as he can be. He, himself, would not cheat anybody, but a baby could lead him by the nose. Eight rubles is no small sum. You can get a fine shuba with it. Perhaps not one tanned, but still a good one. How we suffered last winter without any shuba! Could not go to the river nor anywhere! And whenever he went out-doors, he put on all the clothes, and I had n't anything to wear. He is late in getting home. He ought to be here by this time. Can my sweetheart have got drunk?"

Just as these thoughts were passing through her mind the door-steps creaked: some one was at the door. Matriona stuck in the needle, and went to the entry. There she saw that two men had come in, — Semyon, and with him a strange peasant, without a cap and in felt boots.

Matriona perceived immediately that her husband's breath smelt of liquor.

"Now," she said to herself, "he has gone and got drunk."

And when she saw that he had not his kaftan on, and wore only her jacket, and had nothing in his hands, and said nothing, but only simpered, Matriona's heart failed within her.

"He has drunk up the money, he has been on a spree with this miserable beggar; and, worse than all, he has gone and brought him home!"

Matriona let them pass by her into the cottage; then she herself went in; she saw that the stranger was young, and that he had on their kaftan. There was no shirt to be seen under the kaftan; and he wore no cap.

As soon as he went in, he paused, and did not move and did not raise his eyes.

And Matriona thought: —

"He is not a good man; his conscience troubles him."

Matriona scowled, went to the oven, and watched to see what they would do.

Semyon took off his cap and sat down on the bench good-naturedly.

"Well," said he, "Matriona, can't you get us something to eat?"

Matriona muttered something under her breath.

She did not offer to move, but as she stood by the oven she looked from one to the other and kept shaking her head.

Semyon saw that his wife was out of sorts and would not do anything, but he pretended not to notice it, and took the stranger by the arm.

"Sit down, brother," says he; "we'll have some supper."

The stranger sat down on the bench.

"Well," says Semyon, "haven't you cooked anything?"

Matriona's anger blazed out.

"I cooked," said she, "but not for you. You are a fine man! I see you have been drinking! You went to get a shuba, and you have come home without your kaftan. And, then, you have brought home this naked vagabond with you. I haven't any supper for such drunkards as you are!"

"That'll do, Matriona; what is the use of letting your tongue run on so? If you had only asked first: 'What kind of a man ....'"

"You just tell me what you have done with the money!"

Semyon went to his kaftan, took out the bill, and spread it out.

"Here's the money, but Trifonof did not pay me; he promised it to-morrow."

Matriona grew still more angry:—

"You didn't buy the new shuba, and you have given away your only kaftan to this naked vagabond whom you have brought home!"

She snatched the money from the table, and went off to hide it away, saying:—

"I haven't any supper. I can't feed all your drunken beggars!"

"Hey there! Matriona, just hold your tongue! First you listen to what I have to say ...."

"Much sense should I hear from a drunken fool! Good reason I had for not wanting to marry such a drunkard as you are. Mother gave me linen, and you have wasted it in drink; you went to get a shuba, and you spent it for drink."

Semyon was going to assure his wife that he had spent only twenty kopeks for drink; he was going to tell her where he had found the man; but Matriona would not give him a chance to speak a word; it was perfectly marvelous, but she managed to speak two words at once! Things that had taken place ten years before — she called them all up.

Matriona scolded and scolded; then she sprang at Semyon, and seized him by the sleeve.

"Give me back my jacket! It's the only one I have, and you took it from me and put it on yourself. Give it here, you miserable dog! bestir yourself, you villain!"

Semyon began to strip off the jacket. As he was pulling his arms out of the sleeves, his wife gave it a twitch and split the jacket up the seams. Matriona snatched the garment away, threw it over her head, and started for the door. She intended to go out, but she paused, and her heart was pulled in two directions, — she wanted to vent her spite, and she wanted to find what kind of a man the stranger was.

CHAPTER IV

Matriona paused, and said: —

"If he were a good man, then he would not have been naked; why, even now, he has n't any shirt on; if he had been engaged in decent business, you would have told where you discovered such an elegant fellow!"

"Well, I was going to tell you. I was walking along, and there, behind the chapel, this man was sitting, stark naked, and half frozen to death. It is not summer, mind

you, for a naked man! God brought me to him, else he would have perished. Now what could I do? Such things don't happen every day. I took and dressed him, and brought him home with me. Calm your anger. It 's a sin, Matriona; we must all die."

Matriona was about to make a surly reply, but her eyes fell on the stranger, and she held her peace.

The stranger was sitting motionless on the edge of the bench, just as he had sat down. His hands were folded on his knees, his head was bent on his breast, his eyes were shut, and he kept frowning, as if something stifled him.

Matriona made no reply.

Semyon went on to say: —

"Matriona, can it be that God is not in you?"

Matriona heard his words, and glanced again at the stranger, and suddenly her anger vanished. She turned from the door, went to the corner where the oven was, and brought the supper.

She set a bowl on the table, poured out the kvas,[1] and put on the last of the crust. She gave them the knife and the spoons.

"Have some victuals," she said.

Semyon touched the stranger.

"Draw up, young man," said he.

Semyon cut the bread and crumbled it into the bowl, and they began to eat their supper. And Matriona sat at the end of the table, leaned on her hand, and gazed at the stranger. And Matriona began to feel sorry for him, and she took a fancy to him.

And suddenly the stranger brightened up, ceased to frown, lifted his eyes to Matriona, and smiled.

After they had finished their supper, the woman cleared off the things, and began to question the stranger: —

"Where are you from?"

"I do not belong hereabouts."

"How did you happen to get into this road?"

"I cannot tell you."

[1] Fermented drink made of rye meal or soaked bread-crumbs.

"Who maltreated you?"

"God punished me."

"And you were lying there stripped?"

"Yes; there I was lying all naked, freezing to death, when Semyon saw me, had compassion on me, took off his kaftan, put it on me, and bade me come home with him. And here you have fed me, given me something to eat and to drink, and have taken pity on me. May the Lord requite you!"

Matriona got up, took from the window Semyon's old shirt which she had been patching, and gave it to the stranger; then she found a pair of drawers and gave them also to him.

"There now," said she, "I see that you have no shirt. Put these things on, and then lie down wherever you please, in the loft or on the oven."

The stranger took off the kaftan, put on the shirt, and went to bed in the loft. Matriona put out the light, took the kaftan, and lay down beside her husband.

Matriona covered herself up with the skirt of the kaftan, but she lay without sleeping; she could not get the thought of the stranger out of her mind.

When she remembered that he had eaten her last crust, and that there was no bread for the morrow, when she remembered that she had given him the shirt and the drawers, she felt disturbed; but then came the thought of how he had smiled at her, and her heart leaped within her.

Matriona lay a long time without falling asleep, and when she heard that Semyon was also awake, she pulled up the kaftan, and said:—

"Semyon!"

"Ha?"

"You ate up the last of the bread, and I did not mix any more. I don't know how we shall get along tomorrow. Perhaps I might borrow some of neighbor Malanya."

"We shall get along; we shall have enough."

The wife lay without speaking. Then she said:—

"Well, he seems like a good man; but why does n't he tell us about himself?"

"It must be because he can't."

"Siom!"[1]

"Ha?"

"We are always giving; why does n't some one give to us?"

Semyon did not know what reply to make. He said: —

"You have talked enough!"

Then he turned over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER V

In the morning Semyon woke up.

His children were still asleep; his wife had gone to a neighbor's to get some bread. The stranger of the evening before, dressed in the old shirt and drawers, was sitting alone on the bench, looking up. And his face was brighter than it had been the evening before. And Semyon said: —

"Well, my dear, the belly asks for bread, and the naked body for clothes. You must earn your own living. What do you know how to do?"

"There is nothing that I know how to do."

Semyon was amazed, and he said: —

"If one has only the mind to, men can learn anything."

"Men work, and I will work."

"What is your name?"

"Mikhaïl."

"Well, Mikhaïla, if you are n't willing to tell about yourself, that is your affair; but you must earn your own living. If you will work as I shall show you, I will keep you."

"The Lord requite you! I am willing to learn; only show me what to do."

[1] Diminutive of Semyon, or Simon.

Semyon took a thread, drew it through his fingers, and showed him how to make a waxed end.

"It does not take much skill .... look ...."

Mikhaïla looked, and then he also twisted the thread between his fingers; he instantly imitated him, and finished the point.

Semyon showed him how to make the welt. This also Mikhaïla immediately understood. The shoemaker likewise showed him how to twist the bristle into the thread, and how to use the awl; and these things also Mikhaïla immediately learned to do.

Whatever part of the work Semyon showed him he imitated him in, and in two days he was able to work as if he had been all his life a cobbler. He worked without relaxation, he ate little, and when his work was done he would sit silent, looking up. He did not go on the street, he spoke no more than was absolutely necessary, he never jested, he never laughed.

The only time that he was seen to smile was on the first evening, when the woman got him his supper.

CHAPTER VI

Day after day, week after week, rolled by for a whole year.

Mikhaïla lived on in the same way, working for Semyon. And the fame of Semyon's apprentice went abroad; no one, it was said, could make such neat, strong boots as Semyon's apprentice, Mikhaïla. And from all around people came to Semyon to have boots made, and Semyon began to lay up money.

One winter's day, as Semyon and Mikhaïla were sitting at their work, a sleigh drawn by a troïka drove up to the cottage, with a jingling of bells.

They looked out of the window; the sleigh stopped in front of the cottage; a footman jumped down from the box and opened the door. A barin[1] in a fur coat

[1] The ordinary title of any landowner or noble.

got out of the sleigh, walked up to Semyon's cottage, and mounted the steps. Matriona hurried to throw the door wide open.

The barin bent his head and entered the cottage; when he drew himself up to his full height, his head almost touched the ceiling; he seemed to take up nearly all the room.

Semyon rose and bowed; he was surprised to see the barin. He had never before seen such a man.

Semyon himself was thin, the stranger was spare, and Matriona was like a dry chip; but this man seemed to be from a different world. His face was ruddy and full, his neck was like a bull's; it seemed as if he were made out of cast-iron.

The barin got his breath, took off his shuba, sat down on the bench, and said: —

"Which is the master shoemaker?"

Semyon stepped out, saying: —

"I, your honor."

The barin shouted to his footman: —

"Hey, Fedka,[1] bring me the leather."

The young fellow ran out and brought back a parcel. The barin took the parcel and laid it on the table.

"Open it," said he.

The footman opened it.

The barin touched the leather with his finger, and said to Semyon: —

"Now listen, shoemaker. Do you see this leather?"

"I see it, your honor," says he.

"Well, do you appreciate what kind of leather it is?"

Semyon felt of the leather, and said: —

"That's good leather."

"Indeed it's good! Fool that you are! you never in your life saw such before! German leather. It cost twenty rubles."

Semyon was startled. He said: —

"Where, indeed, could we have seen anything like it?"

"Well, that's all right. Can you make from this leather a pair of boots that will fit me?"

[1] Diminutive of Feodor, Theodore.

"I can, your honor."[1]

The barin shouted at him:—

"'Can' is a good word. Now just realize whom you are making those boots for, and out of what kind of leather. You must make a pair of boots, so that when the year is gone they won't have got out of shape, or ripped. If you can, then take the job and cut the leather; but if you can't, then don't take it and don't cut the leather. I will tell you beforehand, if the boots rip or wear out of shape before the year is out, I will have you locked up; but if they don't rip or get out of shape before the end of the year, then I will give you ten rubles for your work."

Semyon was frightened, and was at a loss what to say.

He glanced at Mikhaïla. He nudged him with his elbow, and whispered:—

"Had I better take it?"

Mikhaïla nodded his head, meaning:—

"You had better take the job."

Semyon took Mikhaïla's advice; he agreed to make a pair of boots that would not rip or wear out of shape before the year was over.

The barin shouted to his footman, ordered him to take the boot from his left foot; then he stretched out his leg:—

"Take the measure!"

Semyon cut off a piece of paper seventeen inches[2] long, smoothed it out, knelt down, wiped his hands nicely on his apron, so as not to soil the barin's stockings, and began to take the measure.

Semyon took the measure of the sole, he took the measure of the instep; then he started to measure the calf of the leg, but the paper was not long enough. The leg at the calf was as thick as a beam.

"Look out; don't make it too tight around the calf!"

[1] The shoemaker calls the stranger sometimes *vashe stepeyenstvo*, your dignity; sometimes *vashe blagorodie*, your nobility; German, *Wohlgeboren*, well-born.

[2] Ten vershoks, equivalent to 17.50 inches.

Semyon was going to cut another piece of paper. The barin sat there, rubbing his toes together in his stockings, and looking at the inmates of the cottage; he caught sight of Mikhaïla.

"Who is that yonder?" he asked; "does he belong to you?"

"He is a master workman. He will make the boots."

"Look here," says the barin to Mikhaïla, "remember that they are to be made so as to last a whole year."

Semyon also looked at Mikhaïla; he saw that Mikhaïla was paying no attention, but was standing in the corner, as if he saw some one there behind the barin. Mikhaïla gazed and gazed, and suddenly smiled, and his whole face lighted up.

"What a fool you are, showing your teeth that way! You had better see to it that the boots are ready in time."

And Mikhaïla replied:—

"They will be ready as soon as they are needed."

"Very well."

The barin drew on his boot, wrapped his shuba round him, and went to the door. But he forgot to stoop, and so struck his head against the lintel.

The barin stormed and rubbed his head; then he got into his sleigh and drove off. After the barin was gone Semyon said:—

"Well, he's as solid as a rock! You could not kill him with a mallet. His head almost broke the doorpost, but it did not seem to hurt him much."

And Matriona said:—

"How can they help getting fat, living as they do? Even death does not carry off such a nail as he is."

CHAPTER VII

And Semyon said to Mikhaïla:—

"Now, you see, we have taken this work, and we must do it as well as we can. The leather is expensive, and the barin gruff. We must not make any blunder.

Now, your eye has become quicker, and your hand is more skilful, than mine; there 's the measure. Cut out the leather, and I will be finishing up those vamps."

Mikhaïla did not fail to do as he was told; he took the barin's leather, stretched it out on the table, doubled it over, took the knife, and began to cut.

Matriona came and watched Mikhaïla as he cut, and she was amazed to see what he was doing. For she was used to cobbler's work, and she looked and saw that Mikhaïla was not cutting the leather for boots, but in rounded fashion.

Matriona wanted to speak, but she thought in her own mind: —

"Of course I can't be expected to understand how to make boots for gentlemen; Mikhaïla must understand it better than I do; I will not interfere."

After he had cut out the work, he took his waxed ends and began to sew, not as one does in making boots, with double threads, but with one thread, just as slippers are made.

Matriona wondered at this also, but still she did not like to interfere. And Mikhaïla kept on steadily with his work.

It came time for the nooning; Semyon got up, looked, and saw that Mikhaïla had been making slippers out of the barin's leather. Semyon groaned.

"How is this?" he asked himself. "Mikhaïla has lived with me a whole year, and never made a mistake, and now he has made such a blunder! The barin ordered thick-soled boots, and he has been making slippers without soles! He has ruined the leather. How can I make it right with the barin? We can't find such leather."

And he said to Mikhaïla: —

"What is this you have been doing? .... My dear fellow, you have ruined me! You know the barin ordered boots, and what have you made?"

He was in the midst of his talk with Mikhaïla when a knock came at the rapper; some one was at the door. They looked out of the window, some one had come on

horseback, and was fastening the horse. They opened the door. The same barin's footman came walking in.

"Good-day."

"Good-day to you; what is it?"

"My mistress[1] sent me in regard to a pair of boots."

"What about the boots?"

"It is this. My barin does not need the boots; he has gone from this world."

"What is that you say?"

"He did not live to get home from your house; he died in the sleigh. When the sleigh reached home, we went to help him out, but there he had fallen over like a bag, and there he lay stone dead, and it took all our strength to lift him out of the sleigh. And his lady has sent me, saying: 'Tell the shoemaker of whom your barin just ordered boots from leather which he left with him — tell him that the boots are not needed, and that he is to make a pair of slippers for the corpse out of that leather just as quick as possible.' And I was to wait till they were made, and take them home with me. And so I have come."

Mikhaïla took the rest of the leather from the table and rolled it up; he also took the slippers, which were all done, slapped them together, wiped them with his apron, and gave them to the young man. The young man took them.

"Good-by, friends![2] Good luck to you!"

CHAPTER VIII

Still another year, and then two more passed by, and Mikhaïla had now been living five years with Semyon. He lived in just the same way as before. He never went anywhere, he kept his own counsels, and in all that time he smiled only twice, — once when Matriona gave him something to eat, and the other time when he smiled on the barin.

[1] *Baruinya*, feminine of *barin*.
[2] *Prashchaïte, khozyaeva*.

Semyon was more than contented with his workman, and he no longer asked him where he came from; his only fear was lest Mikhaïla should leave him.

One time they were all at home. The mother was putting the iron kettles on the oven, and the children were playing on the benches and looking out of the window. Semyon was pegging away at one window, and Mikhaïla at the other was putting lifts on a heel.

One of the boys ran along the bench toward Mikhaïla, leaned over his shoulder, and looked out of the window.

"Uncle Mikhaïla, just look! a merchant's wife is coming to our house with some little girls. And one of the little girls is a cripple."

The words were scarcely out of the boy's mouth before Mikhaïla threw down his work, leaned over toward the window, and looked out-of-doors. And Semyon was surprised. Never before had Mikhaïla cared to look out, but now his face seemed soldered to the window; he was looking at something very intently.

Semyon also looked out of the window: he saw a woman coming straight through his yard; she was neatly dressed; she had two little girls by the hand; they wore shubkas,[1] and kerchiefs over their heads. The little girls looked so much alike that it was hard to tell them apart, except that one of the little girls was lame in her foot; she limped as she walked.

The woman came into the entry, felt about in the dark, lifted the latch, and opened the door. She let the two little girls go before her into the cottage, and then she followed.

"How do you do, friends?"

"Welcome! What can we do for you?"

The woman sat down by the table; the two little girls clung to her knee; they were bashful.

"These little girls need to have some goatskin shoes made for the spring."

"Well, it can be done. We don't generally make such small ones; but it's perfectly easy, either with

[1] Little fur garments.

welts or lined with linen. This here is Mikhaïla; he's my master workman."

Semyon glanced at Mikhaïla, and saw that he had thrown down his work, and was sitting with his eyes fastened on the little girls.

And Semyon was amazed at Mikhaïla. To be sure the little girls were pretty; they had dark eyes, they were plump and rosy, and they wore handsome shubkas and kerchiefs; but still Semyon could not understand why he gazed so intently at them, as if they were friends of his.

Semyon was amazed, and he began to talk with the woman, and to make his bargain. After he had made his bargain, he began to take the measures. The woman lifted on her lap the little cripple, and said: —

"Take two measures from this one; make one little shoe from the twisted foot, and three from the well one. Their feet are alike; they are twins."

Semyon took his tape, and said in reference to the little cripple: —

"How did this happen to her? She is such a pretty little girl. Was she born so?"

"No; her mother crushed it."

Matriona joined the conversation; she was anxious to learn who the woman and children were, and so she said: —

"Then you are n't their mother?"

"No, I am not their mother; I am no relation to them, good wife, and they are no relation to me at all; I adopted them."

"If they are not your children, you take good care of them."

"Why should n't I take good care of them? I nursed them both at my own breast. I had a baby of my own, but God took him. I did not take such good care of him as I do of these."

"Whose children are they?"

CHAPTER IX

The woman became confidential, and began to tell them about it.

"Six years ago," said she, "these little ones were left orphans in one week; the father was buried on Tuesday, and the mother died on Friday. Three days these little ones remained without their father, and then their mother followed him. At that time I was living with my husband in the country: we were neighbors; we lived in adjoining yards.[1] Their father was a peasant, and worked in the forest at wood-cutting. And they were felling a tree, and it caught him across the body. It hurt him all inside. As soon as they got him out, he gave his soul to God, and that same week his wife gave birth to twins — these are the little girls here. There they were, poor and alone, no one to take care of them, either grandmother or sister.

"She must have died soon after the children were born. For when I went in the morning to look after my neighbor, as soon as I entered the cottage, I found the poor thing dead and cold. And when she died she must have rolled over on this little girl.... That's the way she crushed it, and spoiled this foot.

"The people got together, they washed and laid out the body, they had a coffin made, and buried her. The people were always kind. But the two little ones were left alone. What was to be done with them? Now I was the only one of the women who had a baby. For eight weeks I had been nursing my first-born, a boy. So I took them for the time being. The peasants got together; they planned and planned what to do with them, and they said to me:—

"'Marya, you just keep the little girls for a while, and give us a chance to decide.'

"So I nursed the well one for a while, but did not think it worth while to nurse the deformed one. I did not expect that she was going to live. And, then, I

[1] *Dvor ob dvor.*

thought to myself, why should the little angel's soul pass away? and I felt sorry for it. I tried to nurse her, and so I had my own and these two besides; yes, I had three children at the breast. But I was young and strong, and I had good food! And God gave me so much milk in my breasts that I had enough and to spare. I used to nurse two at once and let the third one wait. When one had finished, I would take up the third. And so God let me nurse all three; but when my boy was in his third year, I lost him. And God never gave me any more children. But we began to be in comfortable circumstances. And now we are living with the trader at the mill. We get good wages and live well. But we have no children of our own. And how lonely it would be, if it were not for these two little girls! How could I help loving them? They are to me like the wax in the candle!"

And the woman pressed the little lame girl to her with one arm, and with the other hand she tried to wipe the tears from her cheeks.

And Matriona sighed, and said:—

"The old saw is n't far wrong, 'Men can live without father and mother, but without God one cannot live.'"

While they were thus talking together, suddenly a flash of lightning seemed to irradiate from that corner of the cottage where Mikhaïla was sitting. All looked at him; and, behold! Mikhaïla was sitting there with his hands folded in his lap, and looking up and smiling.

CHAPTER X

The woman went away with the children, and Mikhaïla arose from the bench and laid down his work; he took off his apron, made a low bow to the shoemaker and his wife,[1] and said:—

"Farewell, friends;[2] God has forgiven me. Do you also forgive me?"

[1] *Khozyaïnu s khozyaïkoï*, to master and mistress.
[2] *Khozyaeva.*

And Semyon and Matriona perceived that it was from Mikhaïla that the light had flashed. And Semyon arose, bowed low before Mikhaïla, and said to him: —

"I see, Mikhaïla, that you are not a mere man, and I have no right to detain you nor to ask questions of you. But tell me one thing: when I had found you and brought you home, you were sad; but when my wife gave you something to eat, you smiled on her, and after that you became more cheerful. And then when the barin ordered the boots, why did you smile a second time, and after that become still more cheerful; and now when this woman brought these two little girls, why did you smile for the third time and become perfectly radiant? Tell me, Mikhaïla, why was it that such a light streamed from you, and why you smiled three times?"

And Mikhaïla said: —

"The light blazed from me because I had been punished, but now God has forgiven me. And I smiled the three times because it was required of me to learn three of God's truths, and I have now learned the three truths of God. One truth I learned when your wife had pity on me, and so I smiled; the second truth I learned when the rich man ordered the boots, and I smiled for the second time; and now that I have seen the little girls, I have learned the third and last truth, and I smiled for the third time."

And Semyon said: —

"Tell me, Mikhaïla, why God punished you, and what were the truths of God, that I, too, may know them."

And Mikhaïla said: —

"God punished me because I disobeyed Him. I was an angel in heaven, and I was disobedient to God. I was an angel in heaven, and the Lord sent me to bring back the soul of a certain woman. I flew down to earth and I saw the woman lying alone — she was sick — she had just borne twins, two little girls. The little ones were sprawling about near their mother, but their mother was unable to lift them to her breast. The mother saw me; she perceived that God had sent me after her soul; she burst into tears, and said: —

"'Angel of God, I have just buried my husband; a tree fell on him in the forest and killed him. I have no sister, nor aunt, nor mother to take care of my little ones; do not carry off my soul;[1] let me bring up my children myself, and nurse them and put them on their feet. It is impossible for children to live without father or mother.'

"And I heeded what the mother said; I put one child to her breast, and laid the other in its mother's arms, and I returned to the Lord in heaven. I flew back to the Lord, and I said:—

"'I cannot take the mother's soul. The father has been killed by a tree, the mother has given birth to twins, and begs me not to take her soul; she says:—

"'"Let me bring up my little ones; let me nurse them and put them on their feet. It is impossible for children to live without father and mother." I did not take the mother's soul.'

"And the Lord said:—

"'Go and take the mother's soul, and thou shalt learn three lessons: Thou shalt learn *what is in men*, and *what is not given unto men*, and *what men live by*. When thou shalt have learned these three lessons, then return to heaven.'

"And I flew down to earth and took the mother's soul. The little ones fell from her bosom. The dead body rolled over on the bed, and fell on one of the little girls and crushed her foot. I rose above the village and was going to give the soul to God, when a wind seized me, my wings ceased to move and fell off, and the soul arose alone to God, and I fell back to earth."

CHAPTER XI

And Semyon and Matriona now knew whom they had clothed and fed, and who it was that had been living with them, and they burst into tears of dismay and joy; and the angel said:—

[1] *Dushenka*, little soul, in the original.

"I was there in the field naked and alone. Hitherto I had never known what human poverty was; I had known neither cold nor hunger, and now I was a man. I was famished, I was freezing, and I knew not what to do. And I saw across the field a chapel made for God's service. I went to God's chapel, thinking to get shelter in it. But the chapel was locked, and I could not enter. And I crouched down behind the chapel, so as to get shelter from the wind. Evening came; I was hungry and chill, and ached all over. Suddenly I hear a man walking along the road, with a pair of boots in his hand, and talking to himself. I now saw for the first time since I had become a man the face of a mortal man, and it filled me with dismay, and I tried to hide from him. And I heard this man asking himself how he should protect himself from cold during the winter, and how get food for his wife and children. And I thought:—

"'I am perishing with cold and hunger, and here is a man whose sole thought is to get a shuba for himself and his wife and to furnish bread for their sustenance. It is impossible for him to help me.'

"The man saw me and scowled; he seemed even more terrible than before; then he passed on. And I was in despair. Suddenly I heard the man coming back. I looked up, and did not recognize that it was the same man as before; then there was death in his face, but now it had suddenly become alive, and I saw that God was in his face. He came to me, put clothes on me, and took me home with him.

"When I reached his house, a woman came out to meet us, and she began to scold. The woman was even more terrible to me than the man; a dead soul seemed to proceed forth from her mouth, and I was suffocated by the stench of death. She wanted to drive me out into the cold, and I knew that she would die if she drove me out. And suddenly her husband reminded her of God. And instantly a change came over the woman. And when she had prepared something for me to eat, and looked kindly on me, I looked at her, and there was

no longer anything like death about her; she was now alive, and in her also I recognized God.

"And I remembered God's first lesson: '*Thou shalt learn what is in men.*'

"And I perceived that Love was in men. And I was glad because God had begun to fulfil His promise to me, and I smiled for the first time. But I was not yet ready to know the whole. I could not understand what was not given to men, and what men live by.

"I began to live in your house, and after I had lived with you a year the man came to order the boots which should be strong enough to last him a year without ripping or wearing out of shape. And I looked at him, and suddenly perceived behind his back my comrade, the Angel of Death. No one besides myself saw this angel; but I knew him, and I knew that before the sun should go down he would take the rich man's soul. And I said to myself: 'This man is laying his plans to live another year, and he knows not that ere evening comes he will be dead.'

"And I realized suddenly the second saying of God: '*Thou shalt know what is not given unto men.*'

"And now I knew what was in men. And now I knew also what was not given unto men. It is not given unto men to know what is needed for their bodies. And I smiled for the second time. I was glad because I saw my comrade, the angel, and because God had revealed unto me the second truth.

"But I could not yet understand all. I could not understand what men live by, and so I lived on, and waited until God should reveal to me the third truth also. And now in the sixth year the little twin girls have come with the woman, and I recognized the little ones, and I remembered how they had been left. And after I had recognized them, I thought: —

"'The mother besought me in behalf of her children, because she thought that it would be impossible for children to live without father and mother, but another woman, a stranger, has nursed them and brought them up.'

"And when the woman caressed the children that were not her own, and wept over them, then I saw in her THE LIVING GOD, and knew *what people live by*. And I knew that God had revealed to me the last truth, and had pardoned me, and I smiled for the third time."

CHAPTER XII

AND the angel's body became manifest, and he was clad with light so bright that the eyes could not endure to look on him, and he spoke in clearer accents, as if the voice proceeded not from him, but came from heaven.

And the angel said: —

"I have learned that every man lives, not through care of himself, but by love.

"It was not given to the mother to know what her children needed to keep them alive. It was not given the rich man to know what he himself needed, and it is not given to any man to know whether he will need boots for daily living, or slippers for his burial.

"When I became a man, I was kept alive, not by what thought I took for myself, but because a stranger and his wife had love in their hearts, and pitied and loved me. The orphans were kept alive, not because other people deliberated about what was to be done with them, but because a strange woman had love for them in her heart, and pitied them and loved them. And all men are kept alive, not by their own forethought, but because there is LOVE IN MEN.

"I knew before that God gave life to men, and desired them to live; but now I know something above and beyond that.

"I have learned that God does not wish men to live each for himself, and therefore He has not revealed to them what they each need for themselves, but He wishes them to live in union, and therefore He has revealed to them what is necessary for each and for all together.

"I have now learned that it is only in appearance

that they are kept alive through care for themselves, but that in reality they are kept alive through love. *He who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love.*"

And the angel sang a hymn of praise to God, and the cottage shook with the sound of his voice.

And the ceiling parted, and a column of fire reached from earth to heaven. And Semyon and his wife and children fell prostrate on the ground. And pinions appeared on the angel's shoulders, and he soared away to heaven.

And when Semyon opened his eyes, the cottage was the same as it had ever been, and there was no one in it save himself and his family.

YERMAK, THE CONQUEROR OF SIBERIA

AT the time of the Tsar Ivan the Terrible,[1] the Strogonofs were rich merchants, and lived in Perm, on the river Kama.

They had heard that on the river Kama, for a hundred and forty versts around, there was rich land; the soil had not been plowed for a century; the black forest for a century had not been felled. In the forests were many wild animals, and along the river were lakes full of fish, and no one lived in this land except wandering Tartars.

So the Strogonofs wrote a letter to the Tsar: —

"Grant us this land, and we ourselves will found cities, and we will gather men together and establish them, and we will not allow the Tartars to pass through it."

The Tsar consented, and granted them the land. The Strogonofs sent out agents to collect people. And there came to them many people who were out of work. The Strogonofs assigned lands and forest to all who came, gave cattle to each, and agreed not to tax them during their lives, and only required of them that if it were necessary they should go to fight the Tartars.

Thus this land was settled with a Russian population.

Twenty years passed. The Strogonof merchants grew richer and richer, and this territory of one hundred and forty versts became too small for them. They wanted still more land. Now there were lofty mountains a hundred versts distant, the Urals, and they heard that beyond these Urals was excellent land. The ruler

[1] Ioann Vasilyevitch "Groznui," 1530–1584.

of this land, which was boundless, was a petty Siberian prince named Kuchum.

In former times Kuchum had given his allegiance to the Russian Tsar, but since then he had revolted, and he was threatening to destroy the Strogonof colonies.

And again the Strogonofs wrote to the Tsar:—

"You granted us land, and we have brought it under your sway; now the thievish little Tsar[1] Kuchum has revolted from you, and he wants to take this land away and destroy us. Bid us take the territory that lies beyond the Ural Mountains; we will conquer Kuchum and bring all his land under your sway."

The Tsar consented, and replied:—

"If you have the power, get possession of Kuchum's land. But do not take many men away from Russia."

As soon as the Strogonofs received this missive from the Tsar they sent their agents to collect still more people. And they gave them orders above all to get Cossacks from the Volga and the Don.

Now at this time there were many Cossacks wandering along the Volga and the Don. They formed bands numbering two hundred, three hundred, or six hundred men, elected their *atamans*, or leaders, and sailed up and down in bateaux, seizing and plundering merchant boats, and wintering in a stronghold on the banks.

The Strogonofs' agents came to the Volga and began to make inquiries:—

"Who are the most famous Cossacks here?"

And it was said in reply:—

"There are many Cossacks. And they make life unendurable. There is Mishka the Circassian,[2] there is Sarui-Azman.... but there is no one uglier than Yermak Timofeïtch, the ataman. He has an army of a thousand men, and not only the people and the merchants fear him, but even the Tsar's army dares not engage with him."

And the agents went to the ataman Yermak and tried to persuade him to take service with the Strogonofs.

[1] *Tsarek.*

[2] *Cherkashenin;* Mishka is the diminutive of Mikhaïl Michael.

Yermak received the agents, listened to their words, and agreed to come with his army about the time of the Assumption.

At the time of the Feast of the Assumption six hundred Cossacks, with their ataman Yermak, the son of Timofeï, came to the Strogonofs. At first Strogonof sent them out against the neighboring Tartars. The Cossacks defeated them. Then when there was nothing further to do, the Cossacks began to wander about and pillage. Strogonof summoned Yermak, and said: —

"I am not going to keep you any longer, if you act so lawlessly."

And Yermak replied: —

"I myself am sorry. But it is not so easy to manage my men; they are wild fellows. Give us something to do."

And Strogonof said: —

"Go beyond the Urals, and fight with Kuchum and master his land. Even the Tsar will reward you."

And he read to Yermak the Tsar's missive, and Yermak was delighted; he called together his Cossacks, and said: —

"You scandalize me before the master here. You are always up to some lawlessness. If you don't behave, he will dismiss you, and then where will you go? On the Volga the Tsar has a great army; they will take you prisoners, and it will go hard with you on account of the deeds that you have done. But if you find it dull here, we must find some work for you to do."

And he showed them the Tsar's missive permitting Strogonof to conquer the land beyond the Urals. The Cossacks talked it over and agreed to go.

Yermak returned to Strogonof, and the two began to consult together how best to make the expedition.

They decided how many bateaux would be needed, how much grain, powder, lead; how many cattle, firearms; how many Tartar prisoners for interpreters; how many German gunsmiths.

Strogonof said to himself: —

"Though this is going to cost me dear, still I must

give him all he asks, or otherwise they will settle down here and ruin me."

So Strogonof agreed, got everything together, and fitted out Yermak and his Cossacks.

On the tenth of September, Yermak and his Cossacks started to row up the river Chusovaya in thirty-two bateaux, each bateau carrying a score of men.

For four days they rowed up-stream and entered the Silver River.[1] This was as far as they could go by boat.

They made inquiries of the interpreters, and learned that they would be obliged to go from that point over the mountains, two hundred versts by land, and then they would come to other rivers.

The Cossacks disembarked here; they built a city and unloaded all their belongings, and they threw aside their bateaux, and constructed carts, loaded them up, and set out on their journey across the mountains. The whole region was forest, and no one lived there.

For ten days they went across the country, and reached the Zharovnya River. There again they halted, and set to work to build bateaux. After they were built they started on their voyage down the river. They sailed down for five days, and reached regions still more delightful, — fields, forests, lakes. And there was abundance of fish and game, and the game was not afraid of them.

They sailed down one day more, and sailed into the Tura River.

There on the Tura River they began to fall in with inhabitants, and saw Tartar towns.

Yermak sent some Cossacks to investigate one town, bidding them find out what kind of a town it was, and whether it had many defenders.

Twenty men went on this expedition; they threw all the Tartars into a panic, and captured the whole town, and captured all their cattle. Some of the Tartars they killed, and some they took as prisoners.

Yermak, through an interpreter, asked the Tartars

[1] The Serebrannaya.

what people they were, and under whose sway they lived.

The Tartars replied that they belonged to the Tsardom of Siberia, and their Tsar was Kuchum.

Yermak let the Tartars go, except three of the most intelligent, whom he retained to act as guides.

They sailed farther. The farther they sailed, the bigger grew the river all the time, and the country grew better and better.

And they kept encountering more and more people. But the inhabitants were not powerful, and the Cossacks captured all the towns along the river.

In one town they made a great number of Tartars prisoners, and one person of authority, an old Tartar.

They began to ask the Tartar who he was. And he said: "I am Tauzik, and I am a servant of my Tsar Kuchum, and I am his head man in this city."

Yermak proceeded to ask Tauzik about his Tsar. "Was his city of Sibir far distant? Had Kuchum a large army? had he great wealth?"

Tauzik told him all about it.

"Kuchum is the very first Tsar in all the world. His city of Sibir is the biggest city in the world. In this city," said he, "there are as many men and cattle as there are stars in the sky. The Tsar Kuchum's army is beyond number; all the other tsars banded together could not vanquish him."

And Yermak said: —

"We Russians have come here to vanquish your Tsar Kuchum, and to take his city, and to bring him under the sway of the Russian Tsar. And we have a great army. Those who have come with me are only the vanguard, but those who follow us in bateaux are beyond number, and they all have guns. And our guns will shoot through a tree, and are not like your bows and arrows. Just look here!"

And Yermak shot at a tree and split it, and the Cossacks from all sides began to fire off their guns.

Tauzik fell on his knees with fright, and Yermak said to him: —

"Now do you hasten to your Tsar Kuchum and tell him what you have seen. Let him submit to us; but if he does not submit, then we will bring him to destruction."

And he let Tauzik go.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They entered into the great river Tobol, and all the time they were drawing nearer and nearer to the city of Sibir. They came to the mouth of the little river Babasan, and behold! on the bank stands a town, and around the town are many Tartars.

An interpreter was sent to the Tartars to inquire who those men were. The interpreter came back with the answer: —

"This army has been collected by Kuchum. And the general who commands the army is Kuchum's own son-in-law, Mametkul. He sent me, and commanded me to say to you, 'Go back, or else he will cut you in pieces.'"

Yermak collected his Cossacks, went on shore, and began to fire at the Tartars. As soon as the Tartars heard the noise of the firing they fled. The Cossacks set out in pursuit of them, and some they killed, and some they captured. Mametkul himself barely escaped.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They came out upon a broad, swift river, the Irtuish. They sailed down this river a whole day; and they arrived at a handsome town, and there they stopped.

The Cossacks marched against the town. As soon as they reached it, the Tartars began to shoot arrows at them, and they wounded three Cossacks.

Yermak sent his interpreter to say to the Tartars: —

"Give up your city, or else we will cut you in pieces."

The interpreter returned, saying: —

"Here lives Kuchum's servant, Atik Murza Kachara. He has a great army, and he declares that he will not surrender the town."

Yermak gathered his Cossacks, and said: —

"Now, boys, if we do not take this town, the Tartars will hold us back and will not let us pass. And, therefore, the more speedily we inspire them with fear, the

better it will be for us. All of you come on! Fling yourselves on them all at once!"

And thus they did.

There were many Tartars there, and brave fellows! As the Cossacks rushed forward, the Tartars began to shoot with their bows. They overwhelmed the Cossacks with their arrows. Some of them they killed, and others they wounded. And the Cossacks were filled with fury, and rushed against the Tartars, and all whom they fell upon they killed.

In this town the Cossacks found many treasures, cattle, rugs, many furs, and much mead. After they had buried the dead and rested, they took their plunder and went on.

They had not sailed very far when, behold! on the bank there stood something like a city, and there was an army that seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see; and the whole army was surrounded by a ditch, and the ditch was protected by a palisade.

The Cossacks came to a pause. They began to feel dubious. Yermak called a council.

"Well, boys, what shall be done?"

The Cossacks were disheartened. Some said: —

"We must sail by." Others said: —

"We must go back."

And they grew desperate, and blamed Yermak, saying: —

"Why did you bring us hither? Already they have killed so many of us, and wounded still more, and here we shall all perish."

And they began to shed tears.

And Yermak said to his sub-ataman, Ivan Koltso: —

"Well, now, Vanya, what do you think about it?"

And Koltso replied: —

"What do I think about it? If we are not killed to-day, then we shall be to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, then we shall die ingloriously in our beds. My advice is, leap on shore and make straight for the Tartars — and God will decide."

And Yermak exclaimed: —

"Aï! brave fellow, Vanya! That is what we must do! Ekh! you boys! You aren't Cossacks, but old women! Of course it was to catch sturgeon and to scare Tartar women; simply for that that I brought you hither. Don't you yourselves see? If we go back, we shall be killed! If we row by, we shall be killed! If we stay here, we shall be killed! Where, then, shall we betake ourselves? First labor, then rest! Boys, you are like a healthy mare that my father had. When she was going downhill she would draw, and on level ground she would draw; but when it came to going uphill, she would balk and back and try to find something easier. Then my father took a stake, beat her and beat her with the stake. And the mare jumped around, and kicked and tipped over the cart. Then father took her out of the thills and put her through the mill. Now, if she had pulled, she would not have got the thrashing. So it is with you, boys. There 's only one thing left for us, — to go straight for the Tartars." ....

The Cossacks laughed, and said: —

"It is plain that you are wiser than we are, Timofeïtch. We fools have no right to give advice. Take us wherever you wish. We can't die twice, but we must die once."[1]

And Yermak said: —

"Now listen, boys. This is the way that we must do it. They have n't yet seen the whole of us. We will divide ourselves into three bands. Those in the middle will march straight at them, and the other two divisions will make a flank movement to the right and left. Now when the middle division begins to engage them, they will think that we are all there — they will come out. And then we will give it to them from the flanks. That 's the way, boys. And if we beat these, there will be nothing left to fear. We shall be tsars ourselves."

That was the way that they did.

As soon as the middle division went forward under Yermak, the Tartars began to yell and rushed out

[1] Russian proverb.

Then the wings joined battle, the right under Ivan Koltso, the left under the ataman Meshcheryak.

The Tartars were panic-stricken, and took to their heels. The Cossacks slaughtered them. And no one at all dared to oppose Yermak any longer. And thus they made their entrance into the very city of Sibir. And there Yermak took up his abode exactly as if he had been Tsar.

The neighboring princes[1] began to come to Yermak with salutations, and the Tartars came back and began to settle down in Sibir. Kuchum and his son-in-law, however, dared not make a direct attack on Yermak, but wandered round and round, and laid their plans to capture him.

In the spring, at the time for the freshets, some Tartars came to Yermak, saying: —

"Mametkul is coming against you again, and he has collected a great army, and is now on the Vagaya River."

Yermak hastened over rivers, swamps, streams, and forests, crept up with his Cossacks, fell on Mametkul, and killed many of the Tartars, and took Mametkul himself prisoner and brought him back to Sibir. And now there remained few Tartars who were not subdued, and that summer Yermak marched against those that would not submit, and on the Irtuish and on the Obi rivers Yermak brought so much land under subjection that you could not go around it in two months.

After he had conquered all this land, he sent a messenger to the Strogonofs with a letter, in which he said: —

"I have taken Kuchum's city, and have Mametkul in captivity, and I have brought all the people round about under my sway. But it has cost me many Cossacks. Send us people, so that we may be more lively. And the wealth in this land is limitless in extent."

And he sent also costly furs, — foxskins and martens and sable.

After this two years passed. Yermak still held Sibir,

[1] *Tsar'ki*, petty tsar; it is a moot question whether the word *tsar* is derived from the Latin Cæsar, or whether Cæsar may not itself be an Oriental title of similar derivation. The spelling of "czar" is not Russian.

but no reinforcements arrived from Russia, and Yermak's Russian forces were growing small.

One time the Tartar Kachara sent a messenger to Yermak, saying: —

"We have submitted to your sway, but the Nogaï[1] are harassing us; let some of your braves come to our aid. We will conquer the Nogaï together. And we give you our oath that we will do no manner of harm to your braves."

Yermak had faith in their oath, and he sent to them Ivan Koltso with forty men. As soon as these forty men came to them, the Tartars fell on them and killed them; and this still further reduced the Cossacks.

Another time some Bukhara traders sent word to Yermak that they were on their way with merchandise which they wished to give him in his city of Sibir, but that Kuchum and his army were in their way, and would not let them pass.

Yermak took fifty men and went out to clear the road for the Bukharians. But when he reached the Irtuish River he did not find any merchants. So they prepared to bivouac there.

The night was dark and rainy. No sooner had the Cossacks lain down for the night, than the Tartars rushed in from every side, threw themselves on the sleeping Cossacks, and began to hew them down. Yermak leaped up and began to fight. He was wounded in the arm by a knife. Then he ran to the river and threw himself into it — the Tartars after him. He was already in the water. But he was never seen again, and his body was never found, and no one knows how he died.[2]

[1] A tribe of Tartars.

[2] One of the most brilliant scenes in Count Alekseï K. Tolstoï's great historical novel, "Prince Serebrannui," is devoted to the description of the embassy that brought to the Tsar Ivan the Terrible the news of the conquest of Siberia by the former rebel Yermak. — *Tr.*

DESIRE STRONGER THAN NECESSITY[1]

WE were on a bear hunt. My comrade had succeeded in shooting a bear; he had wounded him in some tender spot. There was a little blood on the snow, but the bear had escaped.

We went into the forest and began to plan what to do, — whether we should make a search then and there for the bear, or wait two or three days until he showed himself.

We began to ask the peasant bear-drivers whether it were possible now to get on the track of this bear. An old bear-driver said: —

"It is impossible! you must give the bear a chance to recover: in five days you can get round him; but now if you follow him it will only frighten him, and he won't go to his lair."

But a young bear-driver disagreed with the old peasant, and said that now was the time to get round the bear.

"In such deep snow as this the bear can't go a great distance — he is a fat bear. He won't go into his lair to-day. And if he does not go into his lair, I can track him on my snow-shoes."

My comrade also was disinclined to track the bear, and advised waiting till another time.

But said I: —

"What is the use of discussing it? You do as you

[1] *Okhota pushche nyevoli:* Russian proverb; but literally it might also mean, "Hunting more (or worse) than slavery."

please, but I am going with Demyan after the bear. If we track him, all right; if we don't track him, it 's all the same whether we do anything more to-day or not: it is still early."

That was what we did.

The others got into the sledge and returned to the village, while Demyan and I took some bread with us and remained in the woods.

As soon as the rest were gone from us, Demyan and I inspected our arms, belted our shubas, and started after the bear.

The weather was fine, — frosty and still. But it was laborious traveling on snow-shoes, for the snow was deep and mealy. The snow had not yet settled in the forest, and the evening before there had been a fresh fall, so that the snow-shoes sank over the edge, and in some places even deeper. The bear's tracks were visible for a long distance. We could see how the bear had made off; how in some places he had sunk up to his belly, and had scratched away the snow.

At first we followed the tracks over the deep snow through tall forest trees, but at last they turned into a fir thicket. Demyan halted.

"Now," said he, "we must abandon the trail. He must have his lair here. Here he stopped to rest; you can see by the snow. We will turn away from the trail, and make a circuit. Only we must go quietly, and not shout or cough, else we shall scare him."

We turned away from the trail abruptly to the left. After going five hundred paces, we discovered the bear's tracks again, right in front of us. Again we followed the trail, and this time the trail led us to the road. We stopped on the road and tried to decide what direction the bear had taken.

In one place on the road we could see where the bear's whole paw, with its toes, was imprinted; and here in another place a peasant had walked along the road in his bark shoes.[1] Apparently it had gone toward the village.

[1] *Lapti.*

We went along the road, and Demyan said: —

"We shan't find his trail on the road; but if he has turned off anywhere to the right or the left, then we shall see it in the snow. He will turn off somewhere; he won't go to the village."

Thus we walked along the road for a verst,[1] and then we discovered the trail turning from the road. We examined it, and wonder of wonders! the bear's tracks were not running from the road to the forest, but from the forest to the road, as we could see by the claws turned toward the road.

Said I, "This is another bear."

Demyan scrutinized it carefully, and thought for a moment.

"No," said he, "it is the same one, but he has been playing us a trick. He backed off the road."

We followed this trail, and it proved to be the case. The bear had evidently walked backward ten steps from the road, then gone behind a fir tree, turned about, and made straight off.

Demyan paused, saying: — ,

"Now we have really caught him. He probably would not make his lair anywhere else than in this marsh. We will encircle him."

We started on our circuit through thick fir forest. I was already weary, and the going became harder and harder. Sometimes I would stumble over a juniper bush or a young fir would get between my legs, or my snow-shoes would slide away from me without any reason, and sometimes I would trip over a stump or a log hidden under the snow. And I began to be tired out. I took off my shuba, for the sweat was pouring off from me. But Demyan glided along as if he were in a boat. His snow-shoes seemed of their own accord to bear him along. He never stumbled or slipped. He took my shuba also, and threw it over his shoulders, and kept encouraging me to come on.

We made a circuit of three versts, entirely inclosing the swamp. I had already begun to lag behind. I lost

[1] 3500 feet.

control of my snow-shoes; my legs gave way under me. Suddenly Demyan stopped in front of me and waved his arm. I caught up with him. Demyan bent over, and said in a whisper, pointing with his hand :—

"Hear the magpie screaming on yonder stump; the bird scents the bear from a long distance. He is there."

We set out again, and, after going another verst, we came upon our old track. Thus we had made a complete circuit around the bear, and the bear remained in the middle of our ring.

We paused.

I took off my cap also, and unbuttoned my coat. I was as hot as if I had been in a Russian bath, and my clothes were just as wet as a drowned rat. Demyan also was red with exertion, and wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well," says he, "barin, we have finished the job; now we must rest."

The twilight was already beginning to throw its purple glow across the trees. We squatted down on our snow-shoes to get breath.

We took out the bread and salt from our bag; first I ate a little snow, and then my bread. And that bread was more delicious than anything I had ever eaten before in my life.

Thus we rested, and the nightfall was already beginning. I asked Demyan if it was far to the village.

"It will be about a dozen versts. We can get there to-night; but now we must rest. Put on your shuba, barin, or you will get cold."

Demyan broke off some fir boughs, brushed away the snow, made a bed, and he and I lay down together, side by side, with our arms for pillows. I don't remember how I fell off to sleep. But I woke up about two hours later. Something snapped.

I had been so sound asleep that I had forgotten where I was. I looked about me — what a marvelous spectacle! Where was I? I was in a strange white palace; there were white columns, and above all span-

gles were sparkling. I gazed up, and saw white arabesques, and beyond the arabesques an inky black vault, and variegated fires flashing.

As I gazed around I remembered that we were in the forest and that what had seemed to me a palace was the trees covered with snow and frost, and the fires were the stars beyond the branches, twinkling in the sky.

During the night the hoar-frost had fallen; there was frost on the branches, and frost on my shuba, and Demyan was all covered by frost, and the air was full of falling hoar-frost.

I awakened Demyan. We got up on our snow-shoes and started on our way. It was silent in the forest. The only sound was what we made gliding over the soft snow, and the occasional cracking of a tree under the frost, and the echo of it dying away through the aisles.

Once only some living creature rustled out from under our feet, and scurried away. I immediately thought it might be the bear.' We went to the spot which the animal had left, and found the trail of a hare. The aspens were girdled. Hares had been nibbling there.

When we reached the road, we took off our snow-shoes and fastened them behind, and marched along the road. It was easy going. The snow-shoes behind us slipped along, clattering over the smooth road; the snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoar-frost clung to our faces like down. And the stars above the tree-tops ran along apparently racing with us, flashing and disappearing, just as if the whole heaven were in motion.

My comrade was asleep; I awakened him.

We told him how we had surrounded the bear, and we told the landlord to collect the peasant whippers-in early in the morning. We got something to eat and turned in.

I was so weary that I should have been glad to sleep till dinner-time, but my comrade roused me. I leaped

out of bed, and found him already dressed, and doing something to his gun.

"Where is Demyan?"

"He went long ago into the woods. He has already verified the circuit, and came running back, and now he has gone out to show the whippers-in the way."

After washing and dressing, I loaded my gun. We took our places in the sledge and set off.

The temperature still continued low; the air was motionless; the sun was not visible; heavy clouds had risen and the hoar-frost was falling.

We drove three versts along the road, and reached the forest. We could see in the valley columns of blue smoke, and people standing around — peasant men and women,[1] with cudgels.

We leaped out, and joined the throng. The peasants were sitting around, roasting potatoes, and jesting with the women.

Demyan also was among them. The people got up. Demyan posted them on the circular trail that we had made the evening before. The men and women formed the line, — thirty of them in all, — buried in snow up to their waists, and made their way into the woods. Then my comrade and I followed after them.

Although the path was somewhat trodden, it was hard walking; still there was no possibility of falling; you walk as it were between two walls.

Thus we proceeded half a verst, and then we caught sight of Demyan on the other side, hurrying on snow-shoes to meet us, beckoning us to come to him.

We joined him; he showed us our places. As soon as I reached my station, I looked around me.

On my left there was a high fir tree; beyond it there was a wide view, and behind the trees stood a peasant whipper-in making a black spot. Opposite me there was a growth of young fir trees as tall as a man. The branches of the little firs were weighed down and stuck together by the snow. Through the clump led a foot-path trodden through the snow. This path led straight

[1] *Muzhiks* and *babas*.

to me. On my right was another clump of firs, and then began a clearing. And I saw that Demyan had posted my comrade on this clearing.

I examined my two muskets, cocking them, and tried to decide where would be the best place for me to take my position. Just behind me, three paces distant, was a tall pine tree.

"Let me stand by this pine and rest my second musket against it."

I made my way over to the pine, through snow that reached above my knees, and then under the pine I trampled down a little space of an arshin and a half,[1] and established myself in it. I held one musket across my arm; the other I leaned against the tree, ready cocked. I took out my dagger and put it in its sheath again, so as to see if in case of necessity it would come out easily.

I had just finished my preparations when I heard Demyan shouting in the woods:—

"He has started out![2] he has started! he has started!"

And in reply to Demyan's call, the peasants on all sides began to shout in various voices. "Pashol! u-u-u-u-u!" shouted the peasants. "Aï, i-i-ikh!" screamed the women, in their sharp voices.

The bear was inside the circle. Demyan was driving him. On all sides the people were shouting; only my comrade and I were standing silent and motionless, awaiting the bear. I stood and listened, and my heart within me was beating like a sledge-hammer. I had my musket in position; I trembled a little.

"Now, now," I thought to myself, "he will come leaping by; I will aim, I will fire my gun at him, and down he will go." ....

Suddenly, on my left, I heard something rushing through the snow; only it was at some distance. I gazed at the tall fir; fifty paces away, behind the trees, stood something black and big. I raised my gun and waited. I asked myself:—

[1] About five square feet. [2] *Pashol.*

"Won't it come any nearer?"

As I looked, it moved its ears and started to retreat. As it turned around and presented its side, I got a full view of it. The tremendous beast! I took aim in hot haste.

Bang! I could hear my bullet bury itself in a tree. I gazed through the smoke; my bear was galloping back under cover, and disappeared in the forest.

"Well," I said to myself, "I have spoiled my game; now there 's no hope of his coming back to me; either my comrade will hit him, or he will make his escape through the peasants; but I shall not have another chance at him."

Nevertheless I reloaded my musket, and stood there, listening. The peasants were shouting on all sides; but on my right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming at the top of her voice:—

"Here he is! here he is! here he is! This way! this way! oï! oï! aï! aï! aï!"

Evidently she saw the bear. I no longer had any expectations of its coming my way, so I fixed my eyes on my comrade. I saw Demyan, with a cudgel, and not wearing his snow-shoes, running along the trodden path toward my comrade, crouching down behind him, and calling his attention to something, as if he were urging him to fire. I saw my comrade lift his musket and aim in the direction indicated by Demyan with his stick.

Bang! The gun went off.

"Well," said I to myself, "he has killed him!"

But when I saw that my comrade was not hurrying to the bear, I said to myself:—

"Missed, evidently; he could not have got a good aim. Now the bear will retreat, and there 's no hope of his coming in my direction."

But what was this?

Suddenly I heard, directly in front of me, some one rushing along like a tornado, scattering the snow and puffing close to me. I looked up the path, and there he was, coming straight down upon me, over the little

path between the thick fir bushes, galloping along with head down, and evidently frightened out of his wits.

He was now only five paces away from me. I could see his black breast, and his huge head covered with red hair. He was rushing directly at me, scattering the snow in every direction. I could see by his eyes that he did not perceive me, but was so terrified that he was dashing off full tilt, no matter where. But his course was bringing him directly toward the tree near which I was standing. I raised my musket — I fired — he was directly upon me. I perceived that I missed; the bullet glanced off, but the bear did not notice; he dashed at me, and not even yet did he see me.

I aimed my gun, and almost touched him. Bang! I could see that I hit him, but that the shot had failed to kill him.

He lifted his head, put back his ears, and thrust his snout straight into my face.

I tried to snatch my second musket; but no sooner had I put out my hand, than he dashed at me, knocked me over into the snow, and sprang away.

"Well," said I to myself, "lucky for me that he left me."

I was just picking myself up, when I discovered that something was pressing me down, keeping me from rising. His momentum had carried him along, he had fallen beyond me; and then, coming back to me, he had fallen upon me with his full weight. I was conscious of something heavy resting upon me, I was conscious of something warm on my face, and I was conscious that he had taken my whole face into his jaws. My nose was already in his mouth, and I could smell the warm odor of his blood. He had planted his paws on my shoulders, and it was impossible for me to move.

I managed, however, to extricate my head from his jaws on to his breast, and I turned away my eyes and nose. But a second time he succeeded in setting his tusks into my face and eyes. I became conscious that he was setting the tusks of his upper jaw into my forehead, under the hair, and those of his lower jaw in the

flesh under my eyes; he shut his teeth together and began to crush me. Like knives they cut into my head. I struggled, I pulled myself out of his clutches; but he made haste, and, snapping like a dog, hugged me closer and closer.

I got away from him, and again he clutched me.

"Well," said I to myself, "my end has come."

Suddenly I perceived that his pressure on me became less. I looked, and he had gone! he had bounded away from me, and was making off.

When my comrade and Demyan saw that the bear had knocked me down into the snow, and was gnawing me, they rushed toward me. My comrade, in his eagerness to get to me as speedily as possible, made a mistake; instead of running along the beaten path, he tried to cut across and fell. While he was struggling out of the deep snow, the bear was all the time biting me. But Demyan, though he was not armed with a musket, and had only a dry branch, ran along the path, and kept shouting: —

"He is killing the barin! he is eating up the barin!"

And then, as he approached the bear, he cried: —

"Oh, you beast! what are you doing? Let go! Let go!"[1]

The bear heard, let go of me, and made off.

When I picked myself up, there was as much blood on the snow as if they had been killing a wild boar, and the flesh under my eyes hung in shreds; but I was so excited that I felt no pain.

My comrade came to me; the people gathered together; they examined my wounds; they wet them with snow. But as for me I forgot all about my wounds; I asked: —

"Where is the bear? Where has he gone?"

Suddenly we heard them shouting: —

"Here he is! here he is!"

And we saw the bear rushing back in our direction. We seized our muskets; but before any one had time to fire, he had already dashed by. The bear was mad-

[1] The one word, *bros*, in Russian.

dened; he wanted to finish devouring me; but when he saw that a crowd had collected, he was afraid. By the trail we could see that the blood came from the bear's head; they wanted to go in pursuit of him; but my head began to pain me, and we returned to the village, to the doctor.

The doctor sewed up my wounds with silk, and they began to heal.

At the end of a month we again went out in pursuit of this bear; but I did not have the chance of finishing him. The bear did not come out of his lair, but kept moving around and around, and roaring in a terrible voice.

Demyan put an end to him. The lower jaw of this bear had been broken by my shot, and a tooth knocked out.

This bear was huge, and he had a splendid black skin.

I had him stuffed, and he lies in my sleeping-room. The wounds in my face got well, so that there is scarcely any scar where they were made.

STORIES OF MY DOGS

CHAPTER I

BULKA

I HAD a bulldog, and his name was Bulka. He was perfectly black, except for the paws of his fore legs, which were white. All bulldogs have the lower jaw longer than the upper, and the upper teeth set into the lower; but in the case of Bulka the lower jaw was pushed so far forward that the finger could be inserted between the upper and lower teeth.

Bulka had a broad face and big, black, brilliant eyes. And his teeth and white tusks were always uncovered. He was like a negro.

Bulka had a gentle disposition and he would not bite; but he was very powerful and tenacious. Whenever he took hold of anything, he set his teeth together and hung on like a rag, and it was impossible to make him let go; he was like a pair of pincers.

One time he was set on a bear, and he seized the bear by the ear, and hung on like a bloodsucker. The bear pounded him with his paws, hugged him, shook him from side to side, but he could not get rid of him; then he stood on his head in his attempts to crush him, but Bulka hung on until they could dash cold water over him.

I took him when he was a puppy, and reared him myself. When I went to the Caucasus, I did not care to take him with me, and I went away noiselessly, and gave orders to keep him chained up.

At the first post-station I was just going to start off

with a fresh team, when suddenly I saw something black and bright dashing along the road.

It was Bulka in his brass collar. He flew with all his might toward the station. He leaped up on me, licked my hand, and then stretched himself out in the shadow of the telyega. His tongue lolled out at full length. He kept drawing it back, swallowing the spittle, and then thrusting it out again. He was all panting; he could not get his breath; his sides actually labored. He twisted from side to side, and pounded the ground with his tail.

I learned afterward that, when he found I had gone, he broke his chain, and jumped out of the window, and dashed over the road after my trail, and had thus run twenty versts in the heat of the day.

CHAPTER II

BULKA AND THE WILD BOAR

One time in the Caucasus we went boar hunting, and Bulka ran to go with me. As soon as the boar-hounds got to work, Bulka dashed off in the direction of their music and disappeared in the woods.

This was in the month of November; at that time the wild boars and pigs are usually very fat. In the forests of the Caucasus, frequented by wild boars, grow all manner of fruits, — wild grapes, cones, apples, pears, blackberries, acorns, and rose-apples. And when all these fruits get ripe, and the frost loosens them, the wild swine feed on them and fatten.

At this time of the year the wild boar becomes so fat that he cannot run far when pursued by the dogs. When they have chased him for two hours, he strikes into a thicket and comes to bay there.

Then the hunters run to the place where he is at bay and shoot him. By the barking of the dogs one can tell whether the boar has taken to cover or is still running. If he is running, then the dogs bark with a yelp,

as if some one were beating them; but if he has taken to cover, then they bay with a long howl, as if at a man.

In this expedition I had been running a long time through the forest, but without once coming across the track of a boar. At last I heard the protracted howl and whine of the hounds, and I turned my steps in that direction.

I was already near the boar. I could hear a crashing in the thicket. This was made by the boar, pursued by the dogs. But I could tell by their barking that they had not yet brought him to bay, but were only chasing around him.

Suddenly I heard something rushing behind me, and looking around, I saw Bulka. He had evidently lost track of the boar-hounds in the forest, and had become confused; but now he had heard their baying, and also, like myself, was in full tilt in their direction.

He was running across a clearing through the tall grass, and all I could see of him was his black head, and his tongue lolling out between his white teeth.

I called him, but he did not look around; he dashed by me, and was lost to sight in the thicket. I hurried after him, but the farther I went, the denser became the underbrush. The branches knocked off my hat and whipped my face; the thorns of the briers clutched my coat. By this time I was very near the barking dogs, but I could not see anything.

Suddenly I heard the dogs barking louder; there was a tremendous crash, and the boar, which was trying to break his way through, began to squeal. And this made me think that now Bulka had reached the scene and was attacking him.

I put forth all my strength, and made my way through the underbrush to the spot.

Here, in the very thickest of the woods, I caught a glimpse of a spotted boar-hound. He was barking and howling without stirring from one spot. Three paces from him I saw something black struggling.

When I came nearer I perceived that it was the boar,

and I heard Bulka whining piteously. The boar was grunting and charging the hound, which, with his tail between his legs, was backing away from him. I had a fair shot at the side and the head of the boar. I aimed at his side and fired; I could see that my shot took effect. The boar uttered a squeal, and turning from me dashed into the thicket. The dogs ran barking and yelping on his trail. I broke my way through the thicket after them.

Suddenly I heard and saw something under my very feet. It was Bulka. He was lying on his side and whining. Under him was a pool of blood. I said to myself, "My dog is ruined;" but now I had something else to attend to, and I rushed on.

Soon I saw the boar. The dogs were attacking him from behind, and he was snapping first to one side, then to the other. When the boar saw me, he made a dash at me. I fired for the second time, with the gun almost touching him, so that his bristles were singed. The boar gave one last grunt, stumbled, and fell with all his weight on the ground.

When I reached him, he was already dead; only here and there his body twitched, or puffed up a little.

But the dogs, with bristling hair, were tearing at his belly and his legs, and others were licking the blood from where he was wounded.

That reminded me of Bulka, and I hastened back to find him. He crawled to meet me, and groaned. I went to him, knelt down, and examined his wound. His belly was torn open, and a whole mass of his bowels protruded and lay upon the dry leaves.

When my comrades joined me, we replaced Bulka's intestines, and sewed up his belly. While we were sewing up his belly and puncturing the skin, he kept licking my hand.

They fastened the boar to a horse's tail, so as to bring it from the woods, and we put Bulka on a horse's back, and thus we brought him home. Bulka was an invalid for six weeks, but he got well at last.

CHAPTER III

PHEASANTS

In the Caucasus woodcock are called *fazanui*, or pheasants. They are so abundant that they are cheaper than domestic fowl. Pheasants are hunted with the *kobuilka*,[1] with the *podsada*, or by means of the dog.

This is the method of hunting with the kobuilka: You take canvas and stretch it over a frame; in the middle of the frame you put a joist, and make a hole in the canvas. This canvas-covered frame is called a kobuilka. With this kobuilka and a gun you go out into the forest just after sunrise. You carry the kobuilka in front of you, and through the hole you keep a lookout for pheasants. The pheasants in the early morning go out in search of food. Sometimes you come across a whole family; sometimes the hen with the chicks; sometimes the cock with his hen; sometimes several cocks together.

The pheasants see no man, and they are not afraid of the canvas, and they let any one approach very near. Then the hunter sets down his kobuilka, puts the muzzle of his musket out through the hole, and shoots at his leisure.

The following is the method of hunting with the podsada: You let loose in the woods a little common house-dog, and follow after him. When the dog starts up a pheasant, he chases it. The pheasant flies into a tree, and then the whelp begins to yelp. The huntsman goes in the direction of the barking, and shoots the pheasant in the tree.

This mode of hunting would be easy if the pheasant would fly into an isolated tree, or would sit on an exposed branch so as to be in full sight. But the pheasants always choose a tree in the densest part of the thicket, and when they see the huntsman they hide behind the branches.

It is not only hard to make your way through the

[1] Literally, little mare.

thicket to the tree where the pheasant is perched, but it is hard, also, to get sight of him. When it is only a dog barking under the tree, the pheasant is not afraid; he sits on the limb, and cocks[1] his head at him, and flaps his wings. But the instant he sees a man, he stretches himself out along the limb, so that only an experienced sportsman would be likely to perceive him, while an inexperienced man would stand underneath and see nothing.

When the Cossacks steal out against pheasants, they always hide their faces behind their caps, and don't look up, because the pheasant is afraid of a man with a musket, but is most of all afraid of his eyes.

Pheasants are hunted by means of the dog[2] in this manner: They take a setter and follow him into the woods. The setter catches the scent where early in the morning the pheasants have been out feeding, and he begins to follow the trail. No matter how many times the pheasants have crossed their tracks, a good setter will always pick out the last one, leading from the place where they had been feeding.

The farther the dog gets on the track, the stronger the scent becomes, and thus he reaches the very place where the pheasant has stopped for the day to rest or walk in the grass. When he comes near, his scent tells him that the pheasant is directly in front of him, and he now begins to go more cautiously, so as not to scare the bird, and then he stops to make the leap and seize it. When the dog is very near to the bird, then the pheasant flies up, and the sportsman shoots him.

CHAPTER IV

MILTON AND BULKA

I GOT a setter for pheasants. This dog's name was Milton. He was tall, thin, gray, with spots, and with long lips and ears, and very strong and intelligent.

[1] The same pun in the original. [2] *Iz pod sobaki.*

He and Bulka never quarreled. Never did dog dare to pick a quarrel with Bulka. All he had to do was once to show his teeth, and other dogs would put their tails between their legs and flee.

One time I was going with Milton out after pheasants. Suddenly Bulka came bounding along to overtake me, after I had reached the woods. I tried to drive him back, but in vain. And it was a long way to go home for the sake of getting rid of him.

I came to the conclusion that he would not interfere, and went on my way; but as soon as Milton scented a pheasant in the grass and started on the trail, Bulka would dash ahead and begin to hunt about on all sides.

He was anxious to get the pheasant before Milton. If he heard anything in the grass, he would leap and jump about; but his scent was not keen, and he could not keep to the trail, and so he would watch Milton, and follow wherever Milton went. As soon as Milton found a trail, Bulka would dash ahead.

I tried to call Bulka back, I whipped him; but I could do nothing with him.

As soon as Milton found a trail, he would dash ahead and spoil all.

I began to think seriously of going home, because I felt that my hunting was spoiled; but Milton knew better than I did how to throw Bulka off the track. This was the way he did it: As soon as Bulka ran ahead of him, Milton would quit the scent, turn to one side, and pretend that he was hunting for it. Bulka would then run back where Milton was pointing, and Milton, glancing at me, would wag his tail, and again set out on the right track.

Then once more Bulka would dash ahead of Milton, and once more the setter Milton would purposely run ten feet aside from the right trail for the purpose of deceiving Bulka, and then lead me straight on again, so that throughout the whole hunt he kept deceiving Bulka, and did not let him spoil my sport.

CHAPTER V

THE TURTLE

One time I went out hunting with Milton. Just as we reached the forest he began to get a scent. He stretched out his tail, pricked up his ears, and began to sniff.

I got my musket ready and started after him. I supposed that he was on the track of a partridge, or a pheasant, or a hare. But Milton did not turn off into the woods, but into a field. I followed him and looked ahead.

Suddenly I caught sight of what he was after. In front of him a little turtle was making its way — it was of the size of a hat. Its bald, dark gray head and long neck were thrust out like a pistil. The turtle was moving along by the aid of its bare feet, and its back was wholly covered by its shell.

As soon as it saw the dog, it drew in its legs and head and flattened itself down into the grass, so that only its shell was visible.

Milton grabbed it and tried to bite it; but he could not set his teeth through it, because the turtle has over its belly the same sort of crust as over its back, with mere openings in front, on the side, and at the back for putting out its head, legs, and tail.

I rescued the turtle from Milton, and examined how its back was marked, and how its shell was constructed, and how it managed to hide itself away. When you hold one in your hands and look under the shell, then, only, can you see something within, black and living.

I laid the turtle down on the grass and went on, but Milton was loath to leave it; he seized it in his teeth and followed me.

Suddenly Milton whined and dropped it. The turtle in his mouth had extended a claw and scratched his lips. He was so indignant against it on account of this that he began to bark, and again picked it up and trotted after me.

I told him to drop it again, but Milton would not

heed me. Then I took the turtle from him and threw it away.

But he would not give it up. He began in all haste to scratch up a hole with his paws, and then with his paws he pushed the turtle into the hole and covered it up with earth.

Turtles live both on land and in the water, like adders and frogs. They produce their young from eggs, and they lay the eggs in the ground; they do not sit on them, however, but the eggs themselves hatch out like fishes' spawn and become turtles.

Turtles are often small — not larger than a saucer; and then, again, they are big, reaching a length of seven feet and a weight of seven hundred and twenty pounds. The great turtles inhabit the sea.

One single female turtle in the spring will lay hundreds of eggs.

The shell of the turtle is its ribs. In men and other animals the ribs are each separate, but in the case of the turtle the ribs form the shell. It is also a peculiarity that in all animals the ribs are underneath the flesh, but in the case of the turtle, the ribs are outside, and the flesh is underneath them.

CHAPTER VI

BULKA AND THE WOLF

At the time when I was about to leave the Caucasus, war was still in progress, and it was hazardous traveling by night without an escort.

I was anxious to start as early as possible in the morning, and therefore I did not go to bed at all.

A friend of mine came to keep me company, and we spent the whole evening and night sitting in front of my *khata*, or hut, on the street of the *stanitsa*, or Cossack outpost.

It was a misty, moonlight night, and so light that one could see to read, though the moon itself was invisible.

At midnight we suddenly heard a little pig squealing in a yard on the other side of the street. One of us cried: —

"There 's a wolf throttling a young pig."

I ran into my khata, seized my loaded musket, and hastened out into the street. All were standing at the gates of the yard where the young pig was squealing, and they shouted to me, "Here! here!"

Milton came leaping after me, evidently thinking that as I had my gun I was going hunting; and Bulka pricked up his short ears and bounded from side to side, as if inquiring what it was that he should grip.

As I was running toward the wattled hedge, I saw a wild animal coming directly for me from the other side of the yard.

It was the wolf.

He was running toward the hedge, and gave a leap at it. I retreated before him and got my musket ready.

As soon as the wolf leaped down from the hedge on my side, I leveled the gun at him, almost touching him, and pulled the trigger; but the gun only gave a "chik" and missed fire.

The wolf did not stop, but darted down the street. Milton and Bulka set out in pursuit. Milton was near the wolf, but evidently did not dare to seize him; while Bulka, though he put forth all the strength of his short legs, could not catch up with him.

We ran as fast as we could after the wolf, but wolf and dogs were now out of sight.

But we soon heard near the ditch at the corner of the stanitsa a barking and whining, and we could make out through the moonlit mist that something was kicking up a dust, and that the dogs had tackled the wolf.

When we reached the ditch, the wolf was gone, and both the dogs returned to us with tails erect and excited faces. Bulka growled and rubbed his head against me; he evidently wanted to tell me about it, but was not able.

We examined the dogs and discovered that there was a small bite on Bulka's head. He had probably overtaken the wolf in front of the ditch, but had not dared

to tackle him, and the wolf had snapped at him and made off. The wound was small, so that we had no apprehension in regard to it.

We returned to the khata, sat down, and talked over what had happened. I was vexed enough that my musket had missed fire, and I could not help thinking that, if it had gone off, the wolf would have fallen on the spot. My friend was surprised that a wolf had ventured to make its way into the yard.

An old Cossack declared that there was nothing wonderful about it; that it was not a wolf, but a witch, and that she had cast a spell over my gun!

Thus we sat and talked.

Suddenly the dogs sprang up, and we saw in the middle of the street, right in front of us, the very same wolf; but this time he made off so swiftly at the sound of our voices that the dogs could not overtake him.

The old Cossack after this was entirely convinced that it was no wolf, but a witch; but it occurred to me whether it was not a mad wolf, because I had never heard or known of a wolf returning among men after once he had been chased.

At all events, I scattered gunpowder over Bulka's wound and set it on fire. The powder blazed up and cauterized the sore place.

I cauterized the wound with powder so as to consume the mad virus, in case it had not yet had time to reach the blood.

In case of the spittle being poisonous and reaching the blood, I knew that it would spread all over his body, and then there would be no means of curing him.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT HAPPENED TO BULKA AT PYETIGORSK

From the stanitsa, I did not return directly to Russia, but stopped at Pyetigorsk, and there I spent two months. I gave Milton to the old Cossack hunter, but Bulka I took with me to Pyetigorsk.

Pyetigorsk, or Five Mountain, is so called because it is built on Mount Besh-Tau. *Besh* in the Tartar language means five; and *Tau*, mountain.

From this mountain flows a sulphur hot spring. The water boils like a kettle, and over the spot where the waters spring from the mountain steam always rises, just as it does from a samovar.

The whole region where the city is built is very charming. The hot springs flow down from the mountains; at their feet flows the little river Podkumok. The hillsides are clothed with forests; in all directions are fields, and on the horizon rise the mighty mountains of the Caucasus. The snow on these mountains never melts, and they are always as white as sugar.

One mighty mountain is Elbrus, like a white sugar-loaf; and it can be seen from every point when the weather is clear.

People come to these hot springs for medical treatment, and over the springs summer-houses and canopies are built, and gardens and paths are laid out all around. In the morning the band plays, and the people drink the water, or take the baths, and promenade.

The city itself stands on the mountain, and below the city is the suburb.

I lodged in a little house in this suburb. The house stood in a yard,[1] and there was a little garden in front of the windows, and in the garden were arranged my landlord's bees, not in hollow tree-trunks as in Russia, but in round basket-hives. The bees there were so peaceable that always in the forenoon Bulka and I used to sit out in the garden, among the hives. Bulka used to run among the hives, and wonder at the bees, and smell, and listen to their buzzing; but he moved among them so carefully that the bees did not interfere with him and did not touch him.

One morning I came home from the waters and sat drinking my coffee in the latticed garden. Bulka began to scratch himself behind the ears and to rattle his collar. This noise disturbed the bees, and I removed the collar from Bulka's neck.

[1] *Dvor.*

After a little while I heard in the direction of the city on the mountain a strange and terrible uproar. Dogs were barking, yelping, and howling, men were yelling, and this tumult came down from the mountain and seemed to come nearer and nearer to our suburb.

Bulka had ceased scratching himself, and had laid his broad head between his white fore paws, and with his white teeth exposed and his tongue lolling out, as his habit was, was lying peaceably beside me. When he heard the uproar, he seemed to understand what it was all about; he pricked up his ears, showed his teeth, jumped up, and began to growl.

The tumult came nearer. It seemed as if all the dogs from the whole city were yelping, whining, and barking. I went out to the gate to look, and my landlady joined me there.

I asked: —

"What is that?"

She replied: —

"Prisoners from the jail coming to kill dogs. Many dogs are running loose, and the city authorities have ordered all dogs in the city to be killed."

"What! would they kill Bulka if they saw him?"

"No; they are ordered to kill only those without collars."

Just as I was speaking, the prisoners were already on their way toward our yard.

In front marched soldiers, followed by four convicts in chains. Two of the convicts had long iron hooks in their hands, and the other two had clubs. When they came in front of our gate, one of the prisoners with a hook caught a cur of low degree, dragged him into the middle of the street, and the other prisoner began to maul him with his club. The whelp yelped horribly, and the convicts shouted something and roared with laughter. The convict with the hook turned the little dog over, and when he saw that he was dead, he pulled back his crook and began to look about for other victims.

At this moment Bulka leaped headlong at the convict,

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just as he had at the bear. I remembered that he was without a collar, and I cried, "Back, Bulka," and I shouted to the convicts not to kill my dog.

But the convict saw Bulka, guffawed, and skilfully speared at him with his hook, and caught him under the thigh.

Bulka tried to break away, but the convict pulled him toward him, and shouted to the other, "Kill him!"

The other was already swinging his club, and Bulka would have been surely killed, but he struggled, the skin on his haunch gave way, and, putting his tail between his legs, and with a frightful wound in his thigh, he dashed at full speed through the gate, into the house, and hid under my bed.

What saved him was the fact that the skin on the place where the hook seized him tore out entirely.

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF BULKA AND MILTON

BULKA and Milton met their death about the same time. The old Cossack did not understand how to treat Milton. Instead of taking him with him only when he went after birds, he tried to make a boar-hunter of him.

That same autumn a sekatch[1] boar gored him. No one knew how to sew up the wound, and Milton died.

Bulka also did not live long after his rescue from the convicts. Soon after his rescue from the convicts, he began to mope and to lick everything that came in his way. He would lick my hand, but not as in former days when he meant to caress me. He licked long, and energetically thrust out his tongue, and then he began to seize things with his teeth.

Evidently he felt the impulse to bite the hand, but tried to refrain. I did not like to let him have my hand.

[1] *Sekatch* is a two-year-old wild boar, with sharp, straight tusks. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Then he began to lick my boot and the table leg, and then to bite the boot or the table leg.

This lasted two days, and on the third day he disappeared, and no one ever saw him or heard of him again.

It was impossible for him to have been stolen, and he could not have run away from me.

Now this happened to be about six weeks after the wolf had bitten him. It must have been that the wolf was quite rabid. Bulka also became rabid and went off. He was afflicted with what hunters call *stetchka* — the first stage of madness. It is said that madness is first shown by spasms in the throat. Rabid animals desire to drink, but are unable, because water makes the spasms more violent. Then they get beside themselves with pain and thirst, and begin to bite.

Probably these spasms were just beginning with Bulka, when he showed such a disposition to lick everything, and then to bite my boot and the table leg.

I traveled over the whole region and made inquiries about Bulka, but I could learn nothing about where he had gone or how he died.

If he had run mad and bitten any one as mad dogs usually do, I should have heard from him. But probably he went out somewhere into the thick woods, and died there alone.

Huntsmen declare that when an intelligent dog is attacked by madness, he runs off into the field or woods, and there finds the herb which he needs, rolls over in the dew, and cures himself.

Evidently Bulka did not get well. He never returned, and he disappeared forever.

EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER I

THE OLD HORSE

WE had an old, old man, Pimen Timofeïtch. He was ninety years of age. He lived at his grandson's house, but did no work. His back was bent; he walked with a stick, and found it hard to drag one leg after the other. All of his teeth were gone; his face was wrinkled; his lower lip trembled. When he walked and when he talked, he had no control over his lips, so that it was impossible to make out what he was saying.

There were four brothers of us, and we all liked to ride horseback; but we had no gentle horses fit for us to ride. We were permitted to ride only on one old horse whose name was Voronok.[1]

One time mother gave us permission to have a ride, and we all ran with our tutor to the stables. The coachman saddled Voronok for us, and the first to ride was our eldest brother.

He took a long ride; he rode over to the threshing-floor and around the park, and when he came back, we shouted: —

"Now start him up!"

Our eldest brother began to kick Voronok, and to strike him with his whip, and Voronok galloped past us.

After our eldest brother had ridden, the next oldest took his turn. He also had a long ride, and whipped Voronok till he galloped down the hill. He wanted to ride even longer, but the third brother begged him to give him a chance as soon as possible.

[1] Blackie.

The third brother also rode over to the threshing-floor and around the park, and then along through the village, and then he came galloping down the hill toward the stable.

When he rode up to us, Voronok was winded, and his neck and flanks were black with sweat.

When my turn came, I wanted to surprise my brothers, and show them how well I could ride, and I began to spur him on to his utmost speed; but Voronok would not stir from the stable.

In spite of my redoubled blows he would not gallop, but only shied and backed. I grew angry with the horse, and pounded him with all my might with my whip and legs. I tried lashing him in the places where he was tenderest; I broke the whip, and with the broken handle I began to pound him on the head. But still Voronok would not budge.

Then I turned around, rode up to our tutor, and asked him for a heavier whip. But the tutor said to me:—

"You have ridden him enough, sir; come down. Why torture the horse?"

I was vexed, and said:—

"Why? I have not ridden him at all! Look how I will make him gallop! Please give me a stronger whip! I will warm him up!"

Then the tutor shook his head, and said:—

"Ah, sir! you have no mercy. Why warm him up? Just think! He is twenty years old. The horse is tired out; he is all winded; yes, and he is so old! Just think how old he is! It is just as if it were Pimen Timofeïtch. If you should mount on Timofeïtch, and should whip him with all your might, say, now, would not that be a pity?"

I knew well about Pimen, and I obeyed the tutor. I dismounted from the horse, and when I saw how he was laboring with his sweaty sides, and was puffing with his nostrils, and was switching his thin tail, then I realized how cruel we had been to the horse. But till that time I had supposed that the horse enjoyed it as much as I did.

I became so sorry for Voronok that I began to caress his sweaty neck, and to ask his forgiveness for the beating that I had given him.

Since that time I have grown older, and I still always pity horses, and I always remember Voronok and Pimen Timofeïtch when I see any one abusing a horse.

CHAPTER II

HOW I WAS TAUGHT TO RIDE HORSEBACK

When I was a little boy, we four brothers had our lessons every day except Sundays and holidays, when we were free and could play together.

One time father said: —

"You older children must learn to ride horseback; you must be sent to riding-school."

I was the youngest, and I asked: —

"Can't I learn, too?"

My father said: —

"You would tumble off."

I began to tease him to let me learn, too, and I almost cried.

My father said: —

"Very well, then, you shall take lessons, too. Only see here: don't you cry if you fall. One who never falls from a horse will never learn to ride."

When Wednesday came, three of us were taken to the riding-school. We went up a great staircase, and from the great staircase we went up a narrow staircase. And the narrow staircase opened into a very large room. In this room there was sand instead of a floor; and gentlemen and ladies, as well as lads like ourselves, were riding on horseback.

This was the riding-school.

It was rather dark, and there was an odor of horses, and we could hear people cracking whips, and shouting to horses, and the pounding of horses' hoofs against the

wooden partitions. At first I was afraid and could not make anything out distinctly. But afterward our tutor called the riding-master, and said: —

"Give these lads here some horses; they want to learn to ride."

"Very well," replied the riding-master.

Then he looked at me, and said: —

"This one is very small."

But our tutor said: —

"He has promised not to cry if he falls off."

The riding-master laughed and went away.

Then three saddled horses were brought; we took off our cloaks and descended the staircase into the riding-room. The riding-master held the horse by the thong,[1] and my brothers rode around him. At first they walked; then they trotted.

At last a little pony was brought out. He was a chestnut, and his tail had been cropped. His name was Chervonchik. The riding-master laughed, and said to me: —

"Well, cavalier, mount!"

I was both glad and sad, but I tried to hide it so that no one would notice it. I made several attempts to set my foot into the stirrup, but it was in vain, for I was too small. Then the riding-master lifted me in his arms and set me on, saying: —

"The barin is not heavy; he can't weigh more than a couple of pounds."

At first he held me by the arm; but when I saw that they did not hold my brothers, I asked him to let go of me. He asked me: —

"Are n't you afraid, then?"

I was very much afraid, but I said that I was not.

I was all the more afraid because Chervonchik kept pricking back his ears, and I made up my mind that he was angry with me. The riding-master said:

"Well, only mind that you don't fall off!"

And he let go of me.

[1] *Kord*, a rope for making the horse go in a circle. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

At first Chervonchik walked around, and I sat up straight. But the saddle was slippery, and I was afraid that I should slide off.

"Well, now," asked my riding-master, "are you on firm?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, then, now trot!" and the riding-master clucked with his tongue. Chervonchik started off in a gentle trot, and I began to slip. But still I said nothing, and tried not to tip over sidewise. The riding-master praised me, "Aï da, cavalier! Splendid!" and this made me very glad.

At this moment my riding-master was joined by one of his associates, and began to talk with him, and his attention was distracted from me.

Then suddenly I became conscious that I was slipping a little toward one side of the saddle. I tried to regain my seat, but all in vain. I wanted to cry to the riding-master to stop the horse, but I felt that it would be shameful to do that, and I kept quiet.

The riding-master was not looking at me. Chervonchik kept on the trot all the time, and I kept slipping and slipping to one side.

I looked at the riding-master and thought that he would help me; but he was busily talking with his associate, and, without looking at me, said something about his "brave young cavalier!" By this time I was far over on one side and very much frightened. I felt certain that I was going to tumble. But still I was ashamed to cry out.

Chervonchik gave me one more little shake, and down I went to the ground. Then Chervonchik stopped of his own accord; the riding-master looked around, and saw that I was no longer on Chervonchik's back. Saying, "Hullo there! my cavalier has fallen off," he hastened to me.

When I told him that I was not hurt, he laughed, and said: —

"A child's body is like a cushion!"

But I felt like crying.

I asked him to seat me again, and he did so. And this time I did not fall again.

In this way we went to the riding-school twice a week, and I soon learned to ride well, and was afraid of nothing.

SCENES FROM COMMON LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE WILLOW

ONE Easter a peasant went to see whether the frost was out of the ground.

He went to his vegetable garden and poked into the ground with a stake. The soil was soft.

The peasant went into the forest. In the woods the catkins on a young willow were already beginning to swell. And the peasant said to himself : —

" Let me plant young willows around my garden ; they will grow and make a hedge."

He took his ax, cut down a dozen young sprouts, trimmed down the butts into points, and planted them in the ground.

All the willow sticks put forth sprouts and green foliage above ; and below, underground, they sent out similar sprouts in place of roots, and some of them took hold of the earth and strengthened themselves ; but others did not take hold of the earth with their roots, and these died and toppled over.

When autumn came, the peasant was delighted with his willows ; six of them had taken root. The next spring some sheep girdled four of them, and thus only two were left.

The following spring, sheep girdled these also. One died away entirely, but the other took new lease of life, sent down deeper roots, and became a tree. Every spring the bees hummed on in the branches. Oftentimes they would swarm there, and the peasants would gather them into hives.

Peasants and their wives often came to lunch and nap

under the tree, and their children climbed up its trunk and broke off its twigs.

The peasant — the one who had set out the slip — had died long ago, and still the willow grew.

His eldest son twice trimmed off its branches and used them for fuel.

And still the willow grew. They cut the branches all round and made a cone of it, and when spring came, it still again put forth new branches, though they were small, but twice as many as before, like the mane of a colt.

And the eldest son ceased to be master of the house, and the village was removed to another place, but still the willow grew in the bare field.

Other peasants came and cut it down, and still it grew. The lightning struck the tree; it sent out fresh branches from the sides, and still it grew and bloomed.

One peasant wanted to cut it down to a block, and actually felled it; but it was badly rotted. The tree fell over and held only by one side, but still it kept growing, and every year the bees flew to it to gather pollen from its flowers.

Once, early in the spring, the children gathered together to tend the horses under the tree.

They thought that it was rather cold, and they began to make a fire, and they collected stubble, mugwort, and twigs. One boy climbed the willow and broke off branches. They piled all their tinder in the hollow of the willow and set it on fire.

The willow began to hiss; the sap in its wood boiled, the smoke poured forth, and then it began to blaze; all the inside turned black. The young sprouts crumpled up; the blossoms wilted.

The children drove their horses home. The burned willow remained alone in the field. A black crow flew up to it, perched on it, and cried: —

"So the old poker is dead; it was time long ago!"

CHAPTER II

THE GRAY HARE

A GRAY hare lived during the winter near a village. When night came, he would prick up one ear and listen, then he would prick up the other, jerk his whiskers, snuff, and sit up on his hind legs.

Then he would give one leap, two leaps, through the deep snow, and sit up again on his hind legs and look all around.

On all sides nothing was to be seen except snow. The snow lay in billows and glittered white as sugar. Above the hare was frosty vapor, and through this vapor glistened the big bright stars.

The hare was obliged to make a long circuit across the highway to reach his favorite granary. On the highway he could hear the creaking of sledges, the whinnying of horses, the groaning of the seats in the sledges.

Once more the hare paused near the road. The peasants were walking alongside of their sledges, with their kaftan collars turned up. Their faces were scarcely visible. Their beards, their mustaches, their eyebrows, were white. Steam came from their mouths and noses.

Their horses were covered with sweat, and the sweat grew white with hoar-frost. The horses strained on their collars, plunged into the hollows and came up out of them again. The peasants urged them along and lashed them with their knouts. Two old men were walking side by side, and one was telling the other how a horse had been stolen from him.

As soon as the teams had passed, the hare crossed the road, and leaped unconcernedly toward the threshing-floor. A little dog belonging to the teams caught sight of the hare. He began to bark, and darted after him.

The hare made for the threshing-floor, across the snowdrifts; but the depth of the snow impeded the

hare, and even the dog, after a dozen leaps, sank deep in the snow and gave up the chase.

The hare also stopped, sat up on his hind legs, and then proceeded at his leisure toward the threshing-floor.

On the way across the field he fell in with two other hares. They were nibbling and playing. The gray hare joined his mates, helped them clear away the icy snow, ate a few seeds of winter wheat, and then went on his way.

In the village it was all quiet; the fires were out; the only sound on the street was an infant crying in a cottage, and the framework of the houses creaking under the frost.

The hare hastened to the threshing-floor, and there he found some of his mates. He played with them on the well-swept floor, ate some oats from the tub on which they had already begun, mounted the snow-covered roof into the granary, and then went through the hedge back to his hole.

In the east the dawn was already beginning to redden, the stars dwindled, and the frosty vapor grew thicker over the face of the earth. In the neighboring village the women woke up and went out after water; the peasants began carrying fodder from the granaries; children were shouting and crying; along the highway more and more teams passed by, and the peasants talked in louder tones.

The hare leaped across the road, went to his old hole, selected a place a little higher up, dug away the snow, curled up in the depths of his new hole, stretched his ears along his back, and went to sleep with eyes wide open.

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDLING

A POOR woman had a daughter, Masha. Masha one morning, in going after water, saw something lying on the door-step, wrapped up in rags.

Masha set down her pail and undid the rags. When she had opened the bundle, there came forth a cry from out the rags, *ua! ua! ua!*

Masha bent over and saw that it was a pretty little baby. He was crying lustily, *ua! ua! ua!* Masha took him up in her arms and carried him into the house, and tried to give him some milk with a spoon.

The mother said: —

"What have you brought in?"

Masha said: —

"A baby; I found it at our door."

The mother said: —

"We are so poor, how can we get food for another child? I am going to the police and tell them to take it away."

Masha wept, and said: —

"Matushka, he will not eat much; do keep him! Just see what pretty little dimpled hands and fingers he has."

The mother looked, and she had compassion on the child. She decided to keep him. Masha fed him and swaddled him, and she sang cradle songs to him when she put him to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEASANT AND THE CUCUMBERS

Once upon a time a peasant went to steal some cucumbers of a gardener. He crept down among the cucumbers, and said to himself: —

"Let me just get away with a bag of cucumbers; then I will sell them. With the money I will buy me a hen. The hen will lay some eggs, and will hatch them out, and I shall have a lot of chickens. I will feed up the chickens, and sell them, and buy a shoat — a nice little pig. In time she will farrow, and I shall have a litter of pigs. I will sell the little pigs and buy a mare; the mare will foal, and I shall have a colt. I will raise the

colt and sell it; then I will buy a house and start a garden; I will have a garden and raise cucumbers; but I won't let them be stolen, I will keep a strict watch. I will hire watchmen, and will station them among the cucumbers, and often I, myself, will come unexpectedly among them, and I will shout, 'Hollo, there! keep a closer watch.'"

As these words came into his head he shouted them at the top of his voice. The guards heard him, ran out, and belabored him with their sticks.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRE

It was harvest-time, and the men and women[1] had gone out to work.

Only the very old and the very young stayed in the village.

A grandmother and three of her grandchildren were left in one cottage.[2] The grandmother kindled a fire in the oven, and lay down for a nap. The flies lighted on her and annoyed her with their biting. She covered up her head with a towel and went to sleep.

One of the grandchildren, Masha, — she was three years old, — opened the oven, shoveled out some of the coals into a dish, and ran out into the entry. Now in the entry lay some sheaves.[3] The women had been preparing these sheaves for bands.

Masha brought the coals, emptied them under the sheaves, and began to blow. When the straw took fire, she was delighted; she ran into the sitting-room, and seized her little brother, Kiriushka, — he was eighteen months old, and was only just beginning to walk, — and she said, "Look, Kiliuska! see what a nice fire I have started!"

[1] *Muzhiks* and *babas*.

[2] The Russian peasant's cottage is called an *izba*.

[3] *Svyasla*, straw twisted into bands to tie up the sheaves. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The sheaves were already flaming and cracking.

When Masha saw the entry full of smoke, she was frightened and hastened back into the hut. Kiriushka stumbled on the threshold and bumped his nose, and set up a cry. His sister dragged him into the room, and both of them hid under the bench. The grandmother heard nothing, as she was asleep.

The oldest brother, Vanya, — he was eight, — was in the street. When he saw that smoke was pouring from the entry, he ran indoors, bounded through the smoke into the hut, and tried to waken the grandmother; but the grandmother, who was only half awake, was dazed, and, forgetting all about the children, leaped up and ran about the village after help.

Meantime Masha was crouching under the bench; but the little one cried because he had hurt his nose so badly. Vanya heard him crying, looked under the bench, and called to Masha, "Run quick! you will be burnt up!"

Masha ran to the entry; but it was impossible for her to pass, on account of the smoke and fire.

She came back. Then Vanya opened the window and told her to crawl out. When she had crawled out, Vanya seized his little brother and tried to drag him along.

But the little fellow was heavy and would not let his brother help him. He screamed, and struck Vanya. Twice Vanya fell while he was dragging him to the window; and by this time the door of the hut was on fire.

Vanya thrust the baby boy's head up to the window, and tried to push him through, but the little fellow, who was very much frightened, clung with his hands, and would not let go. Then Vanya cried to Masha, "Pull him by the head!" and he himself pushed from behind. And thus they dragged him through the window out-of-doors.

CHAPTER VI

THE TREASURE TROVE

An old woman and her granddaughter lived in a village. They were very poor and had nothing to eat. Easter Sunday came. The people were full of rejoicing. All made their purchases for the great feast, but the old woman and her granddaughter had nothing to make merry with. They shed tears, and began to pray God to help them.

Then the old woman remembered that long ago, in the time of the *Frenchman*,[1] the peasants used to hide their money in the ground. And the old woman said to her granddaughter: —

"Granddaughter, take your shovel and go over to the site of the old village, ask God's help, and dig into the ground; perhaps God will send us something."

And the granddaughter said to herself: "It is impossible that I should find anything. Still, I will do as grandma[2] bade me."

She took the shovel and went. After she had dug a hole, she began to think: —

"I have dug long enough; I am going home now."

She was just going to take out the shovel when she heard it knock against something. She leaned over, and saw a large jug. She shook it; something jingled. She threw down her shovel, and ran to her grandma, crying, "Babushka, I have found a treasure!"

They opened the jug and found it full of silver coins. And the grandmother and granddaughter were able to have an Easter feast, and they bought a cow, and thanked God because He had heard their prayer.

[1] The French invasion of Russia, under Napoleon, 1812.
[2] *Babushka.*

CHAPTER VII

THE BIRD

It was Serozha's birthday, and he received many different gifts, — peg-tops and hobby-horses and pictures. But Serozha's uncle gave him a gift which he prized above all the rest: it was a trap for snaring birds. The trap was constructed in such a way that a board was fitted on the frame and shut down upon the top. If seed were scattered on the board, and it was put out in the yard, the little bird would fly down, hop upon the board, the board would give way, and the trap would shut with a clap.

Serozha was delighted and he ran to his mother to show her the trap.

His mother said :—

"It is not a good plaything. What do you want to do with birds? Why do you want to torture them?"

"I am going to put them in a cage. They will sing, and I will feed them."

Serozha got some seed, scattered it on the board, and set the trap in the garden. And he stood by and expected the birds to fly down. But the birds were afraid of him, and did not come near the cage. Serozha ran in to get something to eat, and left the cage.

After dinner he went to look at it; the cage had shut, and in it a little bird was beating against the bars.

Serozha was delighted, took up the bird, and carried it into the house.

"Mamma, I have caught a bird; I think it is a nightingale; and how its heart beats!"

His mother said it was a canary.

"Be careful! don't hurt it; you would better let it go."

"No; I am going to give it something to eat and drink."

Serozha put the canary in a cage, and for two days gave him seed and water and cleaned the cage. But on

the third day he forgot all about the canary, and did not change the water.

And his mother said: —

"See here: you have forgotten your bird; you would better let it go."

"No; I will not forget it again; I will immediately give it fresh water and clean its cage."

Serozha thrust his hand into the cage and began to clean it, but the little bird was frightened and fluttered. After Serozha had cleaned the cage, he went to get some water. His mother perceived that he had forgotten to shut the cage door, and she called after him: —

"Serozha, shut up your cage, else your bird will fly out and hurt itself."

She had hardly spoken these words, when the bird found the door, was delighted, spread its wings, and flew around the room toward the window. But it did not see the glass, and struck against it and fell back on the window-sill. Serozha came running in, picked up the bird, and put it back in the cage. The bird was still alive, but it lay on its breast, with its wings spread out, and breathed heavily. Serozha looked and looked, and began to cry: —

"Mamma, what can I do now?"

"You can do nothing now."

Serozha did not leave the cage all day, but gazed at the canary, and all the time the bird lay on its breast and breathed hard and fast.

When Serozha went to bed, the bird was dead. Serozha could not get to sleep for a long time; every time that he shut his eyes he seemed to see the bird still lying and sighing.

In the morning, when Serozha went to his cage, he saw the bird lying on his back, with his legs crossed, and all stiff.

After that Serozha never again tried to snare birds.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW UNCLE SEMYON TOLD ABOUT HIS ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS

One time in winter I had gone into the woods after timber. I had cut down three trees, and lopped off the limbs, and was hewing them, when I looked up and saw that it was getting late; that it was time to go home. But the weather was bad; it was snowing and blowing. I said to myself: —

"The night is coming on, and you don't know the way."

I whipped up the horse and drove on; still there was no sign of outlet. Forest all around.

I thought how thin my shuba was; I was in danger of freezing to death.

I still pushed on; it grew dark, and I was entirely off the road.

I was just going to unyoke the sled and protect myself under it, when I heard not far away the jingle of bells. I went in the direction of the bells, and saw a troïka of roan horses, their manes tied with ribbons! their bells were jingling, and two young men were in the sleigh.

"Good evening, brothers."

"Good evening, peasant."

"Where is the road, brothers?"

"Here we are right on the road."

I went to them, and I saw that strangely enough the road was unbroken, all drifted over.

"Follow us," said they, and they whipped up their horses.

My wretched mare could not keep up with them. I began to shout: —

"Hold on, brothers!"

They waited for me, laughing.

"Get in with us," said they; "it will be easier for your horse without a load."

"Thank you," said I.

I climbed into their sledge. It was handsome — well lined. As soon as I sat down, how they spurred on the horses! "*Now then, my darlings!*"

The roan horses dashed away, making the snow fly in clouds.

What a wonderful thing! It grew lighter and lighter, and the road became as glare as ice, and we flew so fast that it took away my breath, and the twigs lashed my face. It began to be painful.

I looked ahead; there was a steep mountain, a very steep mountain, and at the foot of the mountain a ravine. The roans were flying straight for the ravine.

I was frightened, and cried: —

"Heavens and earth! slow up, you, slow up; you will kill us!"

But the men only laughed, and urged on the horses the more. I saw there was no saving us; the ravine was under our very runners. But I saw a bough right over my head.

"Well," I said to myself, "you may go over alone."

I stood up and seized the bough, and there I hung!

As I caught it I shouted: —

"Hold on!" And then I heard women shouting: —

"Uncle Semyon! what is the matter? Start up the fire, you women! Something is wrong with Uncle Semyon! he is screaming! Stir up the fire!"

I woke up, and there I was in my cottage, clinging to the loft, and screaming at the top of my voice. And all that I had seen had been a dream!

CHAPTER IX

THE COW

The widow Marya lived with her mother and six children. Their means of life were small. But they used their last money in the purchase of a red cow, so as to have milk for the children. The eldest children

pastured Brownie[1] in the field, and gave her slops at home.

One time while the mother was away from home, the oldest son, Misha, in climbing on the shelf after bread, knocked over a tumbler and broke it.

Misha was afraid that his mother would chide him. So he gathered up the large pieces of broken glass, carried them into the yard, and buried them in the dung-heap, but the little pieces he threw into the basin. The mother missed the glass, and made inquiries; but Misha said nothing, and so the matter rested.

On the next day, after dinner, when the mother went to give Brownie the swill from the basin, she found that Brownie was ailing and would not eat her food. They tried to give her medicine, and they called the babka.[2] The babka said that the cow would not live; it was best to slaughter her for beef.

They called a peasant and proceeded to slaughter the cow. The children heard Brownie lowing in the yard; they all climbed upon the oven and began to weep.

After they had slaughtered Brownie, they took off the hide and cut the carcass in pieces, and there, in the throat, they found a piece of glass. And so they knew that her death was caused by her swallowing the glass in the slops.

When Misha heard this he began to weep bitterly, and confessed to his mother that he broke the glass. The mother said nothing, but also wept. Then she said: —

"We have killed our Brownie, and have nothing to get another cow with. How will the little ones live without milk?"

Misha kept howling louder and louder, and would not come down from the oven when they ate the jelly made from the cow's head. Every time when he went to sleep, he saw in his dreams how Uncle Vasili brought

[1] *Burenushka*, diminutive noun from adjective *burui*.
[2] Midwife, supposed to know something about ailments.

the red cow by the horns, — Brownie, with her wide eyes and beautiful neck.

From that time the children had no more milk. Only on holidays they had milk, for then Marya asked her neighbor for a mug of it.

It happened that the lady of that estate needed a child's nurse. And the grandmother said to the daughter: —

"Let me go; I will take the place as nurse, and maybe God will let you get along with the children alone. And if God spares me, I can earn enough in a year to buy a cow."

Thus they did. The grandmother went to the lady; but it grew still more hard for Marya and the children. The children lived a whole year without having milk. They had nothing but kisel jelly and tiuria[1] to eat and they grew thin and pale.

After the year was over, the grandmother came home, bringing twenty rubles.

"Well, daughter," says she, "now we will buy a cow."

Marya was delighted; all the children were delighted. Marya and the grandmother went to market to buy their cow. They asked a neighbor to stay with the children, and they asked another neighbor, Uncle Zakhar, to go with them and help them to select the cow.

After saying their prayers they went to town. In the afternoon the children kept running into the street to see if they could see the cow. They amused themselves guessing what kind of a cow she would be — red or black. They kept telling one another how they would feed her. All day long they waited and waited. They walked a verst to meet the cow, but as it was already growing dark, they turned back.

Suddenly they saw coming along the road a cart, and in it sat their grandmother, and beside the hind wheel walked a brindle cow tied by the horn, and their mother was walking behind urging her on with a dry stick.

The children ran to them and began to examine the cow. They brought bread and grass and tried to feed

[1] Bread soaked in kvas.

her. The mother went into the cottage, changed her clothes, and went out with her towel and milk-pail. She sat down under the cow and began to wipe the udder. The Lord be praised! The cow gave milk, and the children stood around and watched the milk straining into the pail, and listened to its sound under the mother's fingers. When the mother had milked the pail half full, she carried it down cellar, and each of the children had a mug for supper.

CHAPTER X

FILIPOK

Once there was a little boy whose name was Filipp. All the children were going to school. Filipp took his hat and wanted to go too.

But his mother said to him:—

"Where are you going, Filipok?"

"To school."

"You are too small; you can't go," and his mother kept him at home.

The children went off to school. Their father had gone early in the morning to the woods; the mother was engaged in her daily work.

Filipok and his grandmother were left in the cottage, on the oven. Filipok began to feel lonely; his grandmother was asleep, and he began to search for his hat. When he could not find his own, he took an old one, made of sheepskin, and started for school.

School was kept at the village church. When Filipp walked along his own street,[1] the dogs did not meddle with him, for they knew him; but when he reached the street in the next estate, a black dog[2] came bounding out and barking, and behind this dog came another still bigger, named Wolfie,[3] and Filipp started to run, the dogs after him.

[1] *Sloboda.* [2] Named *Zhutchka*, diminution of *zhuka*, a beetle.
[3] *Volchok*, diminutive of *volk*.

Filipok began to cry; then he stubbed his toe and fell. A peasant came out and called off the dogs, and asked:

"Where are you going all sole alone, you little rascal?"

Filipok made no answer, pulled up his skirt, and started to run with all his might. He ran to the school. There was no one on the steps, but in school the voices of the children could be heard in a confused murmur.

Filipp was now filled with fear: —

"Suppose the teacher should drive me away?"

And he began to consider what he should do. If he should go back, the dogs might bite him; but if he went into school, he was afraid of the teacher.

A peasant woman passed the school, with a pail, and she said: —

"All the rest are studying, and what are you standing there for?"

So Filipok went into school. In the entry he took off his cap and opened the door. The room was full of children. All were talking at once, and the teacher, in a red scarf, was walking up and down in the midst of them.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Filipok.

Filipok clutched his cap and said nothing.

"Who are you?"

Filipok said never a word.

"Are you dumb?"

Filipok was so scared that he could not speak.

"Well, then, go home if you can't speak."

Now Filipok would have been glad to say something, but his throat was all parched with terror.

He looked at the teacher and burst into tears.

Then the teacher felt sorry for him. He caressed his head, and inquired of the children who the little fellow was.

"This is Filipok, Kostiushka's[1] brother; he has been wanting for a long time to go to school, but his mother would not let him, and he must have run away to school."

"Well, sit down on the bench next your brother, and I will ask your mother to let you come to school."

[1] Diminutive of Konstantin.

The teacher began to teach Filipok his letters; but Filipok already knew them, and could even read a little.

"Very well; spell your name, then."

Filipok said, "*Khve-i*, khvi — *le-i*, li — *peok*, pok."

Everybody laughed.

"Bravo!" said the teacher; "who taught you to read?"

Filipok summoned courage, and said: —

"Kostiushka. I am mischievous. I learned them all at once. I am terribly smart!"

The teacher laughed, and asked: —

"And do you know your prayer?"

Filipok said yes, and began to repeat the *Ave Maria*: but he did not get every word quite correct.

The teacher interrupted him, and said: —

"You must not boast. I will teach you."

After this Filipok began to go to school regularly with the children.

STORIES FROM PHYSICS

CHAPTER I

THE MAGNET

1

IN days of old there was a shepherd whose name was Magnis. One of Magnis's sheep went astray. He went to the mountains to search for it.

He reached a spot where there were only bare rocks. As he walked over these rocks he began to be conscious that his boots were adhering to them. He felt of them with his hand; the rocks were dry, and did not stick to his hands. He started to walk on again; still his boots stuck fast.

He sat down, took off one of his boots, and holding it in his hands, began to touch the rocks with it.

When he touched them with the leather or the sole, it did not adhere; but when he touched them with the nails, then it adhered.

Magnis had a crook with an iron point. He touched the stones with the wood, it did not adhere; but when he touched it with the iron, it clung so powerfully that he had to pull it away by main force.

When Magnis examined the stone, he saw that it was like iron, and he carried some of the pieces of rock home with him. From that time they understood this stone, and called it lodestone, or magnet.

2

Magnets are found in the ground, together with iron ore. The best iron is found when the ore contains lodestone.

If a piece of iron is put on the magnet, then the iron also begins to attract other pieces of iron. And if a steel needle is laid on a magnet and kept there for some time, then the needle itself becomes a magnet, and is able to attract iron to itself.

If two magnets are laid side by side, two of the ends or poles will repel each other; the other two will attract each other. If a magnetic needle be broken in two, then again each half will attract at one pole and repel at the other. And if it be broken again, the same thing will happen; and no matter how many times it is broken, it will be always the same — like poles repelling one another, unlike poles attracting one another; just as if the magnet pushed with one end and pulled with the other.

And, however often you break it, one pole will always push and the other draw.

It is exactly like a pine cone: no matter where it is broken off, one end is always convex, the other hollow. And if they are put end to end, the convex fits into the hollow; but the convex will not fit the convex, nor the cup the cup.

3

If a needle is magnetized by being left some time in contact with a magnet, and is balanced on a point in such a way that it will move freely on the point, then no matter in which direction the magnetic needle is turned, as soon as it is set free, it will come to rest with one pole pointing to the south, the other pointing to the north.

Before the magnet was discovered men did not dare to sail very far out on the sea. Whenever they sailed out of sight of land, then they could judge only by the sun and the stars where they were going. But if it was stormy, and the sun and stars were hid, then they had no way of telling where their course lay; and the vessel would drift before the wind, and be dashed on the rocks and go to pieces.

Until the discovery of the magnet they did not sail on the ocean far from land; but after it was discovered, then they made use of the magnetic needle balanced on the point so as to turn freely. By means of this needle they could tell in which direction they were sailing. With the magnetic needle they began to make long voyages far from land, and afterward they discovered many new countries.

There is always on board ship a magnetic needle, called the compass, and they have a measuring-line with knots, at the stern of the ship. And the cord is so constructed that it uncoils and tells how fast the vessel is sailing.

Thus it is that, when they sail a ship, they always know where they are at any given time, and whether they are far from land, and in what direction they are going.

CHAPTER II

HUMIDITY

Why does the spider sometimes make a closely spun web and sit in the very center of its nest, and why does it sometimes come out of its nest and spin a new web?

The spider makes its web according as the weather is at the time, and as it is going to be. By examining its web one can predict what the weather will be; if the spider hides itself away deep down in its nest and does not come out, it means rain. If it emerges from its nest and spins new threads, it means that it will be fine.

How can the spider tell in advance what the weather will be?

Its sensibilities are so delicate that as soon as the atmosphere begins to have greater humidity, even though this humidity is not perceptible to us, and to us the weather is still clear, the spider perceives that rain is coming. Just as a man feels the dampness when he is undressed, but does not feel it when he is dressed,

so the rain is perceptible to the spider when for us it is only preparing to rain.

Why is it that in winter doors swell and refuse to shut, but in summer they dry up and shrink?

Because in autumn and winter the wood absorbs moisture like a sponge, and swells; but in summer the water evaporates and the wood shrinks.

Why does a soft wood like poplar swell more than oak, for example?

Because in the hard wood, in the oak, there are less empty spaces, and less room for the water to sink in; while in the soft wood, in the poplar, there are more empty spaces and more room for the water. In decaying wood there is still more room and therefore decayed wood swells more than any other kind and sinks sooner.

Beehives are made of the softest wood or of rotten wood; the best hives are made of rotten willow. Why? Because the air penetrates the rotten stump, and bees like the air in this kind of a hive.

Why do boards warp?

Because they dry unevenly. If you put a damp board into an oven, the water exudes from one side, and the board gets dry on that side and makes the other side yield to it. It is impossible to shrink the damp side because there is water in it and the whole board bends.

In order to keep floors from warping, they cut out pieces of dry wood and plunge them into boiling water. When the water has been wholly boiled away the pieces are glued together and will not warp, and this kind of inlaid floor is called a *parket.*

CHAPTER III

DIFFERENT DEGREES OF COHERENCE

Why is it that the bolsters under a wagon are made of oak while the naves of the wheels are turned out of birch?

It is necessary to have the bolsters and naves strong,

but oak is not more expensive than birch. It is because oak splits lengthwise, while birch is not easily split, but is made of tough filaments.

Accordingly, though oak has a closer texture than birch, it is so constituted that it splits, while birch is not easily split.

Why are the rims of the wheels and the bounds bent from oak or elm, but never out of birch or linden?

Because oak and elm, when soaked and softened, become elastic and do not break, while birch and linden splinter on all sides.

All this is due to the fact that the coherence of particles in oak and birch wood differs in degree.

CHAPTER IV

CRYSTALS

If salt is stirred up in water the particles of the salt are diffused through it and become invisible, but if more and more salt is added then at last the salt ceases to dissolve, and, however much you stir it, the salt remains like a white powder at the bottom. The water had dissolved the salt to the point of saturation and could take no more. But if the water be heated it will dissolve more; and the salt which refused to melt in the cold water will dissolve away. But if still more salt be added, then not even boiling water will dissolve it. Now, if you still continue to boil the water, the water itself will evaporate in the form of steam, and the salt will be left.

So it is of everything which water dissolves: the water has a limit beyond which it ceases to dissolve substances. Everything is more readily dissolved by hot water than by cold water; but, nevertheless, when the hot water is saturated, it ceases to dissolve any more. The substance remains unchanged but the water may pass off as steam.

If powdered saltpeter is dissolved in water and then

more saltpeter is added, and if the whole is heated and allowed to cool without being stirred, then the superfluous saltpeter will not settle on the bottom in the form of a powder, but will form in clustering hexagonal prisms on the bottom and on the sides. If powdered saltpeter is dissolved in water and then put in a warm place, then the water will evaporate and the residuum of saltpeter will be precipitated in the form of hexagonal crystals.

If common salt is dissolved in water and the water is heated and allowed to evaporate, then the residuum of salt is precipitated also, not in the form of a powder, but in cubes. If saltpeter and salt are dissolved together, the residuum of the two substances do not combine, but each is precipitated in its own form : the saltpeter in prisms, the salt in cubes.

If lime or any other salt or any other substance is dissolved in water and the water is evaporated, each substance is precipitated in its own peculiar way : one in triangular prisms, another in octagonal, another in brick-like forms, another in stars — each in its own way. These figures are different in all solid substances. Sometimes they are large and are found like stones in the ground ; sometimes they are so small that they are invisible to the naked eye ; but still each substance has its own form.

If, when water is saturated with saltpeter and the figures begin to form, the edges of the figure are broken with a needle, then again in the same place there will be deposited new atoms of the saltpeter, and the broken edge will be repaired just exactly in its own proper form — in hexagonal prisms. It is the same with salt and with everything else. All the infinitesimal atoms move and take their places where they are needed.

When water becomes ice, the same phenomenon takes place. A snowflake comes flying down ; no figure can be seen in it. But as soon as it lights on anything moist and cold, on a pane of glass, or on fur, its form may be discerned. You can see a little star or a little plate. On the window-panes the vapor does not

freeze at haphazard, but as soon as it begins to freeze it instantly branches out into star shapes.

What is ice? It is cold solid water. When water turns from a liquid to a solid it forms figures and liberates heat. The same thing takes place with saltpeter when it changes from a liquid to a solid form: heat is liberated. The same with salt, the same with cast-iron, when it cools down from its melted to its solid form.

When anything turns from a liquid to a solid, it liberates heat and begins to form crystals. But when it changes from a solid to a liquid then it absorbs heat; its coldness disappears and its crystals melt.

Take melted iron and let it cool; take hot dough and let it cool; take slaked lime and let it cool — heat is produced. Take ice and melt it — cold is produced. Take saltpeter, salt, or anything else which is soluble, and put it into water — cold is produced. So that when you want to make ice-cream, you melt salt and water.

CHAPTER V

BAD AIR

I

One festive day, at the village of Nikolskoye, the people had gone to mass. On the estate[1] were left the cattle-woman, the village elder,[2] and the hostler.

The cattle-woman went to the well after water. The well was in the yard itself. She was drawing up the bucket, but failed to hold it. The bucket slipped from her, struck against the side of the well, and broke the rope.

The cattle-woman returned to her cottage, and said to the elder: —

[1] At the *barsky dvor*; that is, the establishment of a *barin*, nobleman or gentleman.

[2] The *starosta*, the elected head of the village *mir*, or commune.

"Aleksandr, come, little father, to the well; I have dropped the bucket."

Aleksandr replied: —

"You dropped it, and you must get it out."

The cattle-woman replied that she was going to climb down into the well, only she wanted him to hold her.

The elder said: —

"Very well, then; let us go; you have been fasting lately, so I can hold you; but if you had had dinner, it would be impossible."

The elder fastened a stake to the rope, and the woman sat astride of it, clinging to the rope, and she began to descend into the well, and the elder unwound the rope by means of the windlass. The well was about fourteen feet[1] deep, and there was a third of a fathom of water in it.

The elder kept turning back the windlass slowly, and shouting to the woman: —

"Is that enough?"

And the cattle-woman kept crying: —

"Just a little more."

Suddenly the elder felt the rope slacken; he shouted to the woman, but she gave no answer. The elder looked down into the well, and saw that the woman was lying with her head in the water and her feet in the air.

The elder began to shout and call the people, but there was no one to come. Only the hostler came running.

The elder bade him hold the windlass, and he himself pulled up the rope, got astride of the stake, and descended into the well.

As soon as the hostler let the elder down to the water's edge, the same thing happened. He let go of the rope, and fell head-first down on the cattle-woman.

The hostler began to cry for help; then he ran to the church for the people. Mass was over, and the people were returning from church. All the peasant men and women hastened to the well. They all stood around

[1] Six *arshin*, 13.98 feet.

the curb, and each offered advice, but no one knew what to do.

A young carpenter forced his way through the throng, up to the well, seized the rope, sat on the stake, and told them to let him down. But Ivan took the precaution to fasten the rope to his waist. Two men let him down, and all the rest looked into the well to see what would happen to Ivan.

As soon as he reached the level of the water, he let go of the rope with his hands, and would have fallen in head-first, but for the fact of the girdle holding him.

All cried: —

"Pull him back!"

And they lifted Ivan to the top.

He hung on the rope like a dead weight. His head hung down and thumped against the edge of the well.

His face was bluish purple. They seized him, unfastened the rope, and laid him on the ground. They thought that he was dead; but he suddenly drew a deep sigh, began to clear his throat, and came to.

Then still others proposed to go down; but an old peasant said that it was impossible to go down into the well, for there was bad air in it, and this bad air was death to men.

Then the men ran to get gaffs, and they attempted to hook up the elder and the woman. The elder's wife and mother were shrieking near the well; the others were trying to calm them.

Then the peasants brought the gaffs to the well, and began to grapple for the two victims. Twice they lifted the elder, by means of his clothes, halfway up the well, to the well-curb; but he was heavy, his clothes tore, and he fell back. At last they hooked him with two gaffs and brought him to the surface. Then they brought up the cattle-woman in the same way.

Both were stone dead, and could not be brought to life.

Then, when an investigation of the well was made, they found that the bottom of the well was full of bad air.

This sort of air is so heavy, that no man can live in it nor any living thing exist in it.

They let a cat down into the well, and as soon as it reached the place where the bad air was, it immediately died.

Not only can no living thing live in it, but a candle cannot burn in it.

They let down a candle, and as soon as it reached the same place, it was immediately extinguished.

2

There are places under the earth where this bad air accumulates; and if you should go into them, you would immediately perish. Hence in mines they have lamps, and before a man goes into such a place they let a lamp down first.

If the lamp goes out, then it is impossible for a man to enter. So they send down a supply of fresh air until the lamp will burn. Near the city of Naples there is such a grotto. In it the bad air always stands to a height of an arshin[1] above the ground, and above that the air is pure. A man can walk through this grotto and receive no harm; but as soon as a dog enters, he chokes to death.

Whence comes this bad air?

It is made out of the same good air which we breathe. If many people are collected in one room, and all the doors and windows are shut so that no fresh air can get in, then the atmosphere becomes the same as in the well, and the people perish.

A hundred years ago the Hindus shut one hundred and forty-six Englishmen into a dungeon, and locked them up in an underground hole, where the air could not get to them.

The imprisoned Englishmen, after they had been there a few hours, began to choke, and at the end of the night one hundred and twenty-three of them were dead, and the rest were taken out barely alive, and ill.

[1] 2.33 feet.

At first the air had been pure in the dungeon; but when the prisoners had breathed up all the good air, and it was impossible to get any fresh supply, it became bad, like that in the well, and they died.

How is it that bad air is made out of good air, when many people are together?

Because when people breathe, the good air is taken into the lungs, and breathed out as bad air.

CHAPTER VI

HOW AIR BALLOONS ARE MADE

If you take an inflated bladder and immerse it in water and then let go of it, the bladder rises to the top and begins to float. In exactly the same way if you boil water in a kettle, you will see on the bottom, over the fire, how the water becomes volatile, becomes a gas; and when a little of this aqueous gas collects it immediately rises to the top in the form of bubbles. First, one bubble flies up, then another, and when the water is thoroughly heated, then the bubbles rise unceasingly; then the water boils.

Just exactly as the bubbles filled with steam fly up to the top because they are lighter than water — so up through the atmosphere will rise a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas or with heated air, because heated air is lighter than cold air, and hydrogen is the lightest of all gases.

Air balloons are made of hydrogen or of heated air. This is the way they are made of hydrogen. A large bag is made and attached by ropes to stakes, and then it is filled with hydrogen gas. As soon as the ropes are cut, the balloon rises and floats until it escapes from the atmosphere that is heavier than hydrogen. But when it reaches a rarer part of the atmosphere, the balloon stops rising and then it floats along like a bubble on the top of the water.

Balloons are made of heated air in this manner: a

large empty bag is made with a wide mouth below like a pitcher upside down, and in the mouth is placed a bunch of cotton which is soaked with ether and then set on fire. The air in the balloon is heated by the fire and becomes lighter than the cold air outside, and the balloon rises like a bubble in water, and it floats up in the air until it reaches atmosphere so rare as to be lighter than the heated air.

Almost a century ago some Frenchmen — the Montgolfier brothers[1] invented the hot air balloon. They made a bag of cloth and paper and filled it with hot air; it floated. Then they made another still larger, attached a ram, a cock, and a duck to it and sent it up. The balloon ascended and returned successfully. Then they attached a small boat to it, and a man took his place in the boat. The balloon went up so high that it was lost to sight; it floated off and then came down without injury. Then they invented the method of inflating balloons with hydrogen, and they kept going higher and more rapidly.

In order to make a balloon ascension a basket is attached to the bag, and two, three, and even as many as eight men accommodate themselves in it, taking with them food and drink.

In order to regulate the movements of the balloon up and down at will, a valve is constructed in the balloon, and the aëronaut[2] can open it or shut it at his own pleasure. If the balloon rises too high, and the aëronaut wishes to descend, he opens the valve, the gas escapes, the balloon contracts, and begins to sink. Moreover, he always carries bags of sand. If a bag is thrown out, the balloon becomes lighter, and it rises. If the aëronaut wishes to come down, and sees that it is not a fit place for landing, — on account of a river or a forest, — then he empties out some sand, and the balloon becomes lighter and rises again.

[1] Jacques Étienne, 1745–1799; Joseph Michael, 1740–1810. — Ed.
[2] *Kto lyetit*, he who flies.

CHAPTER VII

GALVANISM

Once there was a learned Italian named Galvani. He had an electrical machine and he was showing his pupils what electricity was. He rubbed glass vigorously with oiled silk, and then he approached to the glass a copper knob with a glass handle, and instantly a spark leaped from the glass to the copper knob. He told them that a similar spark would be elicited by sealing-wax and amber. He showed how feathers and pieces of paper are sometimes attracted by electricity, sometimes repelled, and why this is. He performed many different experiments with electricity and showed them to his pupils.

Once it happened that his wife was taken ill. He summoned the doctor and asked him how to cure her. The doctor ordered him to have made for her a frog soup. Galvani sent out to get some edible frogs. They were caught, killed, and laid on the table.

The cook did not come to get the frogs, and Galvani went on to show his pupils his experiment with the electrical machine, and produced sparks.

Suddenly he noticed that the dead frogs lying on the table moved their legs. He began to study them and discovered that each time he elicited a spark from the electrical machine the frogs kicked.

Galvani procured some more frogs and began a series of experiments. Each time it proved that whenever he produced a spark the dead frogs acted as if they were alive. And so it occurred to Galvani that living frogs might move their legs from this cause, that electricity might pass through them.

But Galvani knew that electricity is in the atmosphere; that while it is more noticeable in sealing-wax, amber, and glass, still it is in the air, and that thunder and lightning are produced by atmospheric electricity.

So he began to make experiments whether dead frogs would move their legs under the influence of

atmospheric electricity. For this purpose he took some frogs, skinned them, cut off their heads and fore paws, and attached them by copper hooks to the roof, under an iron gutter. He thought that if a thunder-shower came up and the atmosphere was full of electricity, then the electricity would be brought to the frogs through the copper wire, and they would begin to kick.

But though several thunder-showers came up, the frogs did not move. Galvani proceeded to take them down, and while he was doing so, he touched the leg of one of the frogs to the gutter and the leg kicked! Galvani then took the frogs and began to make the following experiment: he attached iron wire to the copper hook and then touched the frog's leg with the wire — the leg kicked.

Here Galvani came to the conclusion that all animals are alive only because they have electricity in them, and that electricity leaps from the brain into the flesh and thus animals move.

No one had at that time gone very thoroughly into the study of this matter, and as nothing was known about it, every one put faith in Galvani's explanation.

But about this time another scientist, Volta, began to experiment for himself, and proved conclusively that Galvani was mistaken. He tried touching the frogs, not as Galvani had done with a copper hook and an iron wire, but first with a copper hook and a copper wire and then with an iron hook and an iron wire — and the frogs did not stir. They moved only when Volta touched them with an iron wire attached to copper.

So Volta came to the conclusion that the electricity was not in the dead frog, but in the iron and copper. He continued to make his tests, and this was the result: As soon as he placed iron and copper together, electricity was produced, and the electricity caused the dead frogs to kick. Then Volta began to try how to make electricity in a different way from what had been done before. He tried putting together various metals like the iron and copper, and he reached the conclusion that only from the contact of such metals as silver, platinum, zinc, tin, iron, he could produce electric sparks.

After Volta, new methods were invented for getting a stronger current of electricity by putting the metals into various liquids, water, and acids. By the use of these liquids electricity acquired so much more energy that it was no longer necessary to rub, as had been done before; all that was required was to place in a single dish pieces of different metals and pour on them the liquid, and electricity would be created and sparks would be elicited.

As soon as this kind of electricity was discovered, methods were invented for putting it to use; they could cover objects with gold and silver by means of electricity, and by means of electricity they could transmit signals from one distant place to another.

To do this, pieces of different metals are placed in glass jars, and liquids are poured over them. The electricity is produced in these jars, and this electricity is conveyed by means of a wire to any desired place, and from that place is led into the earth. The electricity in the earth runs back again to the jars and is conducted into them by means of another wire. Thus this electricity keeps going in a circuit, as in a ring — by the wire to the earth and back by the earth and again by the wire and again by the earth. Electricity can go in either direction, according as you may wish: it may go first by the wire and return by the earth, or go first by the earth and return by the wire. Over the wire, in the place where the signals are given, is placed a magnetic needle, and this needle points in *one* direction if the *electric* current comes by the wire and returns by the earth, and in *the other* if the electric current comes by the earth and returns by the wire. By this needle signals are given, and by means of these signals telegraphic messages are sent from one place to another.

CHAPTER VIII

SOLAR HEAT

On a clear, frosty day in winter, if you happen to be in a field or in the forest, and look around you and listen, you see the snow everywhere, the rivers are frozen across, the dry grass sticks out from the snow, the trees stand bare; there is not a sound.

Then look in the summer: the rivers are running and murmuring; in every little pond the frogs are calling and croaking;[1] the birds are flying about and singing and whistling; flies and gnats are humming and buzzing;[2] the trees and the grass are growing and waving. Freeze a kettle of water, it grows as hard as stone. Place the frozen kettle on the fire; the ice begins to crack, to melt, to move. The water begins to tremble and to send up bubbles; then when it begins to boil, it tosses and is agitated. The same phenomenon happens all over the world by the action of heat. When there is no heat, everything is dead. When there is heat, everything lives and moves. Little heat — little motion; more heat — more motion; much heat — much motion; great heat — great motion.

Whence comes the heat to the world?

It comes from the sun.

In winter the sun runs low, its rays do not warm the earth, and nothing stirs. The little sun begins to go higher above our heads; it begins to send its light down directly on the earth — everything grows warm, and life and motion increase.

The snow begins to melt, the ice on the rivers begins to break up, the brooks come leaping down from the hills, the vapor from the waters rises into the sky and becomes clouds, and the showers fall.

What does all this?

The sun.

Seeds are sown, the germs sprout, the roots catch

[1] *Bubulkat'*. [2] *Zhuzhzhat'*.

hold of the soil, from the old roots new runners strike out; the trees and grasses begin to grow.

What does all this?

The sun.

The moles and bears come out of their lairs, flies and bees grow lively, gnats abound, fishes come out from their eggs into the warmth.

What does all that?

The sun.

In one place the air grows warm, begins to rise, and into its place flows a colder air — there is a wind.

What does that?

The sun.

The clouds come up, they roll up and they separate, then there is lightning.

What makes those flashes?

The sun.

Herbs, grain, fruits, trees grow. Animals feed on them, human beings make their sustenance of them, and store them up for fodder and fuel against the winter; men build houses, railways, and cities.

What furnishes the material?

The sun.

A man builds himself a house. What does he make it out of? Of lumber. The lumber is sawed out of trees, the sun made the trees grow.

You heat a stove with fuel.

What produced the fuel?

The sun.

A man eats bread and potatoes.

What produced them?

The sun.

A man eats meat. What fed the animals, the birds? Grass, but the sun produced the grass. A man builds a stone house with brick and mortar. The brick and mortar were burnt with fuel. The sun produced the fuel.

Everything needed by man, everything that comes directly into use, is due to the sun, and much of the sun's heat goes into everything. Grain is necessary to

all men because the sun makes it grow and there is much solar heat stored away in it. Grain warms whoever eats it.

Fuel and lumber are useful because there is much heat in them. Whoever buys fuel for winter's use, buys solar heat. And in winter you can burn your fuel whenever you please and liberate the solar heat into your room.

And when there is heat there is also motion. Whatever motion there is, it all comes from heat either directly from the sun's heat or from heat stored away by the sun in coal, in firewood, in grain, and in grass. Horses and cattle draw loads, men work; what *moves* them? Heat. But whence comes the heat? From food. But the food was produced by the sun.

Water-mills and windmills are set in motion and grind. What moves them? Wind and water. But what drives the wind? Heat. And what drives the water? Heat, to be sure. It raises the water in the form of vapor into the sky, and if it were not for heat the water would not fall.

A machine does work. Steam moves it. What makes the steam? Fuel; and in the fuel is the sun's heat.

Out of heat comes motion, and out of motion comes heat. And both the heat and the motion are due to the sun.

TALES FROM ZOÖLOGY

CHAPTER I

THE OWL AND THE HARE

IT was growing dark. The owls began to fly in the forest, over the ravine, in search of their prey.

A big gray hare was bounding over the field, and began to smooth his fur.

An old owl, as she sat on the bough, was watching the gray hare; and a young owl said, "Why don't you pounce down on the hare?"

The old one replied: —

"I am not strong enough. The hare is large. If you should clutch him, he would carry you off into the thicket."

But the young owl said: —

"Why, I could hold him with one claw, and with the other I could cling to the tree."

And the young owl swooped down on the hare, clutched his back with his claw in such a way that all the nails sank into the fur, and he was going to cling to the tree with the other claw; and he said to himself: —

"He will not escape."

But the hare darted himself away, and pulled the owl in two. One claw remained in the tree; the other in the hare's back.

The next year a sportsman killed this hare, and was surprised to find on his back the talons of a full-grown owl.

CHAPTER II

HOW WOLVES TEACH THEIR CUBS

I WAS riding along the road, when I heard some one shouting behind me. It was a young shepherd. He was running across a field, and pointing at something.

I looked, and saw two wolves running across the field. One was full grown; the other was a cub. The cub had on his back a lamb which had just been killed, and he had the leg in his mouth.

The old wolf was running behind.

As soon as I saw the wolves, I joined the shepherd, and we started in pursuit, setting up a shout.

When they heard our shout, some peasants started out also in pursuit, with their dogs.

As soon as the old wolf caught sight of the dogs and the men, he ran to the young one, snatched the lamb from him, jerked it over his own back, and both wolves increased their pace and were soon lost from view.

Then the lad began to relate how it had happened. The big wolf had sprung out from the ravine, seized the lamb, killed it, and carried it off. The cub came to meet him, and threw himself on the lamb. The old wolf allowed the young wolf to carry the lamb, but kept running a short distance behind.

But as soon as there was danger, the old one ceased giving the lesson, and seized the lamb for himself.

CHAPTER III

HARES AND WOLVES

HARES feed at night on the bark of trees; field-hares, on seeds and grass; barn-hares, on grains of wheat on the threshing-floors.

In the night-time hares leave on the snow a deep, noticeable trail. Men and dogs and foxes and crows and eagles delight in hunting hares.

If a hare went in a straight line without doubling, then in the morning there would be no trouble in following his trail and catching him; but God has endowed the hare with timidity, and this timidity is his salvation.

At night the hare runs over the fields and woods without fear and leaves a straight track; but as soon as morning comes, and his foes awake, then the hare begins to listen, now for the barking of dogs, now for the creaking of sledges, now for the voices of peasants, now for the noise of wolves in the woods, and so he leaps first to one side and then to the other.

He darts ahead, and something frightens him, and so he doubles on his track. Then he hears something else, and with all his might he leaps to one side and makes away from his former track. Again something startles him, and the hare turns back and again jumps to one side. When it is daylight, he is in his hole.

In the morning, when the sportsmen begin to track the hare, they become confused in this maze of double tracks and long leaps, and they marvel at the hare's shrewdness.

But the hare had no thought of being shrewd: he was merely afraid of everything.

CHAPTER IV

SCENT

A MAN sees with his eyes, hears with his ears, smells with his nose, tastes with his tongue, and feels with his fingers. Some men have more serviceable eyes. Some men have less serviceable eyes than others. One man has keen sense of hearing, another is deaf. One man has a more delicate sense of smell than another, and he perceives an odor from a long distance, while another will not notice the stench from a bad egg. One person recognizes an object by touching it, while another can do nothing of the sort, and is unable to distinguish wood from paper by the touch. One no sooner puts a

substance into his mouth than he tells it is sweet, while another swallows it and cannot make out whether it is sweet or bitter.

In the same way wild animals have various senses in various degrees of power. But all wild animals have a keener scent than man has. When a man wants to tell what an object is, he examines it, he listens when it makes a noise, sometimes he smells of it and tastes it; but more than all, if a man wants to be sure what an object is, he must feel of it.

But in the case of almost all wild animals, their chief dependence is on smelling the object. The horse, the wolf, the dog, the cow, the bear, do not recognize substances until they test them by smelling.

When a horse is afraid of anything, it snorts; in other words, it clears its nose so as to smell better, and its fear does not disappear until it has scented the object. A dog will often follow its master by its scent, and when it sees its master it is afraid, it does not recognize him, and it keeps on barking until it smells him, and recognizes that what seemed terrible to his eyes is really his master. Cattle see other cattle killed, they hear other cattle bellow in the abattoir, and yet they have no comprehension of what is taking place. But if the cow or the ox happens to find a place where the blood of cattle has been shed and catches the scent of it, then the creature understands, begins to low, kicks, and resists being driven from the place.

An old man had a sick wife; he himself went to milk the cow. The cow lowed; she knew it was not her mistress, and she would not give any milk. The man's wife[1] told him to wear her cloak and put her kerchief on his head; and when he did so the cow let herself be milked. But when the old man threw off these garments, the cow smelt him and again held back her milk.

Hounds when they track a wild animal often run, not on the trail itself, but at one side, even as far as twenty paces. When an inexperienced huntsman wants to set his dog on the trail of an animal, and touches the dog's

[1] The *khozyaïka*.

nose to the trail itself, the dog always goes to one side. The trail smells so strong to the dog that it cannot make the proper distinctions by the trail itself, and cannot tell whether the animal was running one way or the other. It goes to one side and then only it tells by its sense of smell in which direction the scent increases, and so runs after the animal.

It does what we do when any one speaks too loudly in our ear: we move away, and then at a proper distance we distinguish what is said. Or when we are looking at any object which is too near us, we hold it farther from our eyes, and then we look at it.

Dogs recognize one another and communicate with one another by means of smells.

Still more delicate is the sense of smell in insects. The bee flies straight to the flower which it needs. The worm crawls to its leaf. The bug, the flea, the gnat, smell a man distant a hundred thousand times its own length away.

If the atoms emanating from substances and penetrating our nostrils are minute, how infinitesimal must be the particles which affect the smellers of insects!

CHAPTER V

TOUCH AND SIGHT

Twist the index finger with the middle finger and place between these fingers intertwined a small ball in such a way that it touches both, and then shut your eyes. It will seem to you that you are holding two balls. Open your eyes and you will see that it is only one. Your fingers have deceived you, and your eyes have corrected the impression.

Look — best of all a little sidewise — at a good, clear mirror, it will seem to you that it is a window or a door, and that there is something behind it. Touch it with your fingers and you will assure yourself that it is a mirror. Your eyes deceived you, but your fingers corrected the impression.

CHAPTER VI

THE SILKWORM

In my garden there were some old mulberry trees. They had been set out long ago by my grandfather.

One autumn I was given a quantity[1] of silkworm eggs, and advised to raise the worms and make silk.

These eggs were dark gray and so small that in my zolotnik I counted five thousand eight hundred and thirty-five of them. They were smaller than the heads of the smallest pins. They were perfectly inert; only, when they were crushed, they made a crackling sound.

I heaped them up on my table and had forgotten all about them.

But when spring came, I went one day out into my garden and noticed that the mulberry buds were swelling, and were even in leaf where the sun got to them. Then I remembered about my silkworm eggs, and as soon as I went into the house I began to examine them and scatter them over a wider surface.

The larger part of them were no longer of a dark gray as before, but some had turned into a light gray color, while others were still brighter, with milky shades. The next morning I went early to look at the eggs, and saw that the worms had already crept out of some of them, and that others were swollen and filled up. They had evidently become conscious in their shells that their nutriment was ready for them.

The little worms were black and hairy, and so small that it was difficult to see them. I examined them with a magnifying glass, and could see that in the egg they lay curled up in little rings, and when they emerged they straightened themselves out.

I went out into the garden to my mulberry tree, gathered three handfuls of leaves, and laid them by them-

[1] A *zolotnik*, equal to two and forty-hundredths drams, one ninety-sixth of the Russian pound, which is nine-tenths of ours.

selves on the table, and went to make a place for them, as I had been told to do.

While I was getting ready the paper, the worms perceived the presence of the leaves on the table, and crawled over to them. I moved the leaves away and tried to attract the worms along, and they, just like dogs attracted by a piece of meat, crept in pursuit of the leaves over the table-cloth, across the pencils, penknives, and papers.

Then I cut out a sheet of paper and riddled it with holes made with a knife. I spread the leaves on the paper and laid the paper with the leaves over the worms. The worms crept through the holes; they all mounted on the leaves and immediately set to work feeding.

In the same way I laid a paper covered with leaves over the other worms, and they likewise, as soon as they were hatched, immediately crept through the holes and began to feed.

All the worms on each sheet of paper gathered together and ate the leaves, beginning at the edge. Then, when they had stripped them clean, they began to crawl over the paper in search of new food. Then I would spread over them fresh sheets of perforated paper covered with mulberry leaves, and they would crawl through to the new food.

They lay in my room on a shelf, and when there were no leaves, they would crawl over the shelf, reaching the very edge; but they never fell to the floor, although they were blind.

As soon as a worm would come to the abyss, before letting himself down, he would put out of his mouth a little thread and fasten it to the edge, then let himself down, hang suspended, make investigations, and if it pleased him to let himself down, he would let himself down; but if he wanted to return, then he would pull himself back by means of his web.

During all the twenty-four hours of the day the worms did nothing else but feed; and it was necessary to give them mulberry leaves in greater and greater

quantities. When fresh leaves were brought, and they were crawling over them, then there would be a rustling sound, like the noise of rain on foliage. This was made by them as they began to eat.

In this way the old worms lived five days. By this time they had grown enormously, and would eat ten times as much as at first.

I knew that on the fifth day it was time for them to roll themselves up, and I was on the watch for this to begin. In the evening of the fifth day one of the old worms stretched himself out on the paper and ceased to eat or to move.

During the next twenty-four hours I watched him for a long time. I knew that the worms shed their skins a number of times, when they have grown so large that their shells are too small for them, and then they put on new ones.

One of my companions took turns with me in watching the process. In the evening he cried: —

"Come; he is beginning to undress!"

I went over to the shelf, and was just in time to see that this worm had fastened his old shell to the paper and had made a rent near his mouth, was thrusting out his head, and was struggling and twisting so as to get out; but his old shirt would not let him go.

I looked at him for a long time struggling there and unable to extricate himself, and I felt a desire to help him.

I tried to pick him out by means of my finger-nail, but instantly saw that I had done a foolish thing. A sort of liquid gushed over my finger-nail, and the worm died.

I thought that it was his blood; but then I saw that the worm had under his skin a watery juice for the purpose of facilitating the process of slipping out of the shirt. My finger-nail had evidently disturbed the formation of the new shirt, for the worm, though he was loosened, speedily perished.

I did not touch any of the others, and in the same way they all came out of their shirts. A few of them,

however, died; but all of them, after a long and painful struggle, at last emerged from their old shirts.

After they had moulted, the worms began to eat more voraciously than ever, and I had to bring them still more mulberry leaves. In the course of four days they went to sleep again, and again went through the change of skin.

Then they ate still more leaves, and they measured as much as an eighth of a vershok[1] in length.

Then at the end of six days they again went to sleep, and once more the transformation from old shells into new ones took place, and they began to be very large and fat, and we had really considerable trouble to keep them supplied with leaves.

On the ninth day the old worms entirely ceased to feed, and they went crawling up on the shelf and the supports. I caught some of them and gave them fresh leaves, but they turned their heads away from the leaves and crawled off again.

I then recollected that the silkworms, when they are about to spin their cocoons,[2] absolutely cease to feed, and go to climbing.

I put them back, and began to watch what they would do.

Some of the old ones crawled up on the ceiling, took up positions apart, each by himself, crawled around a little, and then began to fasten a web in various directions.

I watched one in particular. He went into a corner, extended a half-dozen threads at a distance of a vershok from him in every direction; then he hung himself to them, doubled himself almost in two, like a horseshoe, and began to move his head round and round, and to send out a silken web in such a way that the web began to whip itself around him.

By evening he was, as it were, in a mist of his own weaving. He could be scarcely seen, and on the next day he was entirely invisible in his cocoon. He was

[1] A *vershok* is 1.75 inch. There are sixteen vershoks in an arshin.
[2] In Russian the word *kukla* means both doll and chrysalis.

entirely enwrapped in silk, and yet he still kept spinning. At the end of three days he ceased to spin, and died.

Afterward I learned how long a thread he had spun in those three days. If the whole cocoon be unwound, it will sometimes give a thread more than a verst[1] in length, and rarely less; and it is easy to reckon how many times the worm has to turn his head during these three days to spin such a thread; it will be not less than three hundred thousand times. In other words, he turns his head round without ceasing once every second for seventy-two hours. We noticed also after this labor was finished, when we took a few of the cocoons and cut them open, that the worms were perfectly dry and white as wax.

I was aware that from these cocoons, with their dry, white, wax-like insides, butterflies would come forth; but as I looked at them, I could not believe it. Still, on the twentieth day, I began to watch what would happen to those that I had left.

I knew that on the twentieth day the change would take place. As yet nothing was to be seen, and I even began to think that there was some mistake about it, when suddenly I noticed that the end of one of the cocoons had grown dark and moist. I was even inclined to believe that it was spoiled, and was inclined to throw it away.

But then I thought, "May it not be the beginning of the change?" And so I kept watching it to see what would happen.

And, in fact, from the moist spot something moved. For a long time I could not make out what it was. But then something appeared like a head with feelers.

The feelers moved. Then I perceived that a leg was thrust through the hole, then another, and the leg was clinging hold and trying to get loose from the cocoon. Something came out farther and farther, and at last I perceived a moist butterfly.

When all its six legs were freed, the tail followed;

[1] 3500 feet.

when it was entirely out, it sat there. When the butterfly became dry, it was white; it spread its wings, flew up, circled around, and lighted on the window-pane.

At the end of two days the butterfly laid its eggs on the window-sill, and fastened them together. The eggs were yellowish in color. Twenty-five butterflies laid their eggs: I collected five thousand of them.

The next year I raised still more silkworms, and spun off still more silk.

STORIES FROM BOTANY

CHAPTER I

MY APPLE TREES

I SET out two hundred young apple trees, and for three years, in the spring and autumn, I dug around them, and when winter came, I wrapped them around with straw as a protection against rabbits.

On the fourth year, when the snow had gone, I went out to examine my apple trees. They had grown during the winter, their bark was smooth and full of sap, the branches were all perfect, and on all the extremities of the twigs were the buds of flowers, as round as little peas.

Here and there, where the buds had already burst, the edges of the petals could be seen.

I knew that all the buds would become flowers and fruit, and I was full of gladness as I watched my apple trees.

But when I came to strip off the straw from the first tree, I noticed that at its foot, just below the level of the soil, the bark of the tree had been nibbled around, down to the rind, — just like a white ring.

The mice had done it.

I stripped the next tree, and on the next tree it was just the same. Out of two hundred apple trees not one was untouched. I smeared the injured places with pitch and wax; but as soon as the apple trees bloomed, the flowers immediately fell to the ground. Little leaves came out, but they faded and dried up. The bark grew rough and black.

Out of my two hundred trees only nine were saved.

The bark of these nine apple trees had not been entirely girdled, but in the white rings there was left a band of bark. At the juncture of these bands with the bark warts grew; but though the trees were badly injured, still they survived. All the rest were lost, save that below the girdled place little sprouts came up; but they were wild.

The bark on trees is the same as the veins in man; the blood flows through a man's veins, and through the bark the sap flows over the tree and provides it with branches, leaves, and flowers. The whole inside of a tree may be removed, as often happens with old willows, and if only the bark is alive, the tree will live; but if the bark is destroyed, the tree is destroyed. If a man's veins are cut, the man dies: in the first place, because the blood runs out of them; and in the second place, because then the blood cannot be distributed over the body.

And in the same way the birch tree perishes when children make a hole in it to drink the sap; all the sap runs out.

And in the same way my apple trees perished because the mice entirely girdled the bark so that there was no way for the sap from the roots to reach the branches, the leaves, and the blossoms.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD POPLAR

Our park had been neglected for five years. I engaged workmen with axes and shovels, and I myself began to work with them in my park. We cut down and lopped off dead and wild growths and superfluous thickets and trees.

More abundantly and luxuriantly than anything else had grown the poplar and bird cherry. The poplar starts from roots, and it is impossible to pull it up; but you have to cut the roots out of the ground.

Behind the pond stood a monstrous poplar, two spans in circumference. On all sides of it was a field, and this field was overgrown with young poplar shoots. I ordered the men to cut them down: I wanted to make the place more cheerful; but, above all, I wanted to make it easier for the old poplar, because I thought that all these young trees came from it and robbed it of sap.

As we were cutting down the young poplars, I sometimes felt a pang of regret to see the roots full of sap hacked in pieces underground. Sometimes four of us tried to pull up the roots of some young poplar that had been cut down, and found it impossible. It would resist with all its might, and would not die. I said to myself: —

"Evidently it ought to live, if it clings so stoutly to life."

But it was essential to cut them down; and I persisted in having them destroyed. But afterward, when it was too late, I learned that I ought not to have destroyed them.

I supposed that the saplings drew the sap from the old poplar, but it proved to be quite the reverse. By the time I had cut them down, the old poplar was also beginning to die. When it put forth leaves, I saw that one of its halves — it grew in two great branches — was bare, and that same summer it dried up. It had been long dying, and was conscious of it, and had been giving its life to its shoots.

That was the reason that they had grown so rapidly, and I, who had wished to help it, had killed all its children.

CHAPTER III

THE BIRD CHERRY TREE

A BIRD cherry[1] had taken root on the path through the hazelnut grove, and was beginning to choke off the hazel bushes.

[1] *Cheryomukha* (*Prunus padus*).

For some time I queried whether to cut it or not to cut it; I felt sorry to do so. This bird cherry did not grow in a clump, but in a tree more than five inches[1] in diameter, and twenty-eight feet high, full of branches, bushy, and wholly covered with bright, white, fragrant blossoms. The perfume from it was wafted a long distance.

I certainly should not have cut it down, but one of the workmen — I had given him orders before to cut down every bird cherry — began to fell it in my absence. When I came he had already cut halfway into it, and the sap was dripping down under the ax as he let it fall into the gash.

"There 's no help for it," I said to myself; "evidently it is its fate."

So I myself took the ax, and began to help the peasant cut it down.

It is delightful to work at all sorts of work; it is delightful even to cut wood. It is delightful to sink the ax deep in the wood, with a slanting stroke, and then to cut it in straight, and thus to advance deeper and deeper into the tree.

I entirely forgot about the bird cherry tree, and thought only about getting it cut down as quickly as possible.

When I got out of breath, I laid down the ax, and the peasant and I leaned against the tree, and tried to push it over. We pushed hard; the tree shook its foliage and sprinkled us with drops of dew, and strewed all around the white, fragrant petals of its blossoms.

At this instant something shrieked; there was a sharp, crackling sound in the center of the tree, and the tree began to fall.

It broke off near the gash, and, slowly wavering, toppled over on the grass, with all its leaves and blossoms. The branches and blossoms trembled for a moment after it fell, and then grew motionless.

"Ekh! what a splendid piece!" said the peasant; "it 's a real shame!"

As for me, I felt so sorry that I hastened off to look after other work.

[1] Three vershoks, 5.25 inches.

CHAPTER IV

HOW TREES WALK

Once we were clearing an overgrown path on the hillside, near the pond. We had cut down many briers, willows, and poplars, and at last we came to a bird cherry.

It was growing on the path itself, and it was so old and thick that it seemed as if it must have been there at least ten years. And yet I knew that only five years before the park had been cleared.

I could not understand how such a mature cherry tree could have sprung up there.

We cut it down and went on. A little farther away, in another thicket, there was another bird cherry tree like the first, only even more dense.

I examined its root, and found that it sprang from under an old linden. The linden had been smothering it with its shade, and the cherry had run under the ground for a distance of a dozen feet,[1] with a straight stem; and when it came out into the light, it had raised its head and begun to flourish.

I cut it up by the root, and was amazed to see how light-colored and rotten the root was. After I had cut it off, the peasants and I tried to pull up the tree; but in spite of all our best efforts we could not stir it; it seemed to be fastened to the ground.

I said:—

"Look and see if we have not failed to cut it entirely off."

One of the workmen crawled down under it, and cried:—

"Yes, there 's another root; there it is under the path."

I went to him, and found that this was the case.

The cherry tree, in order not to be choked off by the linden, had crept from under the linden to the path, seven feet from its original root. Then the root which

[1] Five arshin, 11.65 feet.

I had cut off was rotten and dried up, but the new one was alive. It had evidently felt that it would not live under the linden, had stretched itself out, had taken hold of the soil with its branch, had made a root out of the branch, and then abandoned the old root.

Then I began to understand how the first bird cherry had grown up in the path. It had evidently done the same thing, but had succeeded in so thoroughly ridding itself of its old root that I could not find it.

FABLES:

PARAPHRASED FROM THE INDIAN, AND IMITATIONS

I

THE HEAD AND TAIL OF THE SERPENT

THE serpent's Tail was disputing with the serpent's Head as to which should go first.

The Head said:—

"You cannot go first; you have no eyes or ears."

The Tail replied:—

"But at all events I have the strength to make you go. If I wanted, I could twine around a tree, and you could not stir."

The Head said:—

"Let us part company."

And the Tail tore itself away from the Head, and crawled away in its own direction.

But as soon as it had left the Head, it came upon a cranny and fell into it.

II

FINE THREADS

A MAN bade a spinner spin fine threads. The spinner spun fine threads; but the man declared that the threads were not good, and that he wished the *very finest* of fine threads.

The spinner said: —

"If these are not fine enough for you, then here are some others that will suit you."

And she pointed to a bare spot. The man declared that he could not see them.

The spinner replied: —

"The fact that you cannot see them proves that they are very fine; I can't see them myself."

The fool was rejoiced, and ordered some more of the same thread, and paid down the money for it.

III

THE DIVISION OF THE INHERITANCE

A FATHER had two sons. He said to them: —

"I am dying; divide everything equally."

When the father was dead, the sons could not make the division without quarreling.

They went to a neighbor to help them decide.

The neighbor asked them what their father had commanded them to do.

They replied: —

"He commanded us to make equal shares of everything."

Then said the neighbor: —

"Tear all the raiment in two; break all the utensils in two; cut all the live stock in two."

The brothers took the neighbor's advice, and at the end neither had anything.

IV

THE MONKEY

A MAN went into the woods. He felled a tree, and began to cut it in pieces. He lifted the end of the tree on the stump, sat astride upon it, and began to saw. Then he drove a wedge into the cleft, and began to saw

farther along; then he removed the wedge, and put it in the new place.

A monkey was sitting on a tree, watching him.

When the man lay down to sleep, the monkey got astride of the tree and began to saw; but when he took out the wedge, the tree closed together again, and nipped his tail.

He began to struggle and squeal.

The man awoke, knocked the monkey down, and tied him with a rope.

V

THE MONKEY AND THE PEAS

A MONKEY was carrying two handfuls of peas. One little pea dropped out. He tried to pick it up, and spilt twenty. He tried to pick up the twenty, and spilt them all. Then he lost his temper, scattered the peas in all directions, and ran away.

VI

THE MILCH COW

A MAN had a Cow; every day she gave a pail of milk. The man invited some guests. In order to get more milk he did not milk the Cow for ten days.

He thought that on the tenth day the Cow would give him ten pails of milk.

But the Cow's milk had dried up, and she gave less milk than ever before.

VII

THE DUCK AND THE MOON

A DUCK was floating down the river; she had been hunting for a fish, and all day long she had not found one.

When night came, she saw the Moon in the water, and thought that it was a fish, and she dived down to catch the Moon.

The other ducks saw this, and began to make sport of her.

From that time forth the Duck began to be ashamed and lose courage, so that whenever she saw a fish under the water she would not seize it, and so she died of starvation.

VIII

THE WOLF IN THE DUST

A Wolf was anxious to steal a sheep from the flock, and went to the leeward, so that the dust from the flock might cover him. The Shepherd Dog saw him and said: —

"It 's no use, Wolf, for you to go in the dust; it will spoil your eyes."

But the Wolf replied: —

"It is very unfortunate, Doggy,[1] my eyes were spoiled long ago, but they say that the dust from a flock of sheep is an excellent remedy for the eyes."

IX

THE MOUSE UNDER THE GRANARY

A Mouse lived under a granary. In the granary floor was a little hole and the grain slipped down through the hole. The Mouse's life was happy, but the desire came over her to make a show of her life.

She gnawed a larger hole, and invited other Mice.

"Come," said she, "and have a feast; there will be food enough for all."

But after she had brought the Mice, she discovered that there was no hole at all. The farmer had noticed the big hole in the floor, and closed it up.

[1] *Sobachenka*, diminutive of *Sobaka*.

X

THE VERY BEST PEAR

A GENTLEMAN sent his servant to buy the very best pears.

The servant went to the shop, and asked for pears.

The merchant gave them to him; but the servant said:—

"No; give me your very best pears."

The merchant said:—

"Taste one; you will find that they are delicious."

"How can I know," exclaimed the servant, "that they are all delicious, if I taste only one?"

So he bit a little out of each pear, and took them to his master.

Then his master dismissed him.

XI

THE FALCON AND THE COCK

A FALCON became tame, and would fly to his master's hand whenever he called. The Cock was afraid of the master, and screamed when he came near him.

And the Falcon said to the Cock:—

"You Cocks have no sense of gratitude! What a race of slaves you are! As soon as you are hungry, you go to your master. It is a very different thing with us wild birds; we are strong and we can fly faster than all others, and we are not afraid of men; but we go of our own accord and perch on their hands when they call us. We remember that they have given us food."

And the Cock said:—

"You do not run away from men, because you never saw a Falcon roasted; but many a time have we seen Cocks roasted!"

XII

THE JACKALS AND THE ELEPHANT

The Jackals had eaten all the carrion in the forest, and there was nothing left for them to devour. Now there was an aged Jackal, and he devised a plan to get food. He went to the Elephant, and said: —

"We used to have a tsar, but he became spoiled; he would lay such tasks on us that it was impossible to do them; we wish to elect another tsar; and my people have sent me to beg you to become our tsar. We live well; whatever you wish, that we will do, and we will honor you in all respects. Come, let us go to our empire."

The Elephant consented, and followed the Jackal. The Jackal led him into a bog. When the Elephant began to sink, the Jackal said: —

"Now order whatever you desire, and we will do it."

The Elephant said: —

"I command you to pull me out of here."

The Jackal laughed, and said: —

"Seize my tail with your proboscis, and I will instantly pull you out."

The Elephant replied: —

"Can you pull me out with your tail?"

But the Jackal demanded: —

"Why, then, did you order anything that was impossible to do? We drove away our first tsar for the very reason that he laid impossible commands on us!"

When the Elephant had perished in the swamp, the Jackals came and ate him up.

XIII

THE HERON, THE FISHES, AND THE CRAB

A Heron lived by a pond, and was beginning to grow old. She was no longer strong enough to catch fish. So she began to plan how she might contrive to get a living. And she said to the Fishes: —

"Fishes, you have not the least idea what a misfortune is threatening you. I have heard some men say that they are going to drain the pond, and catch all of you. I happen to know that beyond this mountain is a nice little pond. I would help you to get there; but I am now in years; it is hard for me to fly."

The Fishes began to beseech the Heron to help them.

The Heron replied: —

"I will do my best for you, I will carry you over; but I cannot do it all at once, only one at a time."

And so the Fishes were delighted; they all said: —

"Carry me! carry me!"

And the Heron began to carry them; she would take up one at a time, carry him off to a field, and feast on him. In this way she ate up many fishes.

Now there lived in the pond an aged Crab. When the Heron began to carry off the Fishes, he suspected the true state of affairs; and he said: —

"Well, now, Heron, take me also to your new settlement."

The Heron seized the Crab, and flew off with him. As soon as she reached the field, she was going to drop the Crab. But the Crab, seeing the bones of the Fishes on the field, clasped his claws around the Heron's neck, and strangled her; and then he crawled back to the pond and told the Fishes.

XIV

THE WATER-SPRITE AND THE PEARL

A MAN was sailing in a boat, and dropped a precious pearl into the sea. The man returned to land, and took a pail, and began to scoop up the water and pour it on the shore.

For three days unweariedly he scooped and poured.

On the fourth day a Water-sprite came up out of the water, and asked: —

"Why art thou scooping?"

The man replied: —
"I am scooping because I have lost a pearl."
The Water-sprite asked: —
"Are you going to stop before long?"
The man replied: —
"When I have scooped the sea dry, then I shall stop."
Then the Water-sprite returned into the depths, and brought up the very same pearl, and gave it to the man.

XV

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

One blind from birth asked a man who could see: —
"What color is milk?"
The man who could see replied: —
"The color of milk is like white paper."
The blind man asked: —
"This color, then, rustles in the hands like paper?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; it is white, like white flour."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is soft and friable like flour, is it?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; it is simply white, like a rabbit."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is downy and soft like a rabbit, is it?"
The man who could see replied: —
"No; white is a color exactly like snow."
The blind man asked: —
"Then it is cold like snow, is it?"
And in spite of all the comparisons which the man who could see made, still the blind man was wholly unable to comprehend what the color of milk really was.

XVI

THE WOLF AND THE BOW

A Huntsman with his bow and arrows went out to hunt; he killed a goat, flung it over his shoulders, and was carrying it home.

On the way he saw a wild boar.

The Huntsman dropped the goat, shot the boar, and wounded him.

The boar rushed upon the Huntsman, gored him to death with his tusks, and then himself died.

A Wolf smelled the blood, and came to the place where were lying the goat, the boar, the man and his bow.

The Wolf was overjoyed, and said to himself, "Now I shall have enough to eat for a long time; but I am not going to eat it all up at once; I will eat a little at a time, so that none of it may be wasted. First I will eat the hardest part, and then I will feast on the softest and daintiest."

The Wolf sniffed the goat, the boar, and the man, and he said:—

"This food is soft, I will eat this afterward; but first of all I will eat the tendon on this bow."

And he began to gnaw at the tendon on the bow. When he had bitten through the bowstring, the bow sprang and hit the Wolf in the belly. And the Wolf also perished, and the other wolves came and ate up the man, and the goat, and the boar, and the Wolf.

XVII

THE BIRDS IN THE SNARE

A Huntsman set a snare by a lake. Many birds were caught in it. The birds were large; they seized the snare, and flew off with it.

The Huntsman began to run after the birds. A peasant saw him running after them, and he said:—

"Where are you going? Can you catch birds on foot?"

The Huntsman replied:—

"If there were only one bird, I should not catch him; but as it is, I shall bag my game."

And so it proved.

When evening came, the birds each tried to fly off in his own direction; one to the forest, another to the swamp, a third to the field, and all fell with the net to the ground, and the Huntsman captured them.

XVIII

THE TSAR AND THE FALCON

A Tsar, while out hunting, unleashed his favorite Falcon at a hare, and galloped after it.

The Falcon caught the hare. The Tsar took away the hare, and started to seek for some water to quench his thirst. The Tsar found the water on a hillside. But it trickled out, a drop at a time. So the Tsar drew his cup from the holster, and placed it under the water.

The water trickled into the cup, and when the cup was full, the Tsar put it to his mouth, and was about to drink. Suddenly the Falcon fluttered down upon the Tsar's hand, flapped his wings, and spilled the water.

Again the Tsar placed the cup under the spring. He waited long, until it was filled brimming full, and again, when he lifted it to his lips, the Falcon flew upon his wrist and spilled the water.

When for the third time the Tsar managed to get his cup filled, and was lifting it to his lips, the Falcon again spilled it.

The Tsar grew wroth, and struck the Falcon with all his might with a stone, and killed him.

Then came the Tsar's servants, and one of them ran up to the spring in order to find a more plentiful supply of water and come back quickly with a full cup.

But the servant brought no water back; he returned with an empty cup, and said: —

"The water is not fit to drink; there is a serpent in the spring, and it has poisoned all the water. It is a good thing that the Falcon spilt it. If you had drunk of the water, you would have perished.

The Tsar said: —

"Foully have I recompensed the Falcon; he saved my life, and I killed him for it."

XIX

THE TSAR AND THE ELEPHANTS

An Indian Tsar commanded to gather together all the blind men, and when they were collected, he commanded to show them his Elephants. The blind men went to the stables, and began to feel of the Elephants.

One felt of the leg; another, of the tail; a third, of the rump; a fourth, of the belly; a fifth, of the back; a sixth, of the ears; a seventh, of the tusks; an eighth, of the proboscis.

Then the Tsar called the blind men to him, and asked them: —

"What are my Elephants like?"

And one blind man said: —

"Thy Elephants are like pillars."

This blind man had felt of the legs.

The second blind man said: —

"They are like brooms."

This one had felt of the tail.

The third said: —

"They are like wood."

This one had felt of the rump.

The one who had felt of the belly said: —

"Elephants are like lumps of earth."

The one who had felt of the side said: —

"They are a wall."

The one who had felt of the back said: —

"They are like a hill."
The one who had felt of the ears said: —
"They are like a handkerchief."
The one who had felt of the head said: —
"They are like a mortar."
The one who had felt of the tusks said: —
"They are like horns."
The one who had felt of the proboscis said: —
"They are like a stout rope."
And all the blind men began to dispute and quarrel.

XX

WHY THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD

A HERMIT lived in the forest, and the animals were not afraid of him. He and the wild animals used to talk together, and they understood one another.

Once the Hermit lay down under a tree, and a Raven, a Dove, a Stag, and a Snake came to the same place to sleep.

The animals began to reason why evil should exist in the world.

The Raven said: —

"It is all owing to hunger that there is evil in the world. When we have as much as we wish to eat, we sit by ourselves on the bough and caw, and everything is good and gay, and we are in every respect well off; but some other day we are famished, and everything is quite the opposite, so that we can see no brightness in God's world, and we feel full of unrest; we fly about from place to place, and there is no rest for us. And even if we see some meat afar off, then it becomes still worse; for if we fly down to get it, either sticks and stones are thrown at us, or wolves and dogs chase us, and we are absolutely destroyed. How much trouble comes upon us from hunger! All evil is caused by it."

The Dove said: —

"In my opinion, evil does not arise from hunger, but

it all comes from love. If we only lived alone, we should have little trouble. Wretchedness shared makes one doubly wretched. And so we always live in pairs. And if we love our mates there is no peace for us at all. We are always thinking, 'Has she had enough to eat? is she warm?' And when our mate is away from us anywhere, then we are wholly lost; we cannot help worrying all the time, 'If only the hawk does not carry her off, or men make way with her;' and we ourselves fly off in pursuit of her, and perhaps find the poor thing either in the hawk's claws or in the snare. And if our mate is lost, then there is no more comfort for us. We cannot eat, we cannot drink; we can only fly about and mourn. How many of us have perished in this way! No; evil comes not from hunger, but from love."

The Snake said: —

"No; evil arises neither from hunger nor from love, but from ill-temper. If we lived peacefully, we should not do so much harm; everything would be delightful for us. But now if anything is done to us, we fall into a rage, and then there is nothing gentle about us; we only think how we can avenge the wrong on some one. We lose control of ourselves and hiss, and try to bite some one. We would not have pity on any one, we would bite our own father and mother! It seems as if we could eat our own selves. The moment we begin to lose our temper we are undone. All the evil in the world arises from ill-temper."

The Stag said: —

"No; not from ill-temper, and not from love, and not from hunger arises all the evil that is in the world, but evil arises from fear. If it were possible for us to live without fear, all would be well with us. We are swift-footed, and have great strength. With our antlers we can defend ourselves from little animals; and we can run from the large ones. But it is impossible to escape fear. If it is only the twigs creaking in the forest, or the leaves rustling, we are all of a tremble with fear, our heart beats, we instinctively start to run, and

fly with all our might. Another time a hare runs by or a bird flutters, or a dry twig crackles, and we think it is a wild beast, and in running away we really run into danger. And again we are running from a dog, and we come upon a man. Oftentimes we are frightened and start to flee, we don't know whither, and we roll over a precipice and perish. And we have to sleep with one eye open, with one ear alert, and we are always in alarm. There is no peace. All evil comes from fear."

Then the Hermit said: —

"Not from hunger, nor from love, nor from ill-temper, nor from fear come all our troubles; but all the evil that is in the world is due to our different natures. Hence come hunger and love, ill-temper and fear."

XXI

THE WOLF AND THE HUNTSMEN

A Wolf was eating up a sheep. The Huntsmen discovered him, and began to beat him.

The Wolf said: —

"It is not right for you to beat me. It is not my fault that I am a wild beast; God made me so."

But the Huntsmen replied: —

"We do not beat wolves because they are wild beasts, but because they eat the sheep."

XXII

TWO PEASANTS

Once upon a time two peasants attempted to pass each other, and their sledges became entangled. One cried: —

"Give me room; I must get to town as quickly as possible;" and the other said: —

"You give me room; I must get home as quickly as possible."

Thus for a long time they disputed. A third peasant saw it, and said: —

"If you are in such a hurry, then each of you give way a little."[1]

XXIII

THE PEASANT AND THE HORSE

A Peasant went to town to get oats for his Horse. As soon as he got out of the village, the Horse wanted to return home. The Peasant lashed the Horse with his whip.

The horse started up, but in regard to the Peasant it thought: —

"The fool! Where is he driving me? We should be better off at home."

Before they reached the city the Peasant noticed that the mud made the going hard for the Horse, so he turned him upon the wood-block pavement; but the Horse refused to go upon the pavement.

The Peasant lashed the Horse again, and twitched at the reins. The animal turned off upon the pavement, and said to himself: —

"Why did he turn me off upon the pavement; it only breaks my hoofs. It is hard here under my feet."

The Peasant drove up to the shop, bought his oats, and went home. When he reached home he gave the Horse the oats. The Horse began to eat, and said to himself: —

"What stupid things men are! They only love to show their mastery over us, but their intelligence is less than ours. Why did he take so much trouble to-day? Where did he go and drive me? We had no sooner got there than we returned home. It would have been bet-

[1] This appears in a slightly different form in Count Tolstoï's "Novaya Azbuka." There the one who is in the greatest haste is advised to give in.

ter for both of us if we had stayed at home in the first place. He would have sat on the oven,[1] and I should have been eating oats."

XXIV

THE TWO HORSES

Two Horses were carrying two loads. The front Horse went well, but the rear Horse was lazy. The men began to pile the rear Horse's load on the front Horse; when they had transferred it all, the rear Horse found it easy going, and he said to the front Horse: —

"Toil and sweat! The more you try, the more you have to suffer."

When they reached the tavern, the owner said: —

"Why should I fodder two horses when I carry all on one? I had better give the one all the food it wants, and cut the throat of the other; at least I shall have the hide."

And so he did.

XXV

THE AX AND THE SAW

Two peasants were going to the forest after wood. One had an ax and the other had a saw. After they had selected a tree they began to dispute.

One said it was better to chop down the tree, and the other said it ought to be sawed.

A third peasant said: —

"I will settle the question for you in a moment: if the ax is sharp, then it is better to chop; but if the saw is sharper, then it is better to saw."

He took the ax and began to chop the tree. But the ax was dull, so that it was impossible for him to cut.

[1] In Russian huts the oven is made of earth; and, as it is never very hot, the peasants use it for a bed and lounge.

He took the saw; the saw was wretched, and would not cut at all. Then he said: —

"Don't be in haste to quarrel; the ax does not chop, and the saw does not cut. Sharpen your ax and file your saw, and then quarrel as much as you wish."

The two peasants, however, became even more angry with each other than before, because the one had a blunted ax, the other had an ill-set saw; and they fell to blows.

XXVI

THE DOGS AND THE COOK

A cook was preparing dinner; some dogs were lying at the kitchen door. The cook killed a calf, and threw the insides into the yard.

The dogs seized them, ate them up, and said: —

"The cook is good; he knows how to cook well."

After a little while the cook began to clean turnips and onions, and he threw away the outsides. The dogs ran up to them, turned up their noses, and said: —

"Our cook is spoiled; he used to make good things, but now he is worthless."

But the cook did not hear the dogs, and cooked the dinner in his usual way. The people of the house, however, ate up the dinner and praised it, if the dogs did not.

XXVII

THE HARE AND THE HOUND

A Hare once asked a Hound: —

"Why do you bark when you chase us? You would be much more likely to catch us, if you ran without barking. But when you bark, you only drive us into the huntsman's hands; he hears where we are running,

and he hastens up, shoots us with his gun, kills us, and does not give you anything."

The Dog replied: —

"That is not the reason that I bark; I bark simply because I get scent of you; I become excited, or else glad because I am going to catch you immediately; and I myself know not why, but I cannot help barking."

XXVIII

THE OAK AND THE HAZEL BUSH

An ancient Oak let drop an acorn on a Hazel Bush. The Hazel Bush said to the Oak: —

"Have you, then, so little room under your branches? You might drop your acorns on a clear space. Here I myself have scarcely room for my branches; I don't throw my nuts away, though, but I give them to men."

"I live two hundred years," replied the Oak; "and the little oak that will come up from the acorn will live as many more."

Then the Hazel Bush grew angry, and said: —

"Then I will choke off your little oak, and it will not live three days."

The Oak made no reply to this, but told his little son to come forth from the acorn.

The acorn grew moist, burst open, and the rootlet caught hold of the earth with its little hooks, and another sprout was sent up above.

The Hazel Bush tried to choke it, and would not give it the sun. But the little Oak stretched up into the air, and waxed strong in the Hazel Bush's shadow.

A hundred years passed away. The Hazel Bush had long ago died away; and the Oak had grown from the acorn as high as heaven, and spread its tent on every side.

XXIX

THE SETTING HEN AND THE CHICKENS

A Brood Hen hatched out some Chickens, and did not know how to take care of them. And so she said to them: —

"Creep into the shell again; when you are in the shell, I will sit on you, as I used to sit on you, and I will take care of you."

The Chickens obeyed their mother, tried to creep into the shell; but they found it perfectly impossible to get into it again, and they only broke their wings.

Then one of the Chickens said to his mother: —

"If we were to remain always in the shell, it would have been better if you had not let us out of it."

XXX

THE QUAIL AND HIS MATE

A Quail had been late in building his nest in a meadow; and when haying-time came, his Mate was still sitting on her eggs.

Early in the morning the peasants came to the meadow, took off their kaftans, whetted their scythes, and went, one after the other, cutting the grass and laying it in windrows.

The Quail flew up to see what the mowers were doing. When he saw that one peasant was swinging his scythe and had just cut a snake in two, he was rejoiced, flew back to his Mate, and said: —

"Don't be afraid of the peasants; they have come out to kill our snakes; for a long time there has been no living on account of them."

But his Mate said: —

"The peasants are cutting grass; and with the grass they cut everything that comes in their way, — either a

snake or a quail's nest. I am sick at heart, for I cannot either carry away my eggs, or leave my nest lest they get cold."

When the mowers reached the quail's nest, one peasant swung his scythe and cut off the mother-bird's head; but he put the eggs in his pocket, and gave them to his children to play with.

XXXI

THE COW AND THE GOAT

An old woman had a Cow and a Goat. The Cow and the Goat went to pasture together. The Cow always turned around when they came after her. The old woman brought bread and salt, gave it to the Cow, and said: —

"Now stand still, little mother,[1] na, na, I will bring you some more; only stand still."

On the next evening the Goat returned from the pasture before the Cow, spread his legs, and stood before the old woman. The old woman waved her handkerchief at him, but the Goat stood without moving.

He thought that the old woman gave bread to the Cow because she stood still.

The old woman perceived that the Goat did not move away; she took her stick and beat him.

When the Goat went away, the old woman began to feed the Cow again with grain, and to coax her.

"There is no justice in men," thought the Goat; "I stood stiller than the Cow does, but she beat me."

He ran to one side, hurried back, kicked over the milk-pail, spilled the milk, and knocked over the old woman.

[1] *Matushka.*

XXXII

THE FOX'S BRUSH

A MAN met a Fox, and asked her: —

"Who taught you Foxes to deceive dogs with your tails?"

The Fox asked: —

"How do you mean *deceive?* We do not deceive the dogs, but merely run from them with all our might."

The man said: —

"No; you deceive them with your brushes. When the dogs chase you, and are about to seize you, you throw your brushes to one side; the dog makes a sharp turn after it, and then you dash off in another direction."

The Fox laughed, and said: —

"We do this, not to deceive the dogs, but we only do it so as to dodge; when the dogs chase us, and we see that we cannot run straight, we dodge to one side; and in order that we may dodge to that side, we have to fling our brushes to the other, just as you do the same thing with your hands when you try to turn round when you are running. This is not reason on our part. God Himself thought it out when He made us — for this reason, that the dogs might not catch all the foxes."

FROM THE NEW SPELLER[1]

I

THE WOLF AND THE KIDS

A GOAT was going to the field after provender, and she shut up her Kids in the barn, with injunctions not to let any one in. Said she: —

"But when you hear my voice then open the door."

A Wolf overheard, crept up to the barn, and sang after the manner of the Goat: —

"Little children, open the door; your mother has come with some food for you."

The Kids peered out of the window, and said: —

"The voice is our mamma's, but the legs are those of a wolf. We cannot let you in."

II

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE CAT

A FARMER'S wife was annoyed by mice eating up the tallow in her cellar. She shut the cat into the cellar, so that the cat might catch the mice.

But the cat ate up, not only the tallow, but the milk and the meat also.

III

THE CROW AND THE EAGLE

THE sheep went out to pasture.

Suddenly an Eagle appeared, swooped down from

[1] *Novaya Azbuka.*

the sky, caught a little lamb with its claws, and bore him away.

A Crow saw it, and felt also an inclination to dine on meat. She said : —

"That was not a very bright performance. Now I am going to do it, but in better style. The Eagle was stupid; he carried off a little lamb, but I am going to take that fat ram yonder."

The Crow buried her claws deep in the ram's fleece, and tried to fly off with him; but all in vain. And she was not able to extricate her claws from the wool.

The shepherd came along, freed the ram from the Crow's claws, and killed the Crow, and flung it away.

IV

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG

A Mouse went to visit a Frog. The Frog met the Mouse on the bank, and urged him to visit his chamber under the water.

The Mouse climbed down to the water's edge, took a taste of it, and then climbed back again.

"Never," said he, "will I make visits to people of alien race."

V

THE VAINGLORIOUS COCKEREL

Two Cockerels fought on a dungheap.

One Cockerel was the stronger: he vanquished the other and drove him from the dungheap.

All the Hens gathered around the Cockerel, and began to laud him. The Cockerel wanted his strength and glory to be known in the next yard. He flew on top of the barn, flapped his wings, and crowed in a loud voice : —

"Look at me, all of you. I am a victorious Cockerel. No other Cockerel in the world has such strength as I."

The Cockerel had not finished his pæan, when an Eagle killed him, seized him in his claws, and carried him to his nest.

VI

THE ASS AND THE LION

Once upon a time a Lion went out to hunt, and he took with him an Ass. And he said to him: —

"Ass, now you go into the woods, and roar as loud as you can; you have a capacious throat. The prey that run away from your roaring will fall into my clutches."

And so he did. The Ass brayed, and the timid creatures of the wood fled in all directions, and the Lion caught them.

After the hunting was over, the Lion said to the Ass: —

"Now I will praise you. You roared splendidly."

And since that time the Ass is always braying, and always expects to be praised.

VII

THE FOOL AND HIS KNIFE

A fool had an excellent knife.

With this knife the fool tried to cut a nail. The knife would not cut the nail.

Then the fool said: —

"My knife is mean," and he tried to cut some soft kisel jelly with his knife. Wherever the knife went through the jelly the liquid closed together again.

The fool said, "Miserable knife! it won't cut kisel, either," and he threw away his good knife.

VIII

THE BOY DRIVER

A PEASANT was returning from market with his son Vanka.[1] The peasant went to sleep in his cart, and Vanka held the reins and cracked the whip. They happened to meet another team. Vanka shouted: —

"Turn out to the right! I shall run over you!"

And the peasant with the team said: —

"It is not a big cricket, but it chirps so as to be heard!"

IX

LIFE DULL WITHOUT SONG

IN the upper part of a house lived a rich barin, and on the floor below lived a poor tailor. The tailor was always singing songs at his work, and prevented the barin from sleeping.

The barin gave the tailor a purse full of money not to sing. The tailor became rich, and took good care of his money, and refrained from singing.

But it grew tiresome to him; he took the money and returned it to the barin, saying: —

"Take back your money and let me sing my songs again, or I shall die of melancholy."

X

THE SQUIRREL AND THE WOLF

A SQUIRREL was leaping from limb to limb, and fell directly upon a sleeping Wolf. The Wolf jumped up, and was going to devour him. But the Squirrel begged the Wolf to let him go.

[1] Diminutive of Ivan.

The Wolf said: —

"All right; I will let you go on condition that you tell me why it is that you squirrels are always so happy. I am always melancholy; but I see you playing and leaping all the time in the trees."

The Squirrel said: —

"Let me go first, and then I will tell you; but now I am afraid of you."

The Wolf let him go, and the Squirrel leaped up into a tree, and from there it said: —

"You are melancholy because you are bad. Wickedness consumes your heart. But we are happy because we are good, and do no one any harm."

XI

UNCLE MITYA'S HORSE

Uncle Mitya had a very fine bay horse.

Some thieves heard about the bay horse, and laid their plans to steal it. They came after it was dark, and crept into the yard.

Now it happened that a peasant who had a bear with him came to spend the night at Uncle Mitya's. Uncle Mitya took the peasant into the cottage, let out the bay horse into the yard, and put the bear into the inclosure where the bay horse was.

The thieves came in the dark into the inclosure, and began to grope around. The bear got on his hind legs, and seized one of the thieves, who was so frightened that he bawled with all his might.

Uncle Mitya came out and caught the thieves.

XII

THE BOOK

Two men together found a book in the street, and began to dispute as to the ownership of it.

A third happened along, and asked: —

"Which of you can read?"

"Neither of us."

"Then why do you want the book? Your quarrel reminds me of two bald men who fought for possession of a comb, when neither had any hair on his head."

XIII

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

A Wolf was running from the dogs, and wanted to hide in a cleft. But a Fox was lying in the cleft; she showed her teeth at the Wolf, and said: —

"You cannot come in here; this is my place."

The Wolf did not stop to dispute the matter, but merely said: —

"If the dogs were not so near, I would teach you whose place it is; but now the right is on your side."

XIV

THE PEASANT AND HIS HORSE

Some soldiers made a foray into hostile territory. A peasant ran out into the field where his horse was, and tried to catch it. But the horse would not come to the peasant.

And the peasant said to him: —

"Stupid, if you don't let me catch you, the enemy will carry you off."

The Horse asked: —

"What would the enemy do with me?"

The peasant replied: —

"Of course they would make you carry burdens."

And the Horse rejoined: —

"Well, don't I carry burdens for you? So then it is all the same to me whether I work for you or your enemies."

XV

THE EAGLE AND THE SOW

An Eagle built a nest on a tree, and hatched out some eaglets. And a wild Sow brought her litter under the tree.

The Eagle used to fly off after her prey, and bring it back to her young. And the Sow rooted around the tree and hunted in the woods, and when night came she would bring her young something to eat.

And the Eagle and the Sow lived in neighborly fashion.

And a Grimalkin laid his plans to destroy the eaglets and the little sucking pigs. He went to the Eagle, and said: —

"Eagle, you had better not fly very far away. Beware of the Sow; she is planning an evil design. She is going to undermine the roots of the tree. You see she is rooting all the time."

Then the Grimalkin went to the Sow and said: —

"Sow, you have not a good neighbor. Last evening I heard the Eagle saying to her eaglets: 'My dear little eaglets, I am going to treat you to a nice little pig. Just as soon as the Sow is gone, I will bring you a little young sucking pig.'"

From that time the Eagle ceased to fly out after prey, and the Sow did not go any more into the forest. The eaglets and the young pigs perished of starvation, and Grimalkin feasted on them.

XVI

THE LOAD

After the French had left Moscow, two peasants went out to search for treasures. One was wise, the other stupid.

They went together to the burnt part of the city, and found some scorched wool. They said, "That will be useful at home."

They gathered up as much as they could carry, and started home with it.

On the way they saw lying in the street a lot of cloth. The wise peasant threw down the wool, seized as much of the cloth as he could carry, and put it on his shoulders. The stupid one said: —

"Why throw away the wool? It is nicely tied up, and nicely fastened on." And so he did not take any of the cloth.

They went farther, and saw lying in the street some ready-made clothes that had been thrown away. The wise peasant unloaded the cloth, picked up the clothes, and put them on his shoulders. The stupid one said: —

"Why should I throw away the wool? It is nicely tied up and securely fastened on my back."

They went on their way, and saw silver plate scattered about. The wise peasant threw down the clothes, and gathered up as much of the silver as he could, and started off with it; but the stupid one did not give up his wool, because it was nicely tied up and securely tied on.

Going still farther, they saw gold lying on the road. The wise peasant threw down his silver and picked up the gold; but the stupid one said: —

"What is the good of taking off the wool? It is nicely tied up and securely fastened to my back."

And they went home. On the way a rain set in, and the wool became water-soaked, so that the stupid man had to throw it away, and thus reached home empty-handed; but the wise peasant kept his gold and became rich.

XVII

THE BIG OVEN

Once upon a time a man had a big house, and in the house there was a big oven; but this man's family was small — only himself and his wife.

When winter came, the man tried to keep his oven going; and in one month he burnt up all his firewood. He had nothing to feed the fire, and it was cold.

Then the man began to break up his fences, and use the boards for fuel. When he had burnt up all of his fences, the house, now without any protection against the wind, was colder than ever, and still they had no firewood.

Then the man began to tear down the ceiling of his house, and burn that in the oven.

A neighbor noticed that he was tearing down his ceiling, and said to him: —

"Why, neighbor, have you lost your mind? —pulling down your ceiling in winter. You and your wife will freeze to death!"

But the man said: —

"No, brother; you see I am pulling down my ceiling so as to have something to heat my oven with. We have such a curious one; the more I heat it up, the colder we are!"

The neighbor laughed, and said: —

"Well, then, after you have burnt up your ceiling, then you will be tearing down your house. You won't have anywhere to live; only the oven will be left, and even that will be cold!"

"Well, that is my misfortune," said the man. "All my neighbors have firewood enough for all winter; but I have already burnt up my fences and the ceiling of my house, and have nothing left."

The neighbor replied: —

"All you need is to have your oven rebuilt."

But the man said: —

"I know well that you are jealous of my house and my oven because they are larger than yours, and so you advise me to rebuild it."

And he turned a deaf ear to his neighbor's advice, and burnt up his ceiling, and burnt up his whole house, and had to go and live with strangers.

YASNAYA POLYANA SCHOOL[1]

(NOVEMBER and DECEMBER, 1862)

CHAPTER I

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE SCHOOL

WE have no beginners. The children of the youngest class read, write, and solve problems in the first three rules of arithmetic, and repeat sacred history, so that our order of exercises is arranged according to the following roster: —

Mechanical and Graded Reading.
Compositions.
Penmanship.
Grammar.
Sacred History.
Russian History.
Drawing.
Sketching.
Singing.
Mathematics.
Conversations about the Natural Sciences.
Religious Instruction.

Before I speak of the methods of instruction, I must give a short description of the Yasnaya Polyana school and its present condition.

[1] Yasnaya Polyana, or Fairfield, is the name of the count's estate a few miles out from the city of Tula. It is also the name of a journal of education published at his own expense. A complete file of this journal is in the library of Cornell University, the gift of the late Mr. Eugene Schuyler to whom Count Tolstoï presented it.

Count L. N. Tolstoï, 1862.

Like every living body the school not only changes every year, day, and hour, but also has been subjected to temporary crises, misfortunes, ailments, and ill chances.

The Yasno-Polyanskaya school passed through one such painful crisis this very summer. There were many reasons for this: in the first place, as is always the case in the summer, all the best scholars were away; only occasionally we would meet them in the fields at their work or tending the cattle. In the second place, there were some new teachers present, and new influences began to be brought upon it. In the third place, each day teachers from other places, taking advantage of their summer vacation, came to visit the school. And nothing is more demoralizing to the regular conduct of a school than to have visitors, even though the visitor be a teacher himself.

We have four instructors. Two are veterans, having already taught two years in the school; they are accustomed to the pupils, to their work, and to the freedom and apparent lawlessness of the school.

Two of the teachers are new; both of them are recent graduates and lovers of outward propriety, of rules and bells and regulations and programs and the like, and are not wonted to the life of the school, as the first two are. What to the first seems reasonable, necessary, impossible to be otherwise, like the features on the face of a beloved though homely child, who has grown up under your very eyes, sometimes seems to the new teachers sheer disorder.

The school is established in a two-storied stone house. Two rooms are devoted to the school; the library has one, the teachers have two. On the porch, under the eaves, hangs the little bell with a cord tied to its tongue; in the entry down-stairs are bars and other gymnastic apparatus; in the upper entry is a work-bench.

The stairs and entries are generally tracked over with snow or mud; there also hangs the roster.

The order of exercises is as follows:—

At eight o'clock, the resident teacher, who is a lover of

outward order, and is the director of the school, sends one of the lads who almost always spends the night with him to ring the bell.

In the village the people get up by lamplight. Already in the schoolhouse window lights have long been visible, and within half an hour after the bell-ringing, whether it be misty or rainy, or under the slanting rays of the autumn sun, there will be seen crossing the rolling country — the village is separated from the school by a ravine — dark little figures in twos or threes, or separately. The sense of gregariousness has long ago disappeared from among the pupils. There is now no longer need of any one waiting and crying: —

"Hey, boys! to school!"

The boy has already learned that school — *uchilishche* — is a neuter gender; he knows many other things besides; and curiously enough in consequence of this he does not need the support of a crowd any more. When it is time for him to go he goes.

Every day, it seems to me, they grow more and more independent and individual, and their characters more sharply defined. I have almost never seen them playing on the way, unless in the case of some of the smaller pupils, or of the newcomers who had begun in other schools.

They bring nothing with them — no books and no copy-books. They are not required to study their lessons at home. Not only do they bring nothing in their hands, but nothing in their heads either. The scholar is not obliged to remember to-day anything he may have learned the evening before. The thought about his approaching lesson does not disturb him. He brings only himself, his receptive nature, and the conviction that school to-day will be just as jolly as it was the day before.

He does not think about his class until his class begins. No one is ever held to account for being tardy, and hence they are not tardy, unless indeed one of the older ones may be occasionally detained by his parents on account of some work. And then this big lad comes

running to school at breakneck speed and all out of breath.

If it happens that the teacher has not yet come, they gather around the entrance, pounding their heels upon the steps, or sliding on the icy path, or some of them wait in the school-rooms.

If it be cold they spend their time while waiting for the teacher in reading, writing, or romping.

The girls do not mingle with the boys. When the boys have any scheme which they wish to propose to the girls, they never select any particular girl, but always address the whole crowd: —

"Hey, girls, why are n't you sliding?" or, "See, the girls are freezing," or "Now, girls, all of you chase me!"

Only one of the little girls, a ten-year-old domestic peasant[1] of great many-sided talents, perhaps ventures to leave the herd of damsels. And with her the boys comport themselves as with an equal — as with a boy, only showing a delicate shade of politeness, modesty, and self-restraint.

CHAPTER II

THE OPENING OF SCHOOL

Let us suppose that, according to the roster, we begin with mechanical reading in the first or the youngest class; in the second, with graded reading; and in the third, with mathematics.

The teacher goes into the room, and finds the children rolling or scuffling on the floor, and crying at the top of their voices: "You 're choking me!" "You stop pulling my hair!" or "Let up; that 'll do!"

"Piotr Mikhaïlovitch," cries a voice from under the heap, as the teacher comes in, "make them stop."

"Good-morning, Piotr Mikhaïlovitch," shout still others, adding their share to the tumult.

[1] *Dvorovaya dyevka*, the daughter of a serf attached to the *barsky dvor* or mansion-house.

The teacher takes the books and distributes them to those who have come to the cupboard. First those on top of the heap on the floor, then those lying underneath, want a book.

The pile gradually diminishes. As soon as the majority have their books, all the rest run to the cupboard, and cry, "Me one! me one!"

"Give me the one I had yesterday!"

"Give me the Koltsof [1] book!"

And so on.

If there happen to be any two scufflers left struggling on the floor, then those who have taken their places with their books shout: —

"Why do you make so much noise? we can't hear anything! Hush!"

The impulsive fellows come to order and, all out of breath, get their books, and only for the first moment or two after they sit down does the dying excitement betray itself in an occasional motion of a leg.

The spirit of war takes its flight, and the spirit of learning holds sway in the room. With the same zeal as the lad had shown in pulling Mitka's hair, he now reads his Koltsof book, — thus the works of Koltsof are called among us, — with teeth almost shut together, with shining eyes, and total oblivion of all around him except his book. To tear him from his reading requires fully as much strength as it required before to get him away from his wrestling.

CHAPTER III

THE APPEARANCE OF THE ROOM

The pupils sit wherever they please, — on benches, chairs, on the window-sill, on the floor, or in the arm-chair.

The girls always sit by themselves. Friends, those

[1] Alekseï Vasilyevitch Koltsof (1809–1842), a distinguished poet, by some called the Burns of Russia.

from the same village, and especially the little ones — for there is more comradeship among them — are always together.

As soon as one of them decides to sit in a certain corner, all his playmates, pushing and diving under the benches, manage to get to the same place, sit in a row, and as they glance around they show such an expression of perfect bliss and satisfaction in their faces, as if nothing in all the rest of their lives could ever give them so much happiness as to sit in those places.

The moment they come into the room, the big arm-chair presents itself as an object of envy for the more independent personalities — for the little house-girl and others. As soon as one makes a motion to occupy the arm-chair, another recognizes by the expression of his face that such a plan is developing, and the two make for it, race for it.

One gets it away from the other, and, having ensconced himself in it, stretches himself out with his head much below the back of the chair; but he reads like all the rest, wholly carried away by his work.

During class time I have never seen any whispering, any pinching, any giggling, any uncouth sounds, any bearing of tales to the teacher. When a pupil educated by a church official,[1] or at the district school, goes with any such complaint, he will be asked: —

"Are you sure that you did not pinch yourself?"

CHAPTER IV

THE CLASSES

The two smaller classes are put by themselves in one room; the older scholars are in another. When the teacher goes to the first class, all gather around him at the blackboard, or on the benches, or they climb on the table, or sit down around him or one of those that are reading.

[1] The *ponomar*, or *paramonar*, a word derived from modern Greek, and signifying doorkeeper, sacristan.

If it happen to be for writing, they take more comfortable positions, but they keep getting up, so as to look at each other's copy-books and show their own to the teacher. It is calculated that the time till dinner will be occupied by four lessons; but often only three or two are introduced, and sometimes the roster is entirely changed. If the teacher begins with arithmetic, he may go over to geometry; or if he begins with sacred history, he may end with grammar.

Sometimes the teacher and the pupils get carried away, and instead of one hour the class lasts three hours. There have been cases where the pupils themselves cried, "More! more!" and they exclaim against those things which bore them: "That is stupid! Go to the little ones," they cry contemptuously.

In the class for religious instruction, which is the only one that is held with any approach to regularity, because the teacher lives two versts away, and comes only twice a week, and in the drawing class, all the pupils are gathered together. Before these classes begin, liveliness, racket, and external disorder are the rule of the day; one drags benches from one room into the other, another scuffles, another goes home — to the mansion — after bread, another heats that bread in the oven, another borrows something, another goes through gymnastic exercises; but just the same as in the tumult of the morning, it is far more easy to bring order out of chaos by leaving them to their natural impulses than by setting them down by main force.

In the present spirit of the school, to restrain them physically is impossible. The louder the teacher shouts, — this has been tried, — the louder shout the scholars; his voice only excites them. If you succeed in calming them, or start them in another direction, this sea of youths will begin to rage less and less violently, then come to rest. But for the most part, it is not necessary to say anything.

The class in design, which is the most popular with all the school, takes place at noon, after lunch; and when they have been sitting three hours, — and here

again it is necessary to lug benches and tables from one room into another, and the racket is terrible! But still, as soon as the teacher is ready, the scholars are ready also, and any one who delays the beginning of the class is disciplined by the scholars themselves.

CHAPTER V

THE FREE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCHOOL

HERE I must defend myself. In giving this description of the Y. P. school, I have no intention of presenting a model of what is requisite and necessary for a school, but simply a description of the actual state of the school. I take it such descriptions have their utility. If I succeed in the following pages in clearly presenting a history of the development of the school, then the reader will clearly comprehend why the character of the school was formed as it was, why I consider such an order of things advantageous, and why it would have been an utter impossibility for me to have changed it, even if I had wished to do so.

The school had a free development from principles established in it by teacher and pupils. Notwithstanding all the weight of the master's authority, the pupil always had the right not to attend the school and not to obey the teacher. The teacher had the prerogative not to admit a pupil, and the power of exerting all the force of his influence on the majority of the pupils, on the society which was always forming among the scholars.

The farther the students advanced, the wider grew the scope of the instruction, and the more imperative became the demand for order. In consequence of this, in the normal and unconstrained development of a school, the more cultivated the pupils are, the more capable of order they will become, the more strongly they themselves will feel the necessity of order, and the more powerfully the teacher's influence on them in this respect will be felt. In the Y. P. school from its

very foundation this rule was found true. At first it was impossible to classify either recitations or the subjects or the recreations or their tasks; everything was in confusion, and all attempts at classification were in vain. At the present time there are students in the first class who themselves insist on following a regular order of exercises, and are indignant when you call them from their lessons, and these scholars are all the time driving away the little ones who disturb them.

In my opinion this external disorder is useful and indispensable, strange as it may seem and inconvenient to the teacher. I shall frequently have occasion to speak of the advantages of this condition of things; of the imaginary inconveniences I will say this: In the first place, this disorder or free order is trying to us, simply because we are accustomed to something entirely different, in which we were educated. In the second place, in this, as in many similar circumstances, the employment of force is due to haste and lack of reverence for human nature. It seems to us that disorder is increasing, becoming more and more violent each instant, that there are no limits to it; it seems to us that there is no other way of putting an end to it than by employing main force, — but really all it requires is to wait a little, and the disorder, or flow of animal spirits, would naturally diminish of itself, and would grow into a far better and more stable order than that which we imagine.

The scholars — though they are little folk — are nevertheless human beings, having the same requirements as we ourselves, and their thoughts run in the same groove. They all want to learn, and that is the only reason they go to school, and therefore it is perfectly easy for them to reach the conclusion that it is necessary to submit to certain conditions if they would learn anything.

Besides being human beings, they form a society of human beings united by one impulse. *And where two or three are gathered together in My name there will I be also.*

CHAPTER VI

A SCHOOL-BOY FIGHT

As they are subjected to laws that are simply derived from their own nature, the scholars do not rebel or grumble; if they were subjected to our old system of interference, they would have no faith in the legality of our ringing bells, regulations, and ordinances.

How many times when children were fighting, have I chanced to see the teacher hasten to separate them; and the disparted foes would glare at each other, and even in the presence of a stern teacher would not fail to look even more fiercely than before, or even fall to blows; how many times every day do I see some Kiriushka set his teeth together, and fly at Taraska, and pull his hair, and throw him to the ground, and apparently try to maim his enemy or to annihilate him; and then, in a moment's time, this same Taraska would be laughing at Kiriushka, — for always one manages to turn the tables on the other, — and then in the course of five minutes they would have made friends and gone off to sit down together.

Not long ago, between classes, two lads grappled in a corner. One was a remarkable mathematician nine years old, a member of the second class; the other a shingled dvorovui,[1] clever but quick-tempered, very small in stature, a black-eyed lad named Kuiska.

Kuiska had caught the mathematician's long hair, and was holding him with his head against the wall. The mathematician was vainly clutching at Kuiska's shorn bristles. Kuiska's black eyes were full of triumph. The mathematician could barely refrain from tears, and he cried, "Well! well! what! what!" but he was evidently having a hard time of it, and only his pride kept his courage up. This had been going on for some time, and I was undecided what to do.

"A fight! a fight!" cried the boys, and they crowded

[1] One of the domestic servants, formerly serfs, like the little girl mentioned.

round the corner. The little ones laughed; but the big boys, though they did not attempt to separate the contestants, looked at them rather seriously, and their looks and silence did not fail to have an effect upon Kuiska. He was conscious that he was doing wrong, and a smile began gradually to creep over his face, and by degrees he let go of the mathematician's hair. The mathematician suddenly twitched himself away, and gave Kuiska such a push as to knock his head against the wall, and then, being entirely quit of him, he ran away.

Kuiska burst into tears, darted in pursuit of his enemy, and hit him with all his might and main on the shuba, but did not hurt him. The mathematician was going to pay him back, but at that instant various dissuasive voices were heard:—

"See, he strikes a smaller boy!" cried the lookers-on; "off with you, Kuiska!"

And so the affair ended, as if it had not been at all, except, I may add, for the vague consciousness that each had of having fought disagreeably, because both had been hurt. And here I cannot refrain from calling attention to the sentiment of justice which prevailed in the crowd. How many times these affairs are settled in such a way that you cannot make out the principles on which the settlement is made, and yet satisfaction is given to both sides! How arbitrary and unjust in comparison with this are all "educational efforts" in such circumstances!

"You are both to blame! down on your knees!" says the disciplinarian; and the disciplinarian is wrong, because one is to blame, and this one is triumphant there on his knees chewing the cud of his not wholly evaporated passion, and the innocent is doubly punished.

Or, "You are to blame for doing such and such or such and such a thing, and you shall be punished," says the disciplinarian; and the one punished hates his enemy more than ever, because he has arrayed on his side despotic power, the fairness of which is beyond his comprehension.

Or, "Forgive him as God commands you, and be better than he," says the disciplinarian. You say to him, "Be better than he!" but all that he wants is to be stronger, and he does not comprehend, and cannot comprehend, the idea of being better.

Or, "You both are to blame; ask each other's pardon and kiss each other, children."

This is worse than anything, both on account of the insincerity of the kiss, and because the evil passion once calmed in this way is sure to burst forth again. But leave them alone, unless you are either father or mother, who would feel some pitiful sympathy with your children, and therefore have a certain right always, — leave them alone, I say, and watch how everything explains itself and comes out all right as simply and naturally, and at the same time with just as much variety and complication as all the unconscious relations of life.

But perhaps the teachers who have not had experience of such disorder or free order, will think that without disciplinary interference this disorder may take on physically injurious consequences; that they will break each other's limbs or kill each other.

In the Yasnaya Polyana school last spring, there were only two cases of serious damage being done. One boy was pushed down from the steps, and cut his leg to the bone, — the wound was healed in two weeks; the other had his cheek burned with blazing pitch, and he carried a scar for a fortnight.

Nothing ever happened, unless perhaps once a week some one cried, and that not from pain, but from vexation or shame. Of blows, bruises, bumps, except in the case of the two boys just mentioned, we cannot recall a single one during all the summer among thirty or forty pupils, though they were left entirely to their own guidance.

CHAPTER VII

DISCIPLINE

I AM convinced that a school ought not to interfere in affairs of discipline that belong only to the family: that a school ought not to have, and does not have, the right to grant rewards and punishments; that the best police and discipline of a school is gained by intrusting the pupils with full powers to learn and to behave as they please. I am convinced of this, notwithstanding the fact that the old customs of disciplinary schools are so strong that even in the Yasnaya Polyana school we occasionally departed from this principle. During the last term, in November, there were two instances of punishments.

During the drawing class, a teacher who had not been long with us noticed that a small boy was crying without heeding the teacher, and was angrily hitting his neighbors without any reason.

Not realizing the possibility of soothing him with words, the teacher dragged him from his seat, and took him to his table. That was a punishment for him. The little lad sobbed during all the time of the lesson.

This was the very lad whom, at the beginning of the school, I refused to take, because I considered him to be a hopeless idiot.

His principal characteristics were dullness and sweetness of disposition. His comrades would never let him join their games; they made sport of him, turned him into ridicule, and at the same time they would be surprised, and say: —

"What a strange fellow Petka is! If you strike him, — and even the little fellows sometimes pick on him, — he shakes himself loose and runs away!"

"He has no courage at all," one boy said to me, in regard to him. If this boy had been brought to such a state of passion that the teacher felt it necessary to punish him for it, it was evident that some one not punished was to blame.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THIEF

I

The other case. In the summer, while repairs were making in the building, a Leyden jar was taken from the physical laboratory, pencils several times were missing, and books also were missing at a time when no carpenter or painter was at work in the building.

We questioned the boys. The best scholars, the first scholars at that time, old friends of ours, reddened and grew so confused that any magistrate would have been convinced that their confusion was proof positive of their guilt. But I knew them, and could depend on them as on myself.

I comprehended that the mere thought of suspicion deeply and painfully wounded them. One lad, whom I will call Feodor, a gifted and opulent nature, turned quite white and burst into tears. They declared that they would tell if they knew, but they refused to search.

After a few days the thief was detected — a lad[1] belonging to a distant village. He made an accomplice of a peasant lad who came with him from the same village, and they together had secreted the stolen articles in a box.

This discovery brought a strange feeling of relief and even pleasure among the scholars, and at the same time contempt and pity for the thieves. We imposed on the boys the task of naming the punishment. Some wanted to have the thieves whipped, but, of course, by themselves; others proposed that they should wear a placard ticketed THIEF.

This punishment, I am ashamed to say, had been proposed by ourselves once before, and the very lad who a year before had worn a placard inscribed LIAR, now of all others was the one to propose the placards for the thieves.

[1] *Dvorovui*, or domestic servant.

2

We decided on the placards, and when one of the girls had embroidered them, all the scholars looked on with angry pleasure, and ridiculed the offenders. They proposed a still more severe punishment: "To take them to the village, and make an exhibition of them with the placards on during the holiday," was their proposal.

The offenders wept.

The peasant lad who had been led away by the other was a talented story-teller and humorist, a fat, white-haired little snipper-snapper, and he cried as if his heart would break, — as hard as a child could cry. The other, the principal criminal, a boy with a hawk nose, with dry features, and an intelligent face, grew pale, his lips trembled, his eyes glared wildly and angrily at his gay companions, and he occasionally hid his face on account of tears that were unnatural to him. His cap, with torn vizor, was pulled down to the nape of his neck; his hair was in disorder; his clothes were soiled with chalk. His whole appearance struck me and all of us with the same surprise, as if we had seen it for the first time.

The contemptuous looks of all rested on him. And this stung him to the quick. When, without looking round, but hanging his head, and with that mien peculiar to criminals, as it seemed to me, he went off home, with the pack of boys chasing him, and nagging him in an unnatural and strangely pitiless fashion, as if some evil spirit influenced them against their will, something told me that it was all wrong.

But things went on as before, and the thief came for several days with his placard. But it seemed to me that from that time he began to degenerate in his studies, and he was no longer seen to take part in the games and converse of his companions outside the class-room.

3

When, one day, I went into class, all the scholars told me with horror that he had been stealing again

He had stolen twenty copper kopeks from the teacher's room, and they had caught him as he was hiding the money under the stairs.

Again we decorated him with the placard; again began the same ugly scene. I gave him a lecture, as all disciplinarians are accustomed to do. Now there happened to be present a grown-up boy, a chatterer, and he began to lecture him, repeating words such as he had unquestionably heard from his father, who was a farmer.[1]

"He has stolen once, he has stolen twice," he said in a clear and deliberate voice. "It has become a habit; it won't do any good."

I began to grow vexed. I felt almost angry against the thief.

But as I looked into the culprit's face, which was more pale, wretched, passionate, and hard than ever, I seemed to see the face of a convict, and it suddenly appeared to me so wrong and odious, that I took off the stupid placard; I told him to go wherever he pleased, and I suddenly felt the conviction — felt it, not through my intellect, but in my whole being — that I had no right to punish this unhappy lad, and that it was not in my power to make of him what I and the dvornik's son might like to make of him. I felt a conviction that there are soul-secrets hidden from us on which life, but not regulations and punishments, may act.

And what nonsense! A boy had stolen a book, — by what a long, complicated process of feelings, thoughts, mistaken judgments he was induced to take a book that did not belong to him! — and hid it in his box, and I fasten to him a tag with the word "THIEF" on it, which means something entirely different.

Why?

To punish him by making him ashamed, some one will say.

Why? What is shame? And have I any proof that that shame will put an end to his inclination to steal?

[1] *Dvornik*, generally one who serves in a *dvor*: also house-porter. Here, one who occupies a *dvor*, including house and land.

Perhaps it will strengthen it. What was expressed in his face was very likely not shame at all. Indeed, I may be very certain that it was not shame, but something entirely different which might have been always latent in his face, and would better not have been brought out.

Here in this world which is called practical, in the world of Palmerstons and Cains, in the world where not that which is reasonable, but which is practical, is regarded as reasonable, here in this world, I say, we have men, themselves under sentence, arrogating to themselves the right and duty of punishing others! Our world of children — simple, independent beings — must remain free from self-deceptions and from the criminal belief in the legality of punishments, from the belief and delusion that the feeling of vengeance becomes just as soon as we call it punishment. ....

Let us proceed with the daily order of our description of exercises.

CHAPTER IX

MARKS

At two o'clock the hungry children run home. But notwithstanding their hunger, they always wait a few moments to learn what their marks are. Marks, though at the present time they give no rank, are still regarded by them with the keenest interest.

"I have five, with the cross, and they have given Olgushka[1] such a healthy cipher!" — "And I have four," they cry.

The child takes the marks as a gauge of his work, and discontent at marks is shown only when there is any unfairness in making the returns. Too bad if he has been trying, and the teacher, through an error, has given less than his deserts! He will give the teacher no peace, and will weep bitter tears unless he can have the record changed. Bad marks, if they have been deserved, go without protest.

[1] Little Olga.

Marks, however, remain only as a relic of a past system, and are beginning, of their own accord, to go out of use.

CHAPTER X

AFTERNOON SESSION

The scholars after dinner gather for the first lesson of the second session, just as they did for the morning, and wait for the teacher in the same way.

As a general rule this lesson is devoted to sacred or Russian history, and all the classes take part in it. By the time this lesson begins, generally the twilight is coming on. The teacher stands or sits in the middle of the room, and the scholars gather around him as in an amphitheater; some on benches, some on chairs, some on the window-seats.

All these evening lessons, and especially this first one, have an absolutely different character from those of the morning, a character of calm dreaminess and poetry.

Come into the school at dusk; no lights are visible at the windows, it is almost quiet; only the snow newly tracked in on the stairs, a subdued murmur, and a slight motion behind the door, and perhaps some little lad seizing the balustrade and running up-stairs two steps at a time, give proof that school is in session.

Come into the room.

It is almost dark behind the frosted windows; the older and better scholars pressing together, crowding close to the teacher, and lifting their pretty heads, look him straight in the face. The independent little housemaid, with preoccupied face, always sits in a high chair and seems to swallow every word. The more mischievous and younger the children are, the farther away they manage to get. But they all listen attentively, even seriously; they behave themselves as well as the older ones; but, notwithstanding their attention, we cannot help being conscious that they will not be able to repeat anything of what they hear, although they remember

much of it. One leans on another's shoulder; another stands by the table. Occasionally one of them, stretching over to the very middle of the throng across the back of some one else, scratches some figure with his finger-nail on some boy's back. Rarely will any one look at you.

When a new story begins, all sit still as death and listen. If it happen to be one they have heard before then, here and there conceited voices are heard from those who cannot refrain from reminding the teacher. However, if the old story is one they like, they will urge the teacher to repeat it in full, and they will not let him be interrupted.

"Can't you be patient! hush!" they will cry to the mischievous urchin.

It hurts them to have the character and artistic quality of the teacher's tale interrupted. During the last weeks it has been the story of the life of Christ. Each time they have insisted on hearing the whole of it. If any part were omitted, then they themselves added their favorite ending — the story of Peter's denial and the Saviour's sufferings.

It would seem as if there were no one alive in the room, not a motion — can it be that they are asleep?

If you should go round in the twilight and look into the face of any youngster whatever, you would find him sitting with his eyes fastened on his teacher's face, his brow drawn into a frown of attention, and ten times he will shake off his mate's hand thrown over his shoulder. If you should tickle him in the neck, he would not even smile, but would shake his head as if to drive away a fly, and again give all his attention to the mysterious and poetic tale, — how the veil of the temple was rent, and darkness covered the face of the earth, — and it seems to him both painful and delightful.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF THE HOUR

THE teacher brings his story to a close, and all arise from their places, and, gathering around the teacher, trying to outshout each other, they begin to tell all that they can remember.

The noise of their voices becomes terrible. The teacher does his best to bring them to quiet. Those who are forbidden to tell what they know so perfectly, are not to be restrained in that way; they hasten to another teacher, or if one is not present, to one of their mates, or to any stranger, even to the stove-tender; they go in twos and threes, rushing from one room to another, in search of some one to hear them. Sometimes one will tell it all by himself. Others form groups of various numbers, and rehearse it, prompting, making additions, and correcting one another.

"Now let me say it to you!" says one to another; but the one addressed knows that the other has not the ability, and sends him on to some one else. As soon as they have all said it, they gradually come to order; the candles are lighted, and by this time the boys have come into a different mood.

In the evening, as a general rule, and in the succeeding classes, there is less disturbance, less shouting, more amenity and obedience to the teacher.

There is noticeable a general distaste for mathematics and analysis, and a taste for singing and reading, and especially for stories. — "What is the good of mathematics and writing? tell us about geography, or even history, and we will listen!" they say.

By eight o'clock eyes begin to grow weary; yawns become frequent; the lights burn more dimly; they snuff the candles less frequently than before; the older scholars hold out, but the younger ones, leaning their elbows on the table, fall asleep lulled by the pleasant sound of the teacher's voice.

Sometimes, when the classes have been interesting, and there have been many of them, — for oftentimes the school lasts seven long hours, — and the children have become tired, or it is just before a holiday, when at home the oven has been heated for the bath, suddenly, without saying a word, two or three boys, during the second or third class after dinner, will come running into the room, and hastily remove their hats.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"But how about lessons? — there 's the singing."

"But the boys say it 's time to go home," says the lad, twisting his cap.

"But who says so?"

"The children have gone."

"How is that! how is that!" exclaims the teacher, dumfounded, for he is always ready for his other lessons. "Hold on!"

But into the room rushes another lad, with eager, important face.

"What are you waiting for?" he asks angrily of the one who has been detained, and is irresolutely picking the wool from his sheepskin cap. "The bo-oys have all started on! they are as far as the blacksmith's."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone!" and both start off on the run, shouting as they reach the door, "Good-by, Ivan Ivanovitch."

And who are those boys who have decided to go home as they have?

God only knows. You would never find out who advised the step. They held no consultation, made no harangue, but still these children decided to go home.

"The boys are going!" and they pound their heels on the steps; another leaps like a cat down the porch, and, sliding and tumbling through the snow, and chasing each other along the narrow path, the children run home with merry shouts. Such things happen once or twice a week.

This is mortifying and unpleasant for the teacher, who does not approve of this, but who also does not

take into consideration that in consequence of just this one incident how much greater significance attaches to the five, six, and even seven lessons a day, which are assigned to each class, and which the pupils freely and of their own accord attend.

Only by the repetition of such incidents can it be decided that the instruction, though it be insufficient and one-sided, is not absolutely bad and injurious. Suppose the question be thus propounded: Which is better, that in the course of a year there should be no such incident, or that these incidents should cover half of the lessons? We should choose the latter alternative.

I, at least, in the Y. P. school, have been delighted when these incidents have recurred several times a month. Notwithstanding the fact that the children were frequently assured that they might go wherever they pleased, the influence of the teacher is so powerful that I have feared, of late, lest the discipline of the classes, of the roster, and the marks might imperceptibly curb their freedom so that they would wholly subject themselves to the craftiness of our cunningly baited net of order, and thus lose the possibility of choice and protest.

If they continue to come willingly, in spite of the freedom allowed them, I should never think that this pointed to any peculiar qualities of the Y. P. school, for I think that the same results would be obtained in any school, and that the desire for learning is so strong in children generally, that in order to gratify this desire they will submit themselves to many trying conditions, and will pardon many faults.

The latitude granted them for such escapades is useful and indispensable as a means of assuring the teacher from very great and serious mistakes and abuses.

CHAPTER XII

THE EVENING SESSION

In the evening we have singing, graded reading, dialogues, physical experiments, and the writing of compositions. The most popular of these subjects are reading and the experiments.

During the reading the older ones collect in a star around the great center-table, with their heads together, their legs at every angle; one reads, and the others all repeat what has been read. The younger ones have a book for each two; and, if they understand it, they read it just as we grown people do; holding the book to the light, and supporting themselves on their elbows so as to make it easier, and evidently they take great comfort in it. Some try to enjoy two comforts at once, and stand by the heated stove warming themselves and reading at the same time.

Not all the scholars are allowed to see the experiments in physics, — only the oldest and best scholars, selected from the second class. This class, by the character which it has acquired among us, is in a disposition well suited for the evening, is very fanciful, and perfectly keyed up to the mood induced by the reading of tales.

Here all that has been said is transformed into reality; everything is personified for them: the juniper pith-balls, repelled by the sealing-wax, the varying magnetic needle, the iron filings which run about on a sheet of paper under which a magnet is moved, — all these things are to them alive. Even the most intellectual of the lads who understand the meaning of these phenomena are fascinated, and begin to exclaim at the needle, or the pith-ball, or the filings: —

"Just look! — where is it going? — Hold on! ukh! — go ahead!" and the like.

Generally the classes are over by eight or nine o'clock, — though often the carpenter's bench will detain

some of the older boys a little longer, — and the whole crowd, with a shout, rush together out-of-doors, and then divide into groups, crying to each other as their paths diverge toward different parts of the village. Sometimes they arrange to slide on big sleds, from the very door down into the valley where the village lies; they fasten up the thills, have some one in the middle to steer, and then, raising a snowy dust, they disappear from sight with a rush, leaving here and there black specks on the road where children have tumbled off.

Outside the institution, in spite of all its freedom in the open air, new relations are formed between the teachers and pupils, there is greater freedom, greater simplicity, and greater confidence — the very relations which present themselves to us as the ideal of what a school should strive to be!

CHAPTER XIII

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS

I

Not long ago the first class were reading Gogol's "Vii"; [1] the last scene had a powerful effect on them, and excited their imaginations; some of them acted the witch, and kept reminding one another of the last night.

Out-of-doors it was not cold; a moonless winter's night, with clouds floating across the sky. We stopped at the cross-roads; the older scholars, who had been with me three years, stood near me, begging me to accompany them a little farther; the younger ones cast sheep's-eyes at me, and then started down the hill.

The younger ones had begun their studies with a new teacher, and between me and them there was not as

[1] The fantastic story of a beautiful and wealthy maiden who is in reality a witch, and causes the destruction of the groom who falls in love with her.

yet that confidence which existed between the older ones and me.

"Well," said one of them, "then we will go into the *zakas*."

The *zakas*, or "prohibition," was a small grove about two hundred paces from the house.

More eager in his pleadings than all the rest was Fedka,[1] a lad of ten years old, an affectionate, impressible, poetic, and spirited nature. Danger constituted for him apparently the chief condition of pleasure. In summer it was always terrible to see how he and two other boys would swim out into the very middle of the pond, which was three hundred and fifty feet[2] wide, and occasionally disappear in the hot reflection of the summer sun, and then dive into the depths, and float on their backs, and squirt up streams of water, and shout in clear, shrill voices to their comrades on the shore to see how courageous they were.

Now he knew that there were wolves in the forest, and so he wanted to go into the zakas. All took up with the idea, and we went, four of us, into the woods.

Another lad, — I will call him Semka, — healthy both in body and soul, and another small lad of twelve, named Vavilo, went on ahead, and kept shouting and howling in their abundant voices.

Pronka, a sickly, sweet-tempered, and very gifted lad, the son of a poor family, — sickly he was apparently more for want of food than any other cause, — walked by my side. Fedka was between me and Semka, and kept talking all the time in his peculiarly soft voice, now telling how when summer came he should bring the horses here to watch them, then declaring that he was not afraid of anything, then asking, "Suppose some one should spring out at us," and all the time urging me to tell them some story.

We did not go quite to the middle of the forest, for that would have been too terrifying, but even at the edge of the woods it kept growing darker and darker;

[1] Diminutive of Feodor, Theodore; as Semka is of Semyon.
[2] Fifty sazhen.

the path was scarcely visible; the lights in the village were hidden from view.

Semka stopped, and began to listen.

"Hold on, boys! what is that?" he cried suddenly.

We held our breath, but there was nothing to be heard; nevertheless a sort of terror seized us.

"Now what shall we do," asked Fedka, "supposing he leaps out at us?"

We had been talking about brigands in the Caucasus. They remembered a story of the Caucasus which I had told them some time before, and I began to relate again about the Abreks, about the Cossacks, about the Hadji-Murat.

Semka still went in advance of us, taking long strides in his big boots, and rhythmically swinging his strong back. Pronka was trying to keep up with me, but Fedka pushed him from the path, and Pronka, who, probably owing to his weakness, was always giving in to every one else, managed only in the most interesting places to keep alongside of us, although he was wading through snow which reached to his knees.

2

Every one who knows peasant children at all must have observed that they are not accustomed to any sort of caresses, and cannot endure them — affectionate words, kisses, touching of hands, and other such things. I happened once to see how a lady in a peasant school wanted to caress a lad, and saying, "Now I am going to kiss you, darling,"[1] kissed him; and how the lad who received the kiss was covered with shame, felt insulted, and was perfectly at a loss to know why he was so treated. A lad of five years feels himself above such things as caresses; he is already grown up!

Therefore I was astonished beyond measure when Fedka, who was walking at my side, suddenly, in the most moving part of my story, touched me gently by the sleeve, and then grasped with his whole hand two of my fingers, and did not let go of them.

[1] *Milashka.*

As soon as I stopped talking, Fedka began to urge me to tell some more, and in such a beseeching and excited voice that it was impossible not to yield to his request.

"Now keep out from under my feet, you," said he, sternly, to Pronka, who was trying to run ahead. He was carried even to cruelty — it was so unusual and so pleasant to hold my finger, and no one should presume to dare to disturb his content!

"Now, more, more!" he said; "here is a good place!"

We had passed through the woods, and had entered the village at the other end.

"Let us go back," said they all as soon as the lights began to appear. "Let us go back once more!"

We walked without speaking, occasionally slumping through the soft, ill-trodden path; the white darkness was so dense as to seem to shake before the eyes; the clouds hung low as if something dragged them down upon us; there was no end to that peculiar *whiteness* in which we alone crunched over the snow; the wind soughed in the bare tops of the poplars, and silence reigned in the woods. I finished telling how the Abrek, when he had been surrounded, sang his songs, and then threw himself on his dagger.

All were silent.

"Why did he sing his song when he was surrounded?" asked Semka.

"Have n't you just been told?" exclaimed Fedka, scornfully. "So as to get courage to die!"

"I should think that he would sing a prayer, then," added Pronka.

The rest agreed with him.

Fedka suddenly stopped.

"But how did you say that your aunt was killed?" he asked, — he still felt a little afraid. "Tell us! tell us!"

And I told them again that terrible story of the murder of the Countess Tolstoï; and they silently stood around me looking into my face.

"And so the galliard was captured," exclaimed Fedka.

"It must have been terrible to go by night when she lay there murdered! I should have run away!"

And he took a firmer grip of my two fingers. We had halted in the thicket, back of the threshing-floors, at the very end of the village. Semka picked up a dry branch from out of the snow, and began to strike the frost-covered bole of a linden. The hoar-frost fell from the branches, on his cap, and the echo rang through the forest.

"Lyof Nikolayevitch," said Fedka (I supposed that he was going to speak of the countess again), "what is the good of learning to sing? I often wonder, I really do, why we sing."

CHAPTER XIV

UTILITY AND BEAUTY

Why he leaped from the terrible murder of the countess to that question, God only knows; but everything — the sound of his voice, the seriousness with which he asked the question, the silent interest of the other two — made it evident that there was a legitimate and vital connection between this question and the conversation that had preceded. Whether this connection lay in the fact that he responded to my explanation that the crime was rendered possible by lack of education, — I had spoken to them of that, — or because he verified it in himself, as he transported himself into the mind of the murderer, and remembered his favorite occupation (he had a wonderful voice, and a great talent for music), or whether the connection consisted in the fact that he felt that now was the time for perfect honesty of expression, and all the questions that demanded elucidation arose in his mind; at all events, his question did not surprise any of us.

"But why have drawing? why learn to write well?" I asked, for I really did not know how to explain to him the advantage of art.

"Yes, why have drawing?" he repeated thoughtfully.

He had actually brought up the question, "What is the good of art?"

I dared not, I could not answer.

"What is the good of drawing?" exclaimed Semka. "You learn to make sketches, you can do anything with it!"

"No, that is sketching; but why draw figures?"

Semka's healthy nature had no difficulty in replying.

"Why this stick? Why a linden?" he asked, still thrusting at the linden.

"Well, then, why the linden?" I asked.

"To make rafters of!" exclaimed Semka.

"Well, then, why don't we have it cut down next summer?"

"Yes; why not?"

"No: but in reality," continued Fedka, obstinately, "why do we let the linden grow?"

And we proceeded to talk about the fact that not everything is for use, but that there is such a thing as beauty, and that art is beauty, and we understood each other; and Fedka understood perfectly why the linden is allowed to grow, and why we sing.

Pronka agreed with us, but he understood better what moral beauty was, — goodness, in other words. Semka understood by means of his quick intellect, but he could not see how there could be beauty without use; he doubted, as often is the case with people of large intellect, who feel that beauty is strength, but who do not feel in their soul the need of this strength; like them, he wanted to get at art by means of the intellect, and he was striving to kindle in himself this fire.

"To-morrow we shall sing the Cherubim Song," said he; "I remember my part."

He has the correct ear, but no taste, no feeling for music.

Fedka, however, perfectly understood that the linden was beautiful for its foliage in summer, and good to look at, and that was all that was needed.

Pronka understood that it was a shame to cut it down, because it was also a live thing: "You see it is just the same as blood when we drink the sap from a birch!"

Semka, though he did not say anything, was apparently thinking that there was not much use in it when it was rotten. It seems strange to me to be repeating what we said then, but I remember that we talked over everything, as it seems to me, that could be said about use and about beauty, both plastic and moral.

CHAPTER XV

PROSHCHAÏ AND PROSCHAÏTE

We returned to the village. Fedka had not once let go of my hand. It seemed to me that he held it now out of gratefulness. We were all brought so close together that night! — as we had not been for a long time. Pronka walked abreast with us, along the wide village street.

"See, there's a light at the Mazanofs' yet!" said he. "As I was going to school to-day, Gavriukha[1] was coming out of the tavern — dr-u-u-unk!" he added, — "blind drunk; his horse was all of a lather, and he was beating her like everything. I feel sorry even now! Indeed, I do! Why should he beat her? And lately, father,"[2] said Semka, "he drove his horse from Tula, and she ran him into a snowdrift, but he was asleep, he was so drunk!"

"But Gavriukha was beating his horse right across the eyes, and I was so sorry to see him," said Pronka, for the second time. "Why did he beat her? and even when he got down he beat her!"

Semka suddenly stopped.

"Our folks are all asleep," said he, looking at the windows of his crooked black cottage. "Won't you come in?"

[1] Contemptuous diminutive of Gavriil, Gabriel.
[2] *Batya*, shortened form of *batenka*, little father.

"No."

"Goo-oo-d-by,[1] Lyof Nikolayevitch," he cried suddenly; and, as if using all the force of his will, he tore himself away from us, and trotted off to the house, lifted the latch, and disappeared.

"Will you take us all home this way; first one, and then the other?" suggested Fedka.

We went farther.

At Pronka's there was a light; we peered through the window; his mother, a tall, handsome, but careworn woman, with black brows and eyes, was sitting at the table peeling potatoes; in the middle a cradle was hung; the mathematician of the second class, Pronka's other brother, was standing by the table, eating potato and salt. The cottage was black, narrow, and dirty.

"There is n't much for you!" cried Pronka's mother. "Where have you been?"

Pronka smiled a sweet and sickly smile, as he glanced at the window. His mother discovered that he was not alone, and immediately her expression changed and became unbeautiful and hypocritical.

Fedka was now the only one left.

"The tailors are at our house, so we have a light," said he, in his gentle voice of the evening. "Good-by,[2] Lyof Nikolayevitch," he added gently and affectionately, as he began to rap with the knocker on the closed door. "Let me in!" rang his clear voice through the wintry quiet of the village street. It was long before there was any answer.

I looked through the window; the cottage was large; legs were seen hanging down from the oven and benches; the father was playing cards with the tailors; a few copper coins were lying on the table. A peasant woman, Fedka's stepmother, was sitting by the cresset and looking eagerly at the money. One tailor, a dissipated-looking young peasant,[3] was holding the cards on the table, and was looking triumphantly at his

[1] *Pra-a-a-shchaïte.*

[2] *Proshchaï*, a more familiar form than *proshchaïte.*

[3] *Prozhzhonnui yeruiga*, a "burnt-out debauchee."

partner. Fedka's father, with his collar thrown open, his face screwed into a scowl of mental excitement and vexation, was shuffling his cards, and irresolutely waving his toil-hardened hand above them.

"Let me in!"

The woman got up and opened the door.

"Good-by!" said Fedka, once more; "let us always walk that way!"

CHAPTER XVI

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED

I see honorable, worthy, liberal men, members of charitable societies, who are ready to give and do give a part of their substance to the poor, who have founded and are founding schools, and who on reading this will shake their heads and say:—

"It is not good! Why spend so much energy in developing them? Why cultivate in them sensibilities and capacities which will place them in a false and dangerous position toward their own class? Why educate them out of their sphere?"

I am not speaking now of those who betray themselves by saying:—

"It will be a fine state of affairs when all want to be thinkers and artists, and no one will be willing to labor."

These men say up and down that they don't like to work, and therefore it is necessary that there be people unfitted for any form of employment, and that they work like slaves for others. Who knows whether it is good or bad or necessary to educate them out of their sphere? And who can take them out of their sphere? That is precisely like a mechanical action. Is it good or is it bad to add sugar to flour, or put pepper into beer?

Fedka is not constrained by his torn kaftan, but he is tormented by moral questions and doubts, and you want to give him three rubles, the catechism, and a little story of how labor and humility, which you yourself can

not endure, are useful for a man. He does not need the three rubles, he will get them and have them as soon as he does need them, and he will learn to work without you just as he learned to breathe. He needs what you have been brought to by your life and that of ten generations of your ancestors, uncrushed by work. You have leisure to investigate, to think, to suffer — give to him the results of your sufferings — that is the only thing he needs.

And you, like the Egyptian priest, hide from him under a mantle of mystery, you bury in the earth, the talent given you by history. Do not be afraid! nothing human is injurious to man. Do you doubt it? Give way to your feeling, and it will not disappoint you. Trust your lad to nature, and you may be sure that he will take only what history commanded you to give him, what has grown in you through sufferings.

CHAPTER XVII

THE QUALITY OF THE SCHOLARS

The school is free, and at first the pupils came only from the village of Yasnaya Polyana. Many of these scholars left school because their parents did not consider the teaching good; many after they had learned to read and write ceased coming, and took service at the post-station, for that was the chief industry of our village.

Some came at first from the poor villages of the neighborhood, but on account of the inconvenience of getting back and forth, or the expense of meals which cost at the very least not less than two silver rubles a month, they were soon withdrawn.

Well-to-do muzhiks from more distant villages were attracted by the gratuitous instruction afforded, and by the report spread abroad among the people that there was good teaching at the Y. P. school, and sent us their children; but this winter with the opening of the village

schools they withdrew them again and placed them in the village schools, where a price was charged.

There remained in the Y. P. school the children of the Yasnopolyansky peasants, who go in the winter time, and in summer from April to the middle of October work in the fields, and the children of peasant farmers, overseers, soldiers, domestic servants, tavern-keepers, sacristans, and rich muzhiks, who come from a radius of thirty or fifty versts around.

The total number of pupils reaches forty, but rarely more than thirty are present together. Of girls there are three or five — from six to ten per cent. The ages of the boys are generally between seven and thirteen when the school is of normal size.

Moreover, every year there are three or four adults who come for a month or even for all winter, and then leave entirely. For these adults who come to school individually the school method is very trying, for by reason of their age and their sense of dignity they are prevented from taking part in the life of the school, and they cannot help feeling scorn for the children, and so they remain perfectly isolated. The animation of the school only confuses them. They come for the most to finish their studies, having already had some little instruction, and persuaded in their own minds that study is merely the perusal of some book about which they have heard, or which they have in times past had some little experience of.

In order to come to school the adult must surmount his timidity and shyness, and endure the family storm and the ridicule of his comrades: —

"Oh, would you see, the old nag has come to school!"

And then, besides, he has the constant feeling that every day wasted in school is a day lost for his work, which constitutes his only capital, and therefore all the time he is in school he finds himself in a state of nervous excitement and haste which is most injurious for his studies.

At the time which I am writing about there were

three such adults in the school, and one of them still continues to come.

The adults act in school just as if they were at a fire; the instant one has finished writing he instantly lays the pen down, and while he is doing so, he grasps a book with his other hand, and begins to read standing; as soon as you take a book from him he grabs his slate; and when you take that from him he is entirely lost.

We had this autumn a laboring man who took care of the stoves and studied at the same time. In two weeks he learned to read and write, but this was not study: it was an illness, a fit of intoxication! As he would go carrying a load of wood through the class-room, he would stop, and with the wood in his arms would bend down over a lad's head, and, spelling *s-k-a*, *ska*, would go to his place.

When he failed to do that, then he would look at the children with envy, almost with anger. When he was at liberty, then there was no restraining him; he would devour his book, repeating *b-a*, *ba*, *r-i*, *ri*, and so on, and when he was in this condition he was deprived of all power of comprehending anything else.

When the adults had to sing or draw or hear a story from history or watch experiments, then it was evident that they yielded to a cruel necessity, and, like the famished when torn from their food, they only waited eagerly the moment when they could betake themselves to their a b c book. Remaining faithful to my principle, I never compelled the boy to learn the alphabet when he did not want to, or the adult to learn physics or drawing when he preferred the alphabet. Each selected what he wanted.

As a rule such adults as had studied before have not as yet found their place in the Y. P. school, and their learning goes hard; there is something unnatural and painful in their relations to the school. The Sunday-schools which I have seen present the same phenomena as regards adults, and therefore all data about the successful voluntary instruction of adults would be for us most useful and valuable.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW PARENTS REGARD THE SCHOOL

THE views of the people have changed since the first in regard to the school. Of their former ideas of it we shall have occasion to speak in the history of the Y. P. school; even now it is said among the people "that everything — all the sciences — are taught there, and the teachers are so extraordinary there — why! they even make thunder and lightning! In other respects the boys learn well, and know how to read and write!" Some rich householders[1] send their children, out of vanity, to go through the whole course, so that they may learn "division" — division being for them the highest concept of scholastic wisdom. Other fathers consider that learning is very advantageous; but the majority send their children without reasoning about it, yielding merely to the spirit of the times. Of these children, who form the larger number, the most gratifying result to us is shown in the fact that these thus sent have come to be so fond of study that their fathers yield to their children's desires, and begin themselves unconsciously to feel that something good is doing for their children, and so cannot make up their minds to take them away.

One father was telling me how he once burned out a whole candle, holding it above his son's book, and he was loud in his praises both of his son and of the book. It was the Testament.

"My pa,[2] also," said one of the boys to me, "the other day listened as I was reading one of my stories; he laughed at first, but when he found that it was religious, he sat up till midnight to listen, and he himself held the light!"

I went with one of the new teachers to a pupil's house, and in order to have the boy make a good showing

[1] *Dvorniki.*
[2] *Batya*, familiar for *batenka*, diminutive of *atyets*, father.

before the teacher, I made him do an algebra example. The mother climbed up on the oven, and we forgot all about her as her son carefully and boldly formed his equation, and said: —

"2 *ab* minus *c*, equals *d* divided by three."

She all the time was covering her mouth with her hand, and trying to restrain herself, but at last she burst out laughing, and could not explain to us what she was laughing at.

Another father, a soldier, who came to fetch his son, found him in the drawing class; and when he saw his son's skill, he began to address him with the respectful *you* instead of *thou*, and could not make up his mind during the class to give him the present which he had brought him.

The general impression, it seems to me, is this: "It is superfluous and idle to teach everything, as in the case of the children of the nobility, but here reading and writing are taught with despatch — therefore we can send our children."

Injurious rumors about us circulate, but they are beginning to find less credence. Two fine boys lately left school on the ground that writing was not properly taught.

Another soldier was on the point of sending his son, but, after questioning the best of our boys, and finding that he stumbled in reading the Psalter, he made up his mind that learning was poor business, and only glory was good.

Some of the Yasnopolyansky peasants still have some apprehension lest the rumors that were once in circulation may have some foundation; they imagine we are teaching for some ulterior end, and that before they know it they will be bundled into carts and carried off to Moscow.

There is now scarcely any dissatisfaction because we do not punish by whipping, and because we have no rank-list; and I have often had occasion to notice the perplexity of some parent who came to school after his son, and found the running, confusion, and scuffling going

on before his very eyes. He is persuaded that such indulgence is harmful, and he believes that education is a good thing, but how the two are united he cannot comprehend.

Gymnastic exercises even now occasionally give rise to comment, and the conviction that they tear the viscera is not to be overcome. At the end of their fasting, or in the autumn when vegetables are ripe, gymnastic exercises seem to do most harm; and old grandmothers,[1] as they put on the pots, will explain that over-indulgence and breaking is the cause of all the trouble.

For some of the parents, though the number is small, the spirit of equality that obtains serves as a cause for dissatisfaction. In November there were two girls, daughters of a rich householder, who came in cloaks and caps, who at first held themselves quite aloof from the others; but afterward, becoming accustomed to things, began to study excellently, and did not mind the tea and the cleaning of their teeth with tobacco. Their father, who drove up in his Crimean tulup tightly buttoned, came into school, and surprised them in the midst of a throng of dirty, clog-wearing children, who, leaning their elbows on the girls' caps, were listening to the teacher. The father was affronted, and took his girls from school, though he did not confess the cause of his grievance.

Finally, there are pupils who have left the school because their parents, who have entered them there in order to please some one, have withdrawn them when this sense of obligation was past.

Thus we have twelve subjects, three classes, forty pupils all told, four teachers, and from five to seven recitations in the course of the day. The teachers keep a diary of their occupations, which they communicate to one another on Sundays, and in accordance with this they make their plans for the teaching during the next week. These plans are not always carried out, but are often modified in accordance with the demands of the pupils.

[1] *Babushki.*

CHAPTER XIX

MECHANICAL READING

Reading constitutes a part of the instruction in language.

The problem of instruction in language consists, in our opinion, in directing the pupils in the comprehension of the contents of books written in the literary language. The knowledge of the literary language is indispensable because all good books are written in it.

Formerly, from the very foundation of the school, there was no division between mechanical and graded reading; the pupils read only what they could comprehend — special works, words and phrases, written in chalk on the walls, then the tales of Khudyakof and Afanasief.

I supposed that for children to learn to read they had to have a love for reading, but that to acquire a love for reading it was necessary that what they read should be comprehensible and interesting. This seemed so rational and clear, but this notion is fallacious.

In the first place, in order to pass from the reading on the walls to the reading in books, each pupil had to have a special training in mechanical reading for every book. As the number of pupils happened to be small, and there was no classification of topics, this was possible, and I succeeded without great difficulty in getting the first pupils from reading on the walls, to reading in books; but when new pupils appeared this became impossible. The younger ones had not the ability to read and comprehend stories; the labor of spelling out words and gathering the meaning, taken together, was too great for them.

Another obstacle consisted in the fact that graded reading was interrupted by these stories, and whatever book we chose, — popular, military, Pushkin, Gogol, Karamzin, — it proved that the older scholars in reading Pushkin, just as the younger ones in the reading of

stories, could not coördinate the labor of reading and that of comprehending what they read, though they understood perfectly well when we read it to them.

We thought at first that the difficulty consisted only in the faulty mechanism of the pupils' reading, and we invented mechanical reading — reading for the process of reading — where the teacher read in alternation with the pupils — but this did not help matters; even in the reading of "Robinson" the same unreadiness manifested itself.

In summer, when the school is in a state of transition, we thought we had overcome this difficulty by the simplest and most practical method. Why not confess it, we submitted to the false shame of having visitors observe us. Our pupils read much worse than the pupils that had been taught the same length of time by the sacristan! A new teacher proposed to introduce reading aloud from the same books, and we consented. Having once adopted the false notion that pupils ought to learn to read fluently in the course of a year, we added mechanical and graded reading to the curriculum, and obliged them to read two hours a day, all using the same books, and this proved very convenient to us.

But one infraction of the law of freedom for the students brought falsehood, and a whole series of mistakes in its train.

The books were purchased — the short stories of Pushkin and Yershof; the children were seated on benches, and one was called on to read aloud while the others followed his reading; in order to be sure that all were paying attention, the teacher would call on first one, then another.

At first this seemed to us a very good plan. Any one visiting the school would find the scholars sitting in good order on their benches; one would be reading, the rest following.

The reader would pronounce, "*Smilúïsa, Gosudáruinya Ruibka*, Have pity, Mistress Fish;" the others or the teacher would correct the accent, *smíluïsa*, and all would follow suit.

"Ivanof read!"

Ivanof will hunt around for the place and begin to read. All are attention; watchful of the teacher, every word is accurately pronounced, and the reading goes with considerable smoothness. It seems admirable, but probe it a little; the one who is reading is reading the same thing for the thirtieth or the fortieth time.

A printed leaf suffices for at least a week, for to purchase new books every time would be terribly expensive, and books comprehensible to the children of peasants are not more than two: the tales of Khudyakof and Afanasief. Moreover, the books used once by one class become so familiar that some know them by heart, and all get tired of them, and they are a bore even to the families of the scholars.

The one that reads is bashful, hearing his own voice ringing through the silence of the room; all his energies are concentrated on the observation of signs and accents; and he contracts the habit of reading without trying to make out the sense, for he is burdened with other distractions. Those who listen do the same, and in their efforts to keep the place when they may be called on, they run their fingers regularly along the lines, and this bores them, and they are easily distracted by outside incidents. The sense of what is read, being an extraneous affair, sometimes against their will sticks in their minds, sometimes does not.

The chief harm lies in that eternal conflict of sharpness and trickery between teacher and pupils which always develops in such an order of things, and which we had hitherto escaped in our school; while the sole advantage of this method of reading — namely, the correct pronunciation of words — had no influence on our pupils.

Our pupils began to read phrases put on the walls, and pronounced by themselves; and all were aware that the word *kogo* — whose — is pronounced as if it were *kavó*. I opine that it is useless to teach them to keep their voices up, or to change their voices in accordance with arbitrary marks, since every five-year-old child

correctly employs, in speaking, the punctuation marks when he understands what he says. Therefore it is easier to teach him to comprehend what he reads from a book — for sooner or later he must attain this — than it is to teach him by punctuation marks to sing as if by notes. But it seems so comfortable for the teacher!

The teacher is always involuntarily impelled to select for himself the most convenient method of teaching.

The more convenient this method is for the teacher, the more unsuitable it is for the scholar.

That method is the only good one which renders the pupils contented.

These three laws of instruction are reflected in the most palpable way in the Y. P. school in the mechanical reading.

CHAPTER XX

EXPERIMENTS

Thanks to the vitality in the spirit of the school, especially when its older pupils returned from their village occupations, this method of reading failed of itself, they began to grow listless, to play pranks, they cut the lessons. The main point, — the reading of stories, — which would go to prove the success of this mechanical method, showed that there was no success at all, that during five weeks not a step of progress had been made, many had fallen behind. The best mathematician of the first class, R——, who could perform examples in square root in his head, got during this time so out of the practice of reading that he even had to spell out words.

We dropped reading in books and racked our brains in trying to invent a method of mechanical reading. The simple notion that the time had not yet come for good mechanical reading, and that there was no necessity for it as yet, that the pupils themselves would find the best method, did not occur to us for some time.

During these experiments the following scheme

worked itself out: While the reading classes were in progress as yet only nominally divided into graded and mechanical, the poorest readers would each two have a book between them, sometimes tales, sometimes the Gospels, sometimes a collection of songs, or a journal of popular reading, and they would read this in duet merely for practice; but when this book is a story within their comprehension they read it understandingly, and insist on the teacher hearing them, even though the class is nominally one in mechanical reading.

Occasionally the students — for the most part those that are dull — take the same book several times, open it at the same page, read the same story, and remember it by heart, not only without, but even against, the teacher's recommendation; sometimes these dull ones come to the teacher or to the elder pupils and ask permission to read with them.

Those that had read best in the second class do not like so well to read before company, more rarely read for mere practice; and, if they learn anything by heart, it is poetry, and not prose tales.

The same phenomenon took place among the older ones with a particularity which especially surprised me last month. In their class in graded reading some book was given them, and they took turns in reading it, and then all of them in concert repeated its contents. This autumn they were joined by a pupil named Ch——, of remarkably gifted nature, who had been to school two years to the sacristan, and was therefore ahead of them all in reading. He reads as well as we do, and consequently in the class in graded reading the pupils understand what little they understand only when Ch—— is reading, and nevertheless each of them is stirred with desire to read.

But as soon as a poor reader begins, all express their dissatisfaction, especially when the story is interesting; they turn it into ridicule, they grow angry, the poor reader becomes abashed, and endless disorder ensues.

Last month one of them declared that, at any cost, he would succeed in a week's time in reading as well as Ch—— did; others also made the same vow, and sud-

denly mechanical reading became a favorite occupation.

For an hour, or an hour and a half, they would sit still, clinging to the book which they could not understand, they would take it home with them, and actually in three weeks they made most unexpected progress.

With them precisely the opposite happened to what generally happens with those who know how to read.

It generally happens that a man learns how to read, but without understanding; in this case it resulted that the scholars became convinced that there was something to read and to understand, and that to attain this skill was required, and so they began to acquire fluency in reading.

Now we have entirely abandoned mechanical reading, but the matter is left as described above: each pupil is given the chance to employ all the methods he pleases, and it is noticeable that each employs all the methods known to me.

I. Reading with a teacher.

II. Reading for practice.

III. Reading and learning by heart.

IV. Reading together.

V. Reading with a comprehension of what is read.

The first method, which is employed by mothers all over the world, is, as a rule, not a scholastic but a family method; according to this the pupil comes and asks some one to read with him; the teacher reads, showing the pronunciation of each syllable and word. This is the first and most rational expedient — no other can take its place; and the pupil himself demands it before all others, and the teacher instinctively falls back upon it.

Notwithstanding all the means calculated to improve the education and to facilitate the teacher's work with the majority of students, this remains the best, and indeed the only, method of teaching children to read, and to read fluently.

The second method of instruction in reading is likewise very popular, and every one who learns to read fluently makes use of it. In this case, the pupil is given

a book and is left wholly to himself to make out and comprehend what he pleases. The pupil who has gained sufficient prowess not to feel the need of asking some one[1] to read with him, but trusts to himself, always acquires that passion for process reading which is too severely satirized in Gogol's "Petrushka," and in consequence of this passion makes great progress. God knows how such kind of reading gets into his head, but in some way he becomes accustomed to the shape of the letters, to the formation of syllables, to the pronunciation of words, and even to their meaning; and I have more than once by experiment satisfied myself how we have been put back by our strenuous insistence on the pupil understanding absolutely what he reads.

Many self-taught persons have learned to read well in this way, although its faults must be manifest to every one.

The third method of teaching reading consists in the learning by heart prayers, verses, or any printed page, and in pronouncing what has been learned, following it from the book.

The fourth method — that which was found so injurious in the Y. P. school — is reading from a single book. It corrected itself in our school. At first we had not books enough to go around, and so each two pupils had one book put before them; then this began to amuse them, and when the announcement was made, — "Class in Reading," — the students of equal strength would pair off and sit down — sometimes three with one book — and one would read and the rest would follow and make corrections.

You would make a muddle of the whole thing if you tried to seat them yourselves; they know who are their mates, and Taraska will infallibly select Dunka.

"Now, come here and read, and *you* go to your place!"

Some do not like at all such reading in common, because it is not necessary.

The advantage of reading together in this way con-

[1] *Dyadenka,* little uncle.

sists in the greater clearness of pronunciation, in the greater chance for the one who does not read, but follows, to understand; but all the advantage produced by this method is rendered injurious as soon as this method or any other is applied to the whole school.

Finally, the fifth method, which is still in favor with us, is a graded reading — that is, the reading of books with interest and comprehension growing ever more and more complicated.

All of these methods, as has been said above, have been employed experimentally in the school, and the advancement made in one month has been considerable.

The teacher's business is merely to propose a choice of all known and unknown methods of possibly helping the pupil in the business of learning. To be sure, in a certain way, that of reading by single book, instruction is made easy and convenient for the teacher, it has an appearance of regularity and progressiveness; but in our system it not only proves to be difficult, but to some it seems impossible.

People will ask: "How can one foretell what is necessary to every pupil, and decide whether the demand of each one is legitimate or not?" People will ask: "How can you help getting confused in this varied throng, if it is not subjected to some general principle?"

To these questions I will reply: The difficulty presents itself merely because we cannot divest ourselves of the ancient view of a school as of a disciplined corps of soldiers which one lieutenant commands one day, another the next. For the teacher accustomed to the freedom of the school, every pupil represents an individuality with his own needs, to satisfy which freedom of choice is the only possible condition.

Had it not been for this freedom and external disorder which to some people seems so strange and impossible, we should not only never have hit upon these five methods of learning to read, but moreover we should never have dared to employ and proportion them to the demands of the pupils, and consequently we should never have attained those brilliant results

which we attained in reading during the last part of the time.

How many times has it happened to us to witness the perplexity of visitors to our school, who wished in the course of two hours to learn our method of instruction — when we had none at all! and, moreover, in the course of those two hours insisted on telling us their method! How many times have we not heard these visitors advising us to introduce the very method which, unknown to them, was employed under their very eyes in the school, but only not in the form of a despotic law imposed on all!

CHAPTER XXI

GRADED READING

Although, as we have said, mechanical reading and graded reading in reality blend in one, for us these two methods are always distinguishable by their purposes: it seems to us that the purpose of the former is the art of fluently forming words out of certain signs; the object of the latter is the knowledge of the literary language. A method of learning the literary language naturally presented itself to us, seemingly very simple, but in reality most difficult. It seemed to us that after the reading of phrases written on their slates by the scholars themselves, it was the proper thing to give them the stories of Khudyakof and Afanasief, then something more difficult and in a more complicated style, then something still more difficult, and so on till they should reach Karamzin, Pushkin, and the Code. But this, like the most of our suppositions and like suppositions in general, was not realized.

From the language written by the scholars themselves on their slates or blackboards, I succeeded in bringing them to the language of tales; but to bring them from the language of tales to a higher standard, the "something" that should be the intermediate step was lacking

in our literature. We tried "Robinson," but it did not work: some of the pupils wept with vexation, because they could not comprehend and relate the story; I tried to tell it to them in my own way and they began to believe in the possibility of comprehending the wisdom of it; they succeeded in getting at its meaning and in a month they were reading "Robinson," but it bored them and finally almost disgusted them. This labor was too great for them. They trusted more to their memories, and in repeating the story immediately after what had been read during a whole evening they retained snatches of it, but no one took it in as a whole. They remembered unfortunately certain words incomprehensible to them, and they began to use these words askew and amiss, as half-educated people are wont to do.

I saw that this was not good, but I did not know how to remedy the evil. To convince myself and clear my conscience, I began to give them to read various popular sophistications like "Dyadi Naumui" and "Tetushki Natali," though I knew in advance that they would not satisfy them; and my prognostication was verified. These books were more of a bore to the pupils than anything else, if they were required to recapitulate them.

After "Robinson" I tried Pushkin, notably his story "The Undertaker"; but unless they were helped they were even less able to tell about it afterward than they had been in the case of "Robinson," and "The Undertaker" seemed to them still more of a bore. The addresses to the reader, the un-serious relation of the author to his personages, the humorous characterization, his conciseness, — all this was so incompatible with what they wanted that I definitely abandoned Pushkin, whose stories had hitherto seemed to me by hypothesis most regularly constructed, simple, and therefore comprehensible to the people. Then I made the experiment with Gogol's "Night before Christmas."

As I read it to them, it pleased them at first very much, especially the older ones; but as soon as they were left to read it themselves, they could not under-

stand it, and it bored them. Even when I read it, they did not ask me to go on. The richness of the coloring, the fancifulness, and the capricious method of construction were opposed to their habit of thought.

Then I tried them with a Russian translation[1] of the "Iliad," and the reading of this caused a curious perplexity among them; they supposed that the original was written in French, and they could not at all understand even after I had told them its subject-matter in my own words; even then the fable of the poem did not make itself intelligible to their minds.

The skeptic Semka, a healthy, logical nature, was struck by the picture of Phœbus with the arrows rattling on his back, as he flew down from Olympus; but evidently he was at a loss what to make of this picture.

"How did he fly down from the mountain, and not dash himself to pieces?" he kept asking me.

"Why, you see, they supposed he was a god," I replied.

"How a god?"

"They had many of them."

"Then he must have been a false god, or else he flew down lightly from that mountain; otherwise he would have been dashed in pieces," he exclaimed, spreading his hands.

I tried George Sand's "Gribouille," some popular and military reading, and all in vain. We try everything we can find, and everything that is sent us, but we have very little hope in our experiments.

You sit down in school and open a so-called popular book just brought from the mail.

"Little uncle, let me read it, me! me!" cry various voices, and hands are eagerly thrust out. "Let us have it, we can understand it better!" You open the book, and read: —

"The life of the great Saint Alexis presents us with a model of ardent faith, piety, indefatigable zeal, and fiery love to his native land, to which this holy man performed important services."

[1] Gneditch's.

Or, "Long ago men noted the frequent apparition in Russia of self-taught men of talents, but the phenomenon is not explained by all in the same way."

Or, "Three hundred years have passed since the land of the Czechs became a dependency of the German Empire."

Or, "The village of Karacharevo, scattered along the mountain flank, is situated in one of the most fertile grain-producing governments of Russia."

Or, "The road wandered wide and lost itself;" or it is a popular exposition of something in natural science on a single printed sheet, filled half full of flatteries addressed by the author to the muzhik.

If you give such a book to any one of the children, his eyes begin to grow dull, he begins to yawn.

"No, it is too deep for us, Lyof Nikolayevitch," he will say, and he will give you back the book. For whom and by whom such "popular books" are written remains a mystery to us. Of all the volumes of this kind read by us not one was retained except the "Dyedushki" of the old story-teller Zolotof, which had a great success in school and at home. Some are simply wretched writings, composed in a miserable literary style, and as they find no readers in the ordinary public, are therefore consecrated to the common people. Others are still more wretched — written in a style which is not Russian, a style lately invented, pretending to be "popular," like that of Kruilof's "Fables." Still others are sophistications of foreign books designed for the people but lacking the elements of popularity.

The only books comprehensible for the people and adapted to the taste of the people are those not written for the people, but proceeding from the people — folk-tales, proverbs, collections of songs, legends, poems, enigmas, like the recent collection of Vodovozof's.

Without having had experience of it, one cannot believe how much fresh zeal they put into the constant reading of all books of this kind, even the narratives of the Russian people, the heroic legends[1] and poems, the

[1] *Builinas.*

proverbs of Snegiref, the old chronicles, and all the memorials of our ancient literature without exception.

I have observed that children have a greater passion than their elders for reading books of this sort. They read them over and over, learn them by heart, carry them home with delight, and in their games and talk give one another nicknames taken from the old legends and songs.

Adults, either because they are not so natural, or because they have already acquired a taste for the elegance of the book-language, or because they unconsciously feel the need of acquiring a knowledge of literary style, are less attracted by books of this kind, and prefer those in which half of the words, figures, and ideas are incomprehensible to them.

But as books of this kind are not liked by the pupils, the object which we perhaps erroneously set before ourselves is not attained by them; between these books and the literary language the same gulf exists.

So far we see no means of escape from this vicious circle, though we have made, and are all the time making, experiments and new hypotheses, — we strive to detect our mistakes and beg all those who feel interested in this matter to communicate to us their notions, experiments, and successes in resolving the problem.

The question so insoluble for us consists in this: —

For the education of the people it is essential that they should have and like to read the best books; but the best books are written in a style which the people do not understand. In order to learn to read understandingly, they must read much; in order to like to read, they must understand.

In what lies the error and how escape from this situation? Maybe there is a transition literature which we do not know about, simply through lack of knowledge; maybe the study of the books which circulate among the people, and the opinion of the people regarding these books, will open to us ways by which men from among the people will attain an understanding of the literary language.

To such a study we shall consecrate a special department in our journal, and we beg all who realize the importance of this matter to send us articles on the subject.

CHAPTER XXII

THE POSSIBLE CAUSE AND POSSIBLE HELP

Possibly the cause of this is our severance from the people, the enforced culture of the upper classes; and time only may help this trouble by giving birth, not to a chrestomathy, but a complete transition literature consisting of all the books now extant, and organically taking its place in a course of graded reading.

Maybe it is a fact that the common people do not comprehend, and do not wish to comprehend, our literary language, because there is nothing in it for them to comprehend, because our whole literature does not suit them at all, and they will work out their own literature. Finally, the last supposition, which seems to us more plausible than the rest, consists in this: that the apparent fault lies not in the nature of the thing, but in our insistence on the notion that the object of teaching language is to raise pupils to the degree of knowing the literary language, and, above all, in making rapid progress in the attainment of this end. It may very possibly be that the graded reading of which we dream will come of itself, and that the knowledge of the literary language will, in its own good time, reach every pupil, as we are all the time seeing it do among people who read in turn, without comprehending, the psalter, novels, and lawpapers, and by this route manage somehow to attain to a knowledge of the language of books.

Yet by this hypothesis it is incomprehensible to us why all books seem to the people so bad and so contrary to their taste; and the question arises what ought schools to do in the meantime? For we cannot at all admit that, having decided in our minds that a knowledge of the literary language is useful, it would

be possible by means of compulsory explanations, lessons, and repetitions to teach the people the literary language against their will as they are taught French. We must confess that more than once we have attempted this in the course of the last two months, and we have always encountered insuperable repugnance, which showed the falsity of the course adopted.

In these experiments I merely convinced myself that the explanations of the meaning of a word or of a paragraph are perfectly out of the question even for a talented teacher, — to say nothing of the explanations which teachers of mediocre abilities like altogether too well, as that "an assembly is a certain small synedrion," and the like. In explaining any word whatever — as, for example, the word *vpechatleniye*, "impression" — you substitute, in place of the word explained, another just as incomprehensible, or a whole list of words the connection of which is just as incomprehensible as the word itself. Almost always the word itself is not incomprehensible, but the pupil has no comprehension of what is expressed by the word. The word is always at his service when the idea is there. Moreover, the relation of the word to the thought and the formation of new ideas is such a complicated, mysterious, and delicate process of the mind, that all interference with it seems like a brutal incoherent force arresting the process of development.

It is easy to say *understand*. Why can't all comprehend, and yet how many different things may be understood by different persons reading from the same book? The pupil, though he fail to understand two or three words in a sentence, may comprehend the delicate shades of thought or its relation to what went before. You, the teacher, insist on one side of the concept, but the pupil does not require what you wish to explain to him. Sometimes he has understood, only he cannot make it plain to you that he has, while at the same time he vaguely surmises and absorbs something entirely different, and yet something quite useful and valuable for him. You insist on his explaining himself, but since

he must use words to explain the impression which words produce on him, he is either silent, or else he begins to talk nonsense, or lies, or deceives himself, trying to find something to satisfy you, or he invents some non-existent difficulty and struggles under it; the general impression produced by a book, the poetic sense which helps him to obtain a notion of it, is driven in and hidden.

We were reading Gogol's "Vii," repeating each paragraph in our own words. Everything went well till we reached the third page, on which is the following paragraph: —

"All these learned people, the seminary as well as the college, which cherished a sort of inherited feud, were absolutely devoid of means for satisfying their hunger, and moreover were unusually voracious, so that to reckon how many galuskas[1] each one of them would eat at a dinner would have been a perfectly impossible task, and therefore the generous offerings of opulent benefactors never sufficed."

TEACHER: Well, what have you read?

Almost all these pupils were very well developed children.

THE BEST PUPIL: In the college the people were all voracious eaters, were poor, and at dinner ate galushkas.

TEACHER: What else?

PUPIL (*a mischievous boy with a good memory, speaking whatever comes into his head*): An impossible theory — they sacrificed their benefactors.

TEACHER (*with vexation*): Think what you are saying. That is not right. What was an impossibility?

Silence.

TEACHER: Read it again.

They read it. One pupil with a good memory added a few more words which he had retained. *The seminaries fed by opulent benefactors could not suffice.*

No one could make any sense out of it. They began to talk absolute nonsense. The teacher insisted: —

TEACHER: What is an impossibility?

[1] Dumplings, a Malo-Russian dish.

He wanted them to tell him that it was an impossibility to count the dumplings.

A Pupil: A college is an impossibility.

Another Pupil: Very poor is impossible.

They read it again. As if they were hunting for a needle they tried to find the word the teacher wanted, they hit on everything except the word *count*, and they at last fell into despair.

I — the teacher — did not give up, and after great labor got them to analyze the whole sentence; but they understood it much less clearly than when the first pupil read it.

However, there was really nothing to understand. The carelessly constructed and involved sentence conveyed no meaning to the reader, other than that at once perceived: "The poor and hungry people ate dumplings," and that was all the author really had to say.

I was concerned only about the form, which was bad, and in bothering about this I spoiled the whole class during the entire after-dinner hour, beat down and destroyed a quantity of intellectual blossoms just beginning to put forth.

Another time I struggled in just the same wrong and disgusting way on the elucidation of the word *arudiye*, "instrument," and just as ineffectually.

On that same day, in the drawing-class, the pupil Ch —— protested because the teacher insisted on his inscribing on his copy-book the title *Romashka's Drawings*. He declared: —

"We ourselves draw in copy-books, but only Romashka designed the figures, and so we should write, not *the drawings*, but *the work* of Romashka."

How the distinction of these ideas came into his head remains for me a mystery which it is best not to try to solve, but in exactly the same way it is a mystery how participles and subordinate clauses sometimes — though rarely — are introduced into their compositions.

It is necessary to give a pupil the opportunity of acquiring new ideas and words from the general sense of the discourse. If he hears or reads an incompre-

hensible word in one sentence which he understands, another time finds the same in another sentence, he begins to get a vague notion of it, and finally the time comes when he feels the necessity of using this word; when once he has used it both the word and the concept become his property. And there are a thousand other ways. But consciously to give a pupil new ideas and new forms, I am convinced, is just as impossible, just as idle, as to teach a child to walk by the laws of equilibrium.

Every such attempt, instead of aiding, drives away the pupil from the proposed end, just as a man's rough hand, which, wishing to help a flower to unfold, should break it all around and then try to roll back its petals.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW THE PUPILS LEARNED TO WRITE

Writing was conducted in the following method: —

The pupils were taught simultaneously to recognize and form the letters, to spell and write words, to understand what was written, and to write. They would take their places round the wall, marking off divisions with chalk, and one of them would dictate whatever came into his head, and the others would copy it. If there were many of them, then they divided into several groups. Then they took turns in dictating, and all read it over to one another. They printed out the letters, and at first corrected the errors of spelling and syllabification, then those of misused letters.

This class formed itself. Every pupil who learns to write the letters is seized with a passion for writing, and at first the doors, the outside walls of the school and of the cottages where the pupils live, would be covered with letters and words. But they took even greater pleasure in writing a whole phrase, such, for

instance, as this: "To-day Marfutka and Olgushka[1] had a fight."

In order to organize this class the teacher had only to teach the children how to act together, just as an adult teaches children to play any infantile game. And, in fact, this class went on without change for two years, and every time with as much gayety and animation as in a good game. This included reading and conversation, and writing and grammar.

In this writing, the most difficult part of learning a language for a beginner is attained spontaneously: that is, faith in the unalterability of the form of a word — whether printed or spoken — their *own* word. I think that every teacher who tries to teach a language without depending on a grammar must meet with this first difficulty.

You wish to direct the pupil's attention to some word, *menyà*, "me," for example. You take his sentence: "Mikishka pushed *me* from the steps." That is what he said.

"Pushed whom?" you ask, wishing him to repeat the sentence, and hoping to hit on the word *me*.

"*Nas* — us," he replies.

"No, but what did you say?" you ask.

"We fell off the steps, owing to Mikishka," or "Because he pushed us, Praskutka[2] flew down, and I after her," he will reply.

And here you try to get your accusative case and its ending. But the pupil cannot understand that there was any difference in the words he used.

But if you take a little book, or begin to repeat his sentence, he will distinguish with you, not the vital word, but something entirely different.

When he dictates, every word is caught on the fly by the other pupils, and written down.

"What do you say? what is that?" and they will not let him change a single letter.

In doing this disputes are all the time rising, from the fact that one writes one way and another another,

[1] Diminutives of Marfa (Martha) and Olga. [2] Diminutive of Praskovya.

and very soon the one who dictates begins to ponder how to say it, and begins to realize that there are two things in speech: form and content. He will utter some phrase, thinking only of its meaning. Swiftly, like one word, the phrase flies from his lips. The others begin to question him: "How?" "What?" and when he repeats it several times in succession he explains the form and the constituent parts of speech, and confirms them by a word.

Thus they write in the third, that is, the lowest, class — one being able to use the cursive script, another printing his words.

We not only do not insist on the cursive script, but if we permitted ourselves to put any restrictions on the scholars, we should forbid them to write in the cursive script, which destroys the hand and is not legible.

Cursive letters spontaneously enter into their handwriting: a pupil learns a letter or two of one of the older boys; others imitate it, and frequently write whole words in this way: *dyadenka*, "little uncle," and before a week is over all are using the cursive script.

CHAPTER XXIV

SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN WRITING

This summer we had exactly the same experience with calligraphy as we had with mechanical reading.

The scholars were very poor penmen, and one of the new teachers tried to have them write from a copy — always a regular and easy method for the teacher. The scholars detested this; we were compelled to abandon calligraphy, and we could not devise any way of correcting bad writing.

But the oldest class themselves found a way out of it. After they had finished writing their sacred history, the older scholars wanted us to let them carry their copy-books home. The copy-books were soiled, torn, badly written. The careful mathematician, R——, asked for

a new book, and began to copy his exercise. This idea pleased them all. "I want a sheet of paper," and "I want a copy-book;" and calligraphy became the fashion, and has continued so in the upper class.

They would take their copy-books, lay before them the written alphabet-copy, practise on each letter, and try to excel one another; and in two weeks they had made great progress.

Almost all of us, when we were children, were obliged to eat bread at the table, and for this very reason, that we did not like it; but we came to like it at last. Almost all of us have learned to hold the pen with straight fingers, and we all began by holding the pen with crooked fingers, because they were short; but now we hold it with straight fingers. It may well be asked: Why are we so tortured when all of this comes of itself as soon as it is necessary? Will not the love and the demand for knowledge come to all in the same way?

The members of the second class write compositions on some story repeated from sacred history. They compose them on their slates, then copy them on paper. The members of the third or lowest class write what they please. Moreover, the younger ones in the evenings write sentences separately, which they compare together. One writes while the others whisper together, noting his mistakes, and they wait till the end only to correct him of a misused vowel or a misplaced preposition, and sometimes of a misstatement.

To write correctly and correct the mistakes of others is for them a great pleasure. The older ones seize hold of any writing which comes under their notice, practise correcting the mistakes, strive with all their might to write well, but they cannot endure grammar and the analysis of language, and notwithstanding all our former passion for analysis they will permit it only in very small amounts, — they go to sleep or drop out of the classes.

CHAPTER XXV

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR

We made various experiments in teaching grammar, and must confess that no one of them succeeded in our aim of rendering this study attractive. In the summer, in the second and first classes, a new teacher made a beginning with explaining the parts of speech, and the children — at least some of them at first — were interested, as they would have been in charades and enigmas. Often, after the lesson was finished, they recurred to the idea of enigmas, and amused themselves in puzzling one another with such questions as, "Where is the predicate?" or —

> "What sits in the spoon,
> Letting his legs hang down?"

But there was no application to correct writing, or if there was any it was rather to erroneous than to correct sentences.

Just exactly as it was with the wrong use of vowels when you say you pronounce *a* but write *o*, the pupil will write *robota* for *rabota*, "work," and *molina* for *malina*, "blackberry"; [1] when you say that two predicates are separated by a comma he will write, "*I wish, to say*," and so on. To expect him to recognize in every sentence what is the subject and what is the predicate is impossible. But if he learns to do so, then in the process of searching for them he loses all instinct which he must have for writing the work correctly, not to speak of the fact that in syntactical analysis the teacher is all the time obliged to be subtle before his scholars and deceive them, and they are very well aware of this.

For instance, we hit on the proposition: *On the earth there were no mountains.*

One said the subject was *earth*, another that it was

[1] In Russian an unaccented *o* is pronounced like *a*.

mountains, but we said that it was an impersonal proposition,[1] and we saw very clearly that the pupils kept silent simply from politeness, but that they understood perfectly well that our answer was far more stupid than theirs; and in this respect we were secretly in perfect agreement.

Having persuaded ourselves of the uselessness of syntactical analysis, we also tried etymological analysis — the parts of speech, declensions, conjugations; and in the same way they proposed conundrums to one another about the dative case, the infinitive mood, and adverbs, and it resulted in the same ennui, the same abuse of the authority exerted by us, and the same lack of attention.

In the older class they always use the letter *ѣ* in the dative and prepositional cases, but when they correct the younger ones in this respect they can never give the reason why, and they are obliged to fall back on enigmas of cases in order to remember the rule: "The dative takes a *ѣ*."

Even the little ones, who have as yet heard nothing about the parts of speech, very often cry out the right letter to indicate the dative, though they themselves do not know why, and evidently take delight in the fact that they have guessed it.

In the last few weeks I experimented with the second class with an exercise of my own invention; and I like all inventors was charmed with it, and it seemed to me extraordinarily convenient and rational until I became convinced of its inefficacy in actual use. Not naming the parts of speech in a sentence, I made the scholars write something down, sometimes giving them a subject — that is, a proposition; and by means of questions I tried to make them amplify the proposition by introducing adjectives, new subjects, qualifying clauses, relatives, and complementary attributes.

"Wolves run."

"When?" — "Where?" — "How?" — "What wolves run?" — "What are running?" — "They run and what else do they do?" It seemed to me that in getting ac-

[1] In the Russian construction *builo* is impersonal.

customed to questions requiring this, that, or the other part of speech, they would acquire the distinctions between the different parts of the proposition and the different parts of speech.

They did acquire them, but it became a bore to them, and they in their heart of hearts asked themselves "Why?" and I was obliged to ask myself the same question, and could find no answer.

Never, without a struggle, will man or child give up their living speech to mechanical analyses and dissection. There is an instinct of self-protection in this living speech. If it is to develop, then it endeavors to develop spontaneously, and only in conformity with all vital conditions. As soon as you try to catch this word, to fasten it into a vise, to tear it limb from limb, to give it ornaments which seem to you necessary, how this word with its living idea and significance contracts and vanishes away, and all you have left in your hands is the mere shell on which you can work your own artifices, not harming and not helping the word which you want to form. Up till the present time the scholars of the second class continue syntactical and grammatical analysis and the practice of amplifying sentences, but it drags, and I suspect it will soon stop of itself. Moreover, as an exercise in language, though it is thoroughly ungrammatical, we do as follows: —

(1) From given words we have the pupils compare sentences. For example we write *Nikolaï*, *wood*, *to learn*, and one writes: "If Nikolaï had not been cutting wood, he would have come to learn;" another: "Nikolaï cuts the wood well; you must learn of him," and so on.

(2) We compose verses on a given model, and this exercise, more than all the rest, occupies the older pupils. The verses are made like the following: —

> By the window sits the old man
> In a tulup worn and torn,
> While the muzhik in the street
> Peels red eggs to eat.

(3) An exercise which has great success in the lowest class: Some word is given — first a substantive, then an

adjective, an adverb, and a preposition. One pupil goes behind the door, and each of the others must compose a sentence in which the given word is employed. The one who hides must guess it.

All these exercises — the writing of sentences on given words, versification, and the guessing of words — have one single aim: to persuade the pupil that a word is a word, having its unalterable laws, modifications, endings, and mutual relations; now this conviction is slow to enter their minds, and it must assuredly precede the study of grammar.

All these exercises please; all exercises in grammar produce ennui. Stranger and more significant than anything else is the fact that grammar is a bore, though nothing is easier. As soon as you cease to teach it by a book, a six-year-old child, beginning with definitions, will be able in half an hour to decline, to conjugate, to recognize genders, numbers, tenses, subjects, and predicates, and you feel that he knows all this just as well as you do.

In the dialect of our region there is no neuter gender: gun, hay, meat, window — everything is *she*, and in this respect grammar is of no avail.

The older pupils for three years have known all the rules of declension and the case-endings, and yet, in writing a short sentence, they will make several mistakes, and in spite of your corrections and all the reading they do, they will use a wrong word over and over again.

But you ask yourself: Why teach them when they know all this as well as you do? If I ask what is the genitive plural feminine of *bolshoï*, "great"; if I ask where the subject or the predicate is; if I ask from what stem comes the word *raspakhnulsa*,[1] — it is only the nomenclature that is difficult for him, but the adjective in whatever number and case you wish he will always use without mistake. Consequently, he knows the declension. Never in speaking will he neglect to employ the predicate, and he will not confuse the complement with it.

[1] "It opened," as of a door.

He is aware that *raspakhnut'sa*, "to open," is related to the word *pakh*, and he recognizes the laws of the formation of words better than you do because more new words are invented by children than by any one else. What then is the good of this nomenclature and demand for philosophic definition which are above their powers? Except the demand at examinations, the only explanation for the necessity of grammar may be discovered in its application to a regular evolution of thought.

In my personal experience I never found this application, I never find it in the example of men who, without knowing grammar, yet write correctly, and of candidates in philology who write incorrectly, and I can point to scarcely one illustration of the scholars at Yasnaya Polyana finding a knowledge of grammar of any practical use.

It seems to me that grammar goes of itself, like a mental gymnastic exercise, not without utility, while language — the ability to write, read, and understand — also goes of itself.

Geometry and mathematics in general present themselves at first also as merely a mental gymnastic exercise, but with this difference, that each geometrical proposition, each mathematical definition, leads to further, indeed to an infinite number, of deductions and propositions; while in grammar, even if you agree with those who see in it the application of logic to language, there is a very narrow domain of these deductions and propositions. As soon as the pupil, by one route or another, masters a language, all applications from grammar fall away and perish like something which has outlived its usefulness.

We personally cannot as yet divest ourselves of the tradition that grammar, in the sense of the laws of language, is indispensable for the regular development of thought; it even seems to us that there is a need of grammar for young students — that they have in them, though unconsciously, the laws of grammar; but we are convinced that the grammar which we know is not at

all that which is necessary for the student, and that in this custom of teaching grammar is a great historical misunderstanding.

The child knows that it is necessary to write in the pronoun *sibye*, not because it is the dative case, however many times you may have told him so, and not merely because he blindly imitates what he has seen written over and over again — he gets possession of these examples, not in the form of the dative case, but in some other way.

We have a pupil from another institution and he knows grammar excellently, and yet he can never distinguish the third person from the infinitive of the reflexive, and another pupil, Fedka, who, knowing nothing about infinitives, never makes a mistake, and who uses auxiliaries with remarkably logical consistency.[1]

We, in the Yasnaya Polyana school, recognize in the teaching of reading and writing all known methods as not without their advantages, and we employ them in proportion as they are willingly accepted by the pupils and in proportion to our attainments in knowledge. At the same time, we do not accept any one method to the exclusion of another, and we are all the time trying to discover new measures. We are in as little sympathy with Mr. Perevlyevsky's method, which did not receive more than a two days' trial at Yasnaya Polyana, as with the widely disseminated opinion that the only method of teaching a language is writing, notwithstanding the fact that writing constitutes in the Yasnaya Polyana school the principal method of teaching language. We are searching and still hope to find!

[1] The concrete examples given by Count Tolstoï would be meaningless in English.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WRITING OF COMPOSITIONS

In the first and second classes the choice of compositions is granted the scholars. The favorite subject for these boys are the Old Testament stories, which they will write two months after they have been related by the teacher.

The first class not long ago began to write on New Testament history, but this was not nearly so successful as the Old; they even made more mistakes in spelling in it. They did not understand it so well. In the first class we tried compositions written on given themes. The early themes, which, by the most natural process, first came into our heads, were descriptions of simple objects, such as corn, a cottage, a tree, etc.; but to our extreme amazement their labors on these subjects almost brought the tears into the pupils' eyes, and in spite of the help of the teacher, who divided the description of corn into the description of its growth, or of its manufacture, or about its use, they strenuously refused to write on themes of such a nature; and if they wrote, they made incomprehensible and most ridiculous mistakes in spelling, in language, and in ideas.

We tried the experiment of giving up compositions on such subjects, and all were as delighted as if we had bestowed a gift on them. Compositions on so-called simple subjects, so much affected in schools, such as a pig, a kettle, a table, seemed immeasurably more difficult than the writing of whole stories based on their own experiences.

One and the same mistake is always repeated as in all other matters of instruction — the simplest and most common seems to the teacher to be easiest, while to the pupil only the complicated and vivid seems easy.

All the text-books of natural sciences begin with general principles, text-books of language with definitions, history with divisions into periods, even geometry with

definitions of such abstract concepts as space and the mathematical point.

Almost all teachers, guiding themselves along such a path of thought, give out for their first subjects of composition the definition of a table or a bench, and cannot persuade themselves that for the description of a table or a bench one needs to stand on the very highest plane of philosophical and dialectical development, and that the same lad who is shedding tears over his composition about tables or benches will describe admirably the sentiment of love or hate, the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, or a squabble among his companions.

The subjects which they best like to write about are the description of events which have taken place under their own eyes, or the repetition of stories which they have heard.

The writing of compositions has come to be their favorite exercise. Outside of school, as soon as the older scholars have got hold of paper and pencils, they write, not *Milostivui*, "Dear Sir," but a story of their own composition.

At first I was troubled by the irregularity and sense of disproportion in the form of the compositions. I gave them such directions as I thought were necessary, but they absolutely mistook my meaning, and the affair went badly; it seemed as if they were unwilling to recognize any other necessity upon them than that there should be no mistakes. Now, however, the time has come when they themselves often complain when a composition is stretched out, or when there are frequent repetitions or jumps from one subject to another. It would be hard to decide wherein their demands are founded, but their demands are law.

"Nonsense!" some of them cry, when they hear the composition of some schoolmate; some are unwilling to read their own after hearing the reading of a composition which has struck them as good; some will tear their copy-books from the teacher's hand, dissatisfied that they did not sound as they expected, and will read them themselves

Different natures are so sharply expressed that we used to try the experiment of having the scholars guess who wrote such and such a composition, and in the first class they rarely made a mistake in their selection.

CHAPTER XXVII

SPECIMENS OF COMPOSITIONS

For lack of space we must omit the description of the teaching of language and other subjects and the extracts from the teachers' diaries; but here we will cite specimens of the compositions of two of the pupils in the first class, making no change in spelling or punctuation.

B——, a very poor scholar, but a lad of keen and original mind, wrote compositions about Tula, and about his studies. The one about his studies had a great success among the scholars. B—— was eleven years old, and had been at school at Yasnaya Polyana three winters; but he had studied before.

"About Tula

"The other Sunday I went to Tula again. When we got there Vladimir Aleksandrovitch told me and Vaska Zhdanof to go to Sunday-school. We went and we went and we went,[1] and at last, after a great deal of trouble, we found it. We went in and found all the scholars sitting down; and I saw our teacher in botany. And so I said, 'How do you do sir?'[2] and he said, 'How do you do.' Then I went into the class, stood near the table, and I felt so confused that I took and went out into Tula. I went and I went and I saw a woman baking cakes.[3] I began to take my money out of my pocket, when I had got it out, I bought the cakes.

[1] *Poshli, shli, shli, nasilushka nashli.*

[2] *Zdravstvuite gospoda:* literally, "gentlemen"; but a peasant always addresses or speaks of a superior as "they."

[3] *Kalatchi*, small loaves of white bread; *kalatchi* is one of the few Tartar words that have survived in Russian.

After I had bought them I went on. And I saw a man walking up and down on a tower, and looking to see if there was a fire anywhere. And I have finished about Tula."

"Composition about how I studied

"When I was eight years old, I was sent to Gruma to the cattle woman. There I learned a good deal. But afterward I got tired of it, and began to cry. And the woman took a stick and began to beat me. But I cried louder than ever. And after a few days I ran off home, and told them all about it. And they took me from there and sent me to Dunka's mother. And there I studied well, and I was never beaten there, and there I learned the whole alphabet. Then I was sent to Foka Demidovitch. He used to beat me very cruelly. Once I ran away from him, and he ordered them to find me. When they found me and carried me to him, he took me and laid me over the footstool, took a bundle of rods, and began to beat me. And I screamed with all my might; and when he lifted me up he made me read. And as he listened to me he would say, 'You son of a dog! how abominably you read! oh, what a pig you are!'"

Here are two examples of Fedka's composition; the one on the subject "Corn" given to him, the other chosen by himself, about a visit to Tula. This was Fedka's third winter at school. He was ten years old.

"About Corn

"Corn grows in the ground. At first it is generally green. But when it is full grown then the ears of corn grow out of it and the women reap it. There is another kind of corn just like grass, and the cattle eat it well."

That was all there was of it. He was conscious that it was not good, and was sorry for it. About Tula he wrote as follows without correction: —

"About Tula

"When I was a very little boy I was five years old and sometimes I heard of people going to a place called Tula and I did not know what Tula was. And so I asked my papa:[1]—

"'Pa! what sort of a place is this Tula where you go? Is it good?'

"Papa said, 'Yes.'

"Then I said: 'Pa! take me with you, I want to see Tula.'

"Papa said: 'All right when Sunday comes I will take you with me.'

"I was glad and began to run and jump on the bench.

"After these days came Sunday. I got up very early in the morning but papa was already harnessing the horses in the yard. I got on my shoes and stockings and dressed me as quick as I could.

"By the time I was dressed and ran down into the yard father had the horses all harnessed. I got into the sledge and started. We rode and we rode and we went about fourteen versts.[2] I saw a tall church and I shouted 'Father see what a tall church!'

"Father said: 'there is a church not so high and prettier,' and I began to ask him: 'Father let us go into it: I want to say my prayers.'

"Father took me in. Just as we were going in, they suddenly pounded on the bell; I was frightened and I asked father what that was: 'Is it a drum they are playing on?'

"Father said: 'No that is the beginning of mass.'

"Then we went into the church and said our prayers. When we had said our prayers we went to market. And here I am going along and going along and I keep stumbling all the time but I keep looking around on all sides.

[1] *Batya*, papa; *bat'*, pa. Below, when speaking about the church, he calls his father *batyushka*, which is also the respectful address to a priest.

[2] About nine and a quarter miles. He says: *Yekhali, yekhali, proyekhali.*

"And then we came to the bazaar; and I saw some one selling cakes[1] and I wanted to take some without paying for them. And father says to me: 'don't take them, else they will take your cap!'

"I ask: 'Why should they take my cap?' and father says: 'don't take them without money,' and I say: 'Then give me a grivna[2] and I will buy myself some little cakes!'

"Papa gave me one and I bought three cakes and I ate them up and I said: 'father how good these cakes are!'

"When we had done our shopping, we went back to the horses and watered them and gave them their hay and when they were fed we harnessed them and went home and I went into the cottage and undressed and began to tell everybody how I had been to Tula and how father and I had been to church and said our prayers. And then I went to sleep and dreamed that I saw Father starting for Tula again. I immediately woke up and saw that everybody was asleep and so I took and went to sleep again myself."

CHAPTER XXVIII

RECITATIONS AND EXAMINATIONS

From the very foundation of the school, and even at the present time, our exercises in sacred and Russian history are conducted in this way: The children collect around the teacher, and he, using no other guide than the Bible and Pogodin's "Norman Period" and Vodovozof's "Collection for Russian History," tells the stories, and all begin to talk at once.

When the confusion of voices is too great the teacher calls a halt, and has one speak at a time. As soon as one begins to grow confused he calls on the others. When he perceives that some have failed to compre-

[1] *Kalatchi.*
[2] A ten-kopek piece.

hend, he sets one of the better scholars to telling it over again for the benefit of those who don't understand.

This was not a preconceived plan, but came about of itself, and, whether the pupils are five or thirty in number, is repeated, always with the same success, if the teacher watches them all, if he does not allow them to shout, repeating words which have already been said, and if he does not permit the shouting to degenerate into frenzy but regulates this torrent of joyous animation and rivalry as much as he needs.

In summer, when we had frequent visitors and changes in the instructors, this order of exercises was modified, and the teaching of history was far less satisfactory. The universal shouting was incomprehensible to the new instructor; it seemed to him that those that were reciting at the top of their voices were not merely reciting; it seemed to him that they were shouting for the sake of shouting, and especially that it was hot and stifling in that pack of pupils, crawling up on his back, and thrusting themselves into his very face.

For if children want to understand well, they must infallibly get very close to the person who speaks, must watch every change in the expression of his face and every gesture he makes. I have more than once thought that they understand best of all those passages where the narrator happened to make a genuine gesture or a genuine intonation.

A new teacher made the pupils sit on benches and take turns in answering. The one called on would keep silent and was tortured with confusion, and the teacher, looking away from him, with a *gracious* expression of submission to his fate, or a sweet smile, would say: —

"Well .... and then? Good .... very good," — all in the pedagogical way only too well known to all of us.

Moreover, I have become convinced by experience that there is nothing more pernicious for the development of a child than this kind of single questioning which springs from the teacher's relation of superiority to the pupil; and for me there is nothing more disturbing than such a spectacle. A grown man tortures a

child without the slightest authority. The teacher knows that the pupil is tortured as he stands blushing and perspiring before him. The teacher himself finds it wearisome and difficult, but he has a rule, in accordance with which he must accustom his pupil to speak alone.

But no one knows why he must teach the pupil to speak alone. Perhaps it is in order to set him to reading a fable before his or her excellency. I shall be told perhaps that otherwise it is impossible to determine the degree of his attainments. But I reply that it is really impossible for a stranger to determine within an hour the knowledge of a pupil, while the teacher, even without any verbal or written examination, is always conscious of the measure of these acquirements. It seems to me that this plan of individual interrogation is a relic of ancient superstition. In the old times the teacher, compelling his pupils to learn everything by heart, could not judge of their attainments in any other way than by setting them to repeat the whole lesson word for word. Then it was found that a parrot-like repetition of words was not education, and they began to make pupils tell in their own language what they had learned ; but they have not changed the custom of calling up individual pupils and making them recite whenever the teacher desires.

It was entirely lost from sight that you may require from the scholar who learns by heart the repetition of certain passages from the Psalter or fables at any time and under all conditions ; but that in order to be in a condition to appreciate the sense of any passage, and to give it in his own words, the pupil must find himself in a condition fitted for this exercise.

Not only in the lower schools and gymnasiums, but also in the universities, I understand that examinations based on questions are nothing else than tests on the learning of passages or propositions, word for word. In my time — I left the university in 1845 — I did not prepare for the examinations by learning by heart word for word, but paragraph by paragraph, and I received the

mark of five only from those professors whose note-books I knew by heart.

Visitors, who have done so much injury to the instruction at the Yasno-Polyana school, have in one direction conferred a great service on me. They have definitely convinced me that written and verbal examinations are a relic of medieval scholastic superstition, and that in the present order of things they are decidedly impossible and only harmful.

Often, under the influence of a childish conceit, I have wished to show some esteemed visitor, in an hour's time, the attainments of our pupils, with the result either that the visitor would be persuaded that they knew what they did not know, — I surprised him by a certain hocus-pocus, — or else the visitor would suppose that they did not know what they really knew very well. And a regular confusion and misunderstanding arose at such a time between me and the visitor — an intelligent, talented man, a specialist in these matters, and a believer in absolute freedom of relations. What then would result from the official visits of directors and supervisors, to say nothing of the interruption of the course of study, and the confusion of ideas caused by such examinations among the pupils?

At the present time I am convinced that to sum up all the knowledge of a pupil is as impossible for the teacher or the stranger as it would be to sum up my knowledge or yours in any subject you please. To bring a cultivated man of forty to an examination in geography would be no more strange and stupid than to bring a man of ten to the same. The one as well as the other cannot answer the questions in any other way than word for word, and in an hour's time it is actually impossible to test their knowledge. Really to learn what either one knows it is necessary to live with him for months.

Wherever examinations are introduced — and by examinations I understand any demand for answers to questions — there appears only a new and useless object, demanding special labor, special qualities, and this object

is called *preparation for examinations or lessons.* The pupil in the gymnasium learns history or mathematics, and in addition something important — *the art of answering examination questions.* I do not consider this art a useful branch of learning. I, a teacher, appreciate the degree of my pupil's attainment as accurately as I appreciate the degree of my own, although neither the pupil nor I have been subjected to lessons; but if a stranger wishes to get the measure of your attainments, then let him live with us and learn the results, and the application of our attainments to life.

There is no other means, and all attempts at examinations are only deception, falsehood, and obstacles to learning. In the matter of learning there is one independent judge, the teacher, and only the pupils themselves can control him.

In the teaching of history the pupils replied all together, not for the sake of proving their knowledge, but because there is in them a necessity of putting into speech the impressions they have received. In the summer neither the new teacher nor I understood this; we saw in it only a way of testing their knowledge, and therefore we found it more convenient to examine them one at a time. I had not discovered as yet why this method was wearisome and bad, but my faith in the rule of freedom for scholars was my salvation. The majority began to grow listless, three of the boldest took upon themselves to answer all the questions, three of the most bashful never said anything, but wept and got zeros. During the summer I neglected the classes in sacred history, and the teacher, who was a lover of order, had full scope to keep them sitting on benches, to torture them one at a time, and to vent his indignation at the stubbornness of the children.

Several times I advised him to let the children get down from the benches during the class in history, but the teacher regarded my advice as a mild and pardonable originality — as I know beforehand most of my readers will also regard it — and this order of things remained unchanged until the former teacher returned,

and in the instructor's note-book appeared remarks like the following: "I could not get a single word from Savin;" "Grishin [1] had nothing to say;" "Petka's obstinacy amazed me, he would not say a single word;" "Savin was worse than before;" and so on.

Savin is the son of a householder or a merchant, a rosy, fat lad, with flashing eyes and long lashes, wearing a leather tulupchik, boots big enough for his father, a red Alexandrisky shirt and drawers. This lad's pleasant and attractive personality especially struck me, because he was at the head of the arithmetic class, by his readiness in calculation and his gay liveliness. He reads and writes also far from badly.

But as soon as he was asked a question he would hang his pretty curly head to one side, tears would trickle down his long lashes, and it would seem as if he were trying to hide out of sight; it was evident he was suffering unendurably. If you compel him to recite, he will speak, but either he cannot or will not form a sentence by himself. God only knows whether it is the terror inspired by his former teacher, — he had been taught before by a person in the ecclesiastical profession, — or whether it is lack of self-confidence or conceit, or the awkwardness of his position among boys whom he considers inferior to himself, or vexation because in this one respect he is behind the others, — because once already he has been in the teacher's bad graces, — or whether this little soul has been affronted by some inconsiderate word hastily spoken by the teacher, or whether it is a mixture of all; but this bashfulness, although it may be in itself a disagreeable trait, is nevertheless inseparably connected with all that is best in his young soul. To whip it out of him by a physical or moral discipline is possible, but at the risk of destroying at the same time the precious qualities without which the teacher would find it a hard task to take him farther.

The new teacher heeded my advice and let the pupils get down from the benches, and permitted them to

[1] From Grisha, diminutive of Grigori, Gregory.

climb round wherever they wanted, even though it was on his back; and from the moment he did so they all began to recite incomparably better, and it was noted in the teacher's diary that even "the obstinate Savin said a few words."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

THERE is in the school something indefinite, something that is almost independent of the teacher's control, something entirely unrecognized by the science of pedagogy, and yet it constitutes the foundation of the success in our teaching; this is the spirit of the school.

This spirit is amenable to certain laws and to the teacher's negative influence; that is to say, the teacher must avoid certain things in order not to destroy this spirit.

The spirit of the school, for example, is always found in inverse proportion to the compulsion and order required; in inverse proportion to the teacher's interference with the pupil's mode of thought, and in proportion to the number of pupils; in inverse proportion to the duration of lessons, and the like. This school spirit is something which is quickly communicated from one pupil to another, communicated even to the teacher, is apparently expressed in the tones of the voice, in the eyes, in the motions, in the zeal of emulation, — it is something perfectly palpable, indispensable, and invaluable, and should, therefore, be the aim of every teacher.

Just as saliva in the mouth is necessary for the digestion, but disagreeable and superfluous without food, so also this spirit of strenuous zeal, wearisome and disagreeable outside of the class, is an indispensable condition for the assimilation of intellectual nutriment. It is impossible to rouse and stimulate this spirit artificially, and, indeed, it is not necessary, since it always comes spontaneously.

At the beginning of the school I made mistakes. As soon as a pupil began to show dullness and unwillingness in learning, and seemed like what we altogether too commonly call *tupik*, a dunce, I would say : —

"Jump ! jump ! "

The boy would begin to jump, the others and he himself would laugh, and after jumping awhile, he would become quite different ; but, after repeating this exercise several times, it seemed that as soon as you said "Jump," still greater ennui would seize him, and he would burst into tears.

He sees that his mental condition is not what it should be and must be, but he cannot direct his spirit, and he does not want to intrust it to any one else.

The child and the man are receptive only in a condition of excitement ; therefore to look on the joyous spirit of the school as something inimical is a brutal mistake which we too frequently make. But when this excitement in a large class becomes so violent as to prevent the teacher from managing his class, how then can you avoid shouting at the children and quenching this spirit ?

If this excitement has study for its object, then nothing better could be desired. But if it be directed to some other object, then it is the teacher's fault, since he does not regulate this spirit. The teacher's problem, which is almost always solved unconsciously, consists in all the time providing food for this zeal and gradually getting it under control.

You ask a question of one ; another wishes to recite — he knows ! Leaning over toward you, he looks at you with all his eyes ; he can hardly keep back the torrent of his speech ; he hungrily follows the narrator, and does not allow him to make a single mistake. If you ask him, he will tell you his story eagerly, and what he narrates will be forever engraved on his memory. But if you keep him in such a state of excitement half an hour without permitting him to speak, he will begin to occupy himself by pinching his neighbor.

Another example : —

If you leave a class in a district institute or a German school where everything is quiet, and if you tell them to keep on with their studies, and if at the end of half an hour you come and listen at the door, you will find the class lively enough; but the purpose of the animation is very different: it is now sheer mischief.

We have often made this experiment in our classes. Leaving in the middle of the recitation, when there is already a good deal of shouting; you come back to the door and you will hear the children continuing to recite, correcting and verifying one another, and often, instead of their playing tricks in your absence, they will become entirely quiet without you.

As in the system of having the pupils sit on benches and of individual questioning, so also in this system there are ways easy enough indeed, but requiring knowledge, so that if you don't practise them your first experiment may fail. You have to be on your guard lest there be noisy fellows who repeat the last words said merely for the sake of disorder. You have to be careful lest this fascination of noise become their chief object and care. You must test some and find out if they can recite the whole lesson by themselves, and if they have got the sense of it. If the pupils are too numerous, then they must be divided into several sections, and these sections must be set to reciting to one another. There is no reason for apprehension even if some newly entered pupil does not open his mouth for a month. All you need to do is to watch if he is interested in some story or in anything. Generally the newly entered pupil at first grasps only the material side of the affair, and is wholly absorbed in observing how the others are sitting and lying, and how the teacher moves his lips, and how all suddenly begin to shout at the top of their voices; and if he be a quiet child, then he will sit just exactly as the rest do; but if he be a bold child, then he will begin to shout as the others do, not understanding anything, and only repeating what the one next him says. The teacher and his comrades hush him, and he perceives that something else is

required. Some time passes, and he himself begins to recite. It is hard to tell how or when the flower of intelligence begins to develop.

Not long ago, I had a chance to observe this unfolding of the flower of intelligence in a subdued little girl who had not said a word for a month. Mr. U—— was conducting the recitation, and I was merely a spectator, looking on. When all began to recite, I observed that Marfutka slid down from the bench with the motion with which story-tellers change their attitude from that of a listener to that of a narrator, and that she came nearer. When all were shouting, I looked at her; she was slightly moving her lips, and her eyes were full of thought and animation. When her eyes met mine, she looked down. In a moment I looked again; she was whispering to herself as before. When I asked her to recite, she was all confusion, but in the course of two days she related a whole story beautifully.

CHAPTER XXX

BIBLE STORIES

In our school the best test of how much the pupils remember of these recitations are the exercises which they themselves write out from memory, and merely with the correction of faults in spelling. Here is an extract from the copy-book of the ten-year-old M——.

The Story of Isaac: God commanded Abraham to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice. Abraham took two servants, Isaac carried the wood and the fire, and Abraham carried a knife. When they came to the mountain Horeb, Abraham left his servants there, and he went up on the mountain with Isaac. Isaac said, "Batyushka, we have everything, but where is the victim?"

Abraham said, "God commanded me to bring you."

Then Abraham set fire to the pile and put his son on it. Isaac said:—

"Bind me, or else I shall jump down and kill you."

Abraham took him and bound him. Just as he was raising his arm an angel flew down from heaven and held him back and said: —

"Abraham, do not lay your hand on your own son: God sees your faith." Then the Angel said, "Go to that bush; there a ram is entangled, take him in place of your son."

And Abraham offered the sacrifice to God.

Then the time came for Abraham to marry his son. They had a man named Eliezer. Abraham called this man and said: —

"Swear that you will not choose a bride from our city, but that you will go where I send you."

Abraham sent him to the land of Mesopotamia to Nachor. Eliezer took camels and departed. When he reached a well, he began to say: —

"Lord, give me a maiden who shall come out and give me and my camels water to drink, and she shall be the bride of my master Isaac."

No sooner had Eliezer said these words, than a maiden appeared. Eliezer began to ask her for a drink. Eliezer said, "Please give me to drink."

She gave him to drink, and said: —

"Would n't your camels like to drink?"

Eliezer said, "Yes, please give them some water." So she gave also the camels; and then Eliezer presented her with a necklace, and said: —

"Could n't I spend the night at your house?"

She said: "Yes."

When they reached the house her folks were eating supper, and they urged Eliezer to sit down and have supper with them. Eliezer said: "I will not eat until I speak a word to you." Eliezer told them his errand.

They said: "We consent, but how about her?"

They asked her — she was willing. Then the father and mother blessed Rebecca; Eliezer placed her on the camel, and they departed; but Isaac was walking in the field. Rebecca saw Isaac, and covered herself with a towel. Isaac came to her, took her by the hand and led her to his home, and they were married.

The story of Jacob :[1] Rebecca had been barren nineteen years, then she brought forth twins, Esau and Jacob.[2] Esau devoted himself to hunting, but Jacob helped his mother. One time Esau went out to hunt wild beasts, but killed nothing, and he came home disgusted; now Jacob was making a soup of lentils. Esau came in and said: —

"Give me those lentils."

Jacob said: "Give me your birthright."

Esau said: "Take it."

"Swear."

Esau swore. Then Jacob gave Esau the lentils.

When Isaac grew blind he said one day: —

"Esau, go and kill me some kind of game."

Esau went. Rebecca heard it, and said to Jacob: —

"Go out and kill two kids."

Jacob went and killed two kids and carried them to his mother. She roasted them, and clothed Jacob with the skins; and Jacob took the meat to his father and said: —

"I have brought you your favorite dish."

Isaac said: "Come nearer to me." Jacob approached him. Isaac began to feel of his body, and he said: —

"It is Jacob's voice, but Esau's body."

Then he gave Jacob his blessing. Jacob was just going out of the room as Esau came in, and said: —

"Here, father,[3] is your favorite meat."

Isaac said: "Esau has just been to me."

"No, father; Jacob has deceived you in this."

And he went out of the house and wept, and said: —

"Wait till father is dead, then I 'll have my revenge on you."

Rebecca said to Jacob: —

"Go and ask a blessing from your father, and hasten to your uncle Laban. Isaac blessed Jacob and he went to his uncle Laban. Then the night came upon him. He proceeded to sleep in the open air; he found a stone,

[1] From the copy-book of I. F.

[2] In Russian, Revekka, Isaf, and Iakof.

[3] *Na batyushka.*

put it under his head and went to sleep. Suddenly he saw in his dream that a ladder seemed to reach from the earth to the sky, and angels were going up and down on it, and at the top the Lord Himself was standing and saying: —

"Jacob! the land where thou liest I give to thee, and to thy descendants."

Jacob got up and said: —

"How terrible it is here! This must be the house of God: I will come back and build a church here."

Then he lighted a shrine lamp, and went on his way. And he saw herdsmen guarding cattle. Jacob went and asked them whereabouts his uncle Laban lived. The herdsmen answered: —

"There is his daughter driving sheep to water."

Jacob went to her; she was finding it impossible to lift the stone from the well. Jacob lifted off the stone and gave the sheep water, and said: —

"Whose daughter are you?"

She replied: "Laban's."

"I am your cousin."

They exchanged kisses and went home together. His uncle Laban received him and said: —

"Jacob, live with me and I will pay you money."

Jacob said: "I will not serve for money; but give me your youngest daughter Rachel."

Laban said: "Live with me seven years and I will give you my daughter Rachel."

Jacob served seven years, and his uncle Laban gave Jacob Leah instead of Rachel. And Jacob said: —

"Uncle Laban, why have you cheated me?"

Laban said: —

"Live with me seven years longer, then I will give you my youngest daughter Rachel; but it is not our custom to give the youngest daughter first."

Jacob lived with his uncle seven years longer, and then Laban gave him Rachel.

About Joseph.[1] — Jacob had twelve sons. He loved Joseph best of them all, and he made for him a coat of

[1] From the book of the eight-year-old boy F——.

many colors. Then Joseph had two dreams, and told them to his brothers: —

"Methought we were reaping rye in the field, and we bound up twelve sheaves. My sheaf stood up straight, but the eleven sheaves bowed before my sheaf."

And his brothers said: "Shall we ever bow down before you?"

And he had another dream: —

"Methought eleven stars in the sky and the sun and the moon worshiped my star."

His father and mother said: "Shall we worship you?"

The brothers went away to pasture their cattle, and their father sent Joseph to carry food to them; his brothers saw him, and said: —

"Here comes our dreamer. Let us throw him into a deep well."

But Reuben [1] thought to himself: —

"As soon as they have gone off, I will pull him out. But here come the merchants!"

Reuben said: —

"Let us sell him to the Egyptian merchants."

So they sold Joseph, and the merchants sold him to the courtier *Pentifri*.[2] Pentifri loved him and his wife loved him. Pentifri went away somewhere, and his wife said to Joseph: —

"Joseph, come let us kill my husband, and then you shall be my husband."

Joseph said: "If you say that a second time, I will tell your husband."

She seized him by his garment and cried out. The slaves heard her and came. Then Pentifri came. His wife told him that Joseph proposed to kill him and marry her. Pentifri ordered him taken off to prison. As Joseph was a good man he was made useful even there, and to him was intrusted the care of the prison. One day Joseph was walking along through the jail; he saw that two prisoners were sitting in deep sadness. Joseph went to them and asked: —

"Why are you sad?"

[1] Russian, Rubim.

[2] Potiphar.

And they said: —

"We have had two dreams in one night, and no one can interpret them for us."

Joseph asked: —

"What were they?"

The cupbearer began to tell his story: —

"Methought I plucked three berries, squeezed the juice, and gave to the Tsar."

Joseph said: —

"In three days you will be back in your place."

Then the baker said: —

"Methought I was carrying twelve loaves in a basket, and the birds came flying and pecked at the bread."

Joseph said: —

"In three days you will be hanged, and the birds will come flying and will peck at your body."

This came true.

Once the Tsar Pharaoh saw two dreams the same night, and he gathered all his wise men, and no one of them could interpret the dreams. The cupbearer remembered, and said: "I have a man who can explain it."

The Tsar sent a carriage for him. When they brought him in the Tsar began to tell his dream: —

"Methought I was standing on the bank of the river, and there came seven fat cows and seven lean ones; and the lean ones threw themselves on the fat ones and ate them up, and did not become fat. And the other dream I saw was this: Methought seven full ears of corn and seven empty ears grew on one stalk: the empty ones threw themselves on the full ones and devoured them, and yet did not become full."

Joseph said: —

"This is what it means: There will be seven years of plenty and then there will be seven years of famine."

The Tsar put a golden chain around his neck and a ring on his right hand and ordered him to build granaries.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN

All that I have said relates to instruction in sacred as well as Russian history, to natural history, to geography, partly to physics, chemistry, zoölogy, especially to all subjects except singing, mathematics, and drawing. As to the instruction in sacred history especially, I must now speak as follows:—

In the first place, Why is the Old Testament chosen at the very beginning? Not to speak of the fact that a knowledge of sacred history is demanded by the pupils themselves as well as by their parents, of all the oral accounts which I have experimented with in the course of three years, nothing has been found so suited to the comprehension and mental capacity of the children as the Bible. The same thing has been repeated in all other schools which I have had a chance to observe in the beginning. I tried the New Testament, tried Russian history and geography, tried what is so popular in our day, "Explanations of the Phenomena of Nature," but it was all speedily forgotten, and was listened to reluctantly. But the Old Testament was remembered and repeated passionately, enthusiastically, both in the class room and at home, and was remembered so well that two months after the stories had been told the children could, from their heads, with scarcely an omission, write out their sacred history copied into their note-books.

It seems to me that the book of the childhood of the human race will always be the best book for the childhood of every man. To alter this book seems to me impossible. To alter, to abridge the Bible, as is done in the manuals of Sontag and others, seems to me injurious. Everything, every word in it, is correct as revelation and correct as art. Read in the Bible about the creation of the world and then the same in some abridgment of sacred history, and the transformation of the Bible into "sacred history" will seem to you perfectly

incomprehensible: your "sacred history" can be learned in no other way than by rote, while by the Bible it presents itself to a child as a living and majestic picture which he will never forget. Why, for example, is it always omitted from all "sacred histories" that when there was nothing, the Spirit of God moved over the void, that God at the Creation looked at His work and saw that it was good, and that the morning and the evening made up the day? Why is it omitted that God breathed the soul into Adam's nostrils, that having taken out a rib He replaced it with flesh, and so forth. All you have to do is to read the Bible to unspoiled children to realize how essential and true all these details are. Maybe one ought not to put the Bible into the hands of depraved young ladies, but in reading it to peasant children I have never altered or omitted a single word. And not a child ever giggled behind his neighbor's back, and all listened with awe and with genuine reverence. The story of Lot and his daughters, the story of Judah, arouse horror, not ridicule.

How clear and comprehensible, especially for a child, and at the same time how dignified and solemn!.... I cannot imagine how education could be carried on if it were not for this boon. But it seems when one has learned these stories only in childhood and afterward partly forgotten them, what good are they to us? Would it not be just the same as if we did not know them at all?

So it seems to you until, beginning to teach, you detect in other children all the elements of your own education. Theoretically, it is possible to teach children to write, to read, to give them an idea of history, geography, and the phenomena of nature without the Bible, and before the Bible: and yet this is never done. Everywhere, first of all, the child knows the Bible, its stories, and extracts from it. The first relation of the teacher and the taught is based on this book. A phenomenon so universal is not a mere matter of chance. My perfectly free relations to my pupils at the beginning of the Yasnopolyana school helped me to explain this phenomenon

A child or a man entering the school — I make no difference between a person of ten, of thirty, or of seventy — gathers from his life and brings with him his own peculiar and favorite view of things. In order that a person of any age may study, he must love study. In order that he love study, he must recognize the falsity, the insufficiency of his view of things, and must have a presentiment of the new aspect which education is to open up for him. No man or child ever would have the power to study if the future of his teaching presented to him merely the art of writing, reading, or reckoning; no teacher could ever teach if he had not in his control views of the universe loftier than his pupils had. In order that the pupil may wholly surrender himself to the teacher, there must be opened before him one corner of that curtain which hides from him all the charm of that world of thought, knowledge, and poetry into which education is to lead him. Only when the pupil finds himself under the constant charm of this light gleaming before him will he be in a condition to work over himself as we require him to do.

What means have we for lifting before our pupils this corner of the curtain? ....

As I have said, I thought, as many think, that, finding myself in that world into which I wanted to lead my pupils, it would be easy for me to do this, and I taught reading and writing. I explained the phenomena of nature. I told them, as primers do, that the fruits of learning are sweet; but the pupils did not believe me, and avoided me.

I tried reading the Bible to them, and I completely conquered them. The corner of the curtain was lifted, and they gave themselves to me heart and soul. They began to love the book, and teaching, and me. All I had to do was to lead them on farther.

After the Old Testament I took up the New Testament; they loved learning and they loved me more and more. Then after the Bible I told them about general history, Russian history, natural history; they listened to everything, they believed everything, and they kept

going farther and farther, and the horizon of thought, knowledge, and poesy kept opening up before them farther and farther.

Maybe this was an accident. Maybe, having begun with another method in another school, the same results would have been reached. Maybe; but this accident happens too universally in all schools, and in all families, and the explanation of this phenomenon is too clear for me to allow me to call it chance.

In order to open before the pupil the new world, and without knowledge to start him in the love of knowledge, no book is needed but the Bible. I say this even for those that do not look on the Bible as a revelation. No, at least I know of no production which unites in itself in such a concise poetic form all the sides of human thought as the Bible does. All questions arising from the phenomena of nature are explained in this book; all the primitive relations of men, of the family, of government, of religion, are recognized in this book. The generalization of thought, wisdom in its simple, childlike form, for the first time subjects the pupil's mind to its enchantment. The lyrical quality of the Psalms of David has its effect, not only on the mind of the adult pupils, but, moreover, every one from this book recognizes for the first time the full charm of epic poetry in its inimitable simplicity and force.

Who has not wept over the story of Joseph and his meeting with his brethren? Who has not felt an oppression of the heart in telling about Samson, bound and shorn, when, in order to avenge himself on his enemies, he perishes, overwhelming his enemies under the ruins of the fallen palace? And a hundred other impressions on which we are fed as on mother's milk.....

Let those that deny the educational significance of the Bible, that declare it has outlived its usefulness, invent such a book, such stories, such explanations of the phenomena of nature, either from general history or from imagination, which should have such a reception as the Bible ones have, and then we will agree that the Bible is superannuated.

Pedagogy serves as a verification of many, many vital phenomena, of social and abstract questions.

Materialism will have the right to proclaim itself as victorious only when the bible of materialism shall have been written, and childhood shall have been educated according to this bible. Owen's experiment cannot be regarded as a proof of such a possibility, any more than the growth of a lemon tree in a Moscow greenhouse is proof that it could grow without the open sky and the sun.

I repeat it, my conviction, drawn perhaps from a one-sided experiment, is that the development of a child and a man is as unthinkable without the Bible as it would have been in Greek society without Homer. The Bible is the only book for the elementary education of the young. The Bible, both in its form and in its content, ought to serve as the model for all children's manuals and reading books. A simple popular translation of the Bible would be the most popular of all books. The appearance of such a translation in our day would make an epoch in the history of the Russian people.

Now, in regard to the method of teaching sacred history, I consider all the short treatises on this subject in Russian doubly criminal against sanctity and against poesy. All these transcriptions, purporting to render easier the reading of sacred history, make it more difficult. The Bible is read as a delight at home, the reader sitting with his head resting on his hands; the history books are learnt by heart as a task. Besides being stupid and incomprehensible, these history books spoil the child's capacity of enjoying the poetry of the Bible. More than once I have noticed how their bad, obscure style has prevented understanding the inner thought of the Bible. Obsolete and incomprehensible words take their place in the memory alongside with events, distract the pupils' attention by reason of their novelty, and serve them as way-marks whereby they guide themselves through the story.

Very often a pupil will speak merely for the sake of using some word which pleases him, and he is not yet

simple enough to get a gleam of an idea of its meaning. More than once I have also noticed how pupils from other schools have always far less, and sometimes not at all, felt the charm of the Bibical stories, destroyed for them by the necessity of learning them, and by the teacher's brutal methods connected with it. These pupils have even spoiled the younger ones and their brothers by adopting in their stories the wretched tricks of the manuals of sacred history. Such wretched stories, by means of these harmful books, circulate among the people, and frequently children bring from their homes very odd legends about the creation of the world, Adam, and Joseph the handsome. Such pupils are past experiencing what the unsophisticated ones experience, as they hear the Bible with awe, taking in each word, and thinking that now at last all the wisdom of the world will be opened before them.

I have taught, and I still teach, sacred history in accordance with the Bible only, and I consider every other mode of instruction harmful.

The New Testament is related exactly in accordance with the Gospel, and is then written down in note-books. The New Testament is found to be harder to remember, and therefore demands more frequent repetitions.

Here are some examples from the New Testament history: —

About the Last Supper.[1] — Once Jesus Christ sent His disciples into the city Jerusalem and said to them: "The first man you meet carrying water, you must follow and ask him: 'Master, show us a chamber where we may prepare the passover.' He will show it to you; and there you must prepare it."

They went and found it as He had said, and they made ready. In the evening Jesus Himself went there with His disciples. During the supper Jesus Christ tore off His garment and girded Himself with a towel. Then He took a wash-hand basin and filled it with water, and went to each of His disciples and washed

[1] From the note-book of the lad I. M.

their feet. When He came to Peter and was going to wash his feet, Peter said to Him: —

"Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet!"

But Jesus Christ said to Him: —

"If I do not wash thy feet, then thou shalt never be with Me in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then Peter was alarmed and said: —

"Lord, not merely my feet, but my head and my whole body."

But Jesus said to him: —

"If a man is clean, his feet only need to be washed."

Then Jesus Christ put on His clothes and sat down at the table, took bread and blessed it and broke it, and began to distribute it among His disciples, saying: —

"Take and eat — this is My body."

They took and ate. Then Jesus took a cup with wine, blessed it, and began to pass it to His disciples, saying: —

"Take and drink: this is My blood of the New Testament."

They took and drank. Then Jesus Christ said: —

"One of you shall betray Me."

And His disciples began to ask "Lord! it is not I, is it?"

But Jesus Christ said: —

"No!"

Then Judas said: —

"Lord, it is not I, is it?"

And Jesus Christ said in a low voice: —

"Thou!"

After this Jesus Christ said to His disciples: —

"He shall betray Me to whom I give a piece of bread."

Then Jesus Christ gave bread to Judas. Then Satan entered into him, so that he was confused and left the room.

From the note-book of R. B. — Then Jesus Christ went with His disciples into the *Gefsimansky* Garden and said to His disciples: —

"Wait for Me, and do not sleep."

When Jesus came and found His disciples sleeping, He woke them up, and said: —

"You could not watch for Me one hour."

Then again He went off to pray to God. He prayed to God, and said: —

"Lord, is it not possible for this cup to pass by Me?" And He kept praying until a bloody sweat came. An angel flew down from heaven and began to strengthen Jesus. Then Jesus returned to His disciples and said to them: —

"Why are ye sleeping? The hour is at hand in which the Son of Man shall be given into the power of His enemies."

Now Judas had said to the High Priest: —

"The one whom I kiss is He, seize Him."

Then the disciples followed Jesus out and they saw a throng of people. Judas came up to Jesus and was going to kiss Him. Jesus said to him: —

"Dost thou betray Me by a kiss?"

And to the people He said: —

"Whom seek ye?"

They said to Him: —

"Jesus, the Nazarene."

Jesus said: —

"I am He."

At this word all fell.

CHAPTER XXXII

RUSSIAN HISTORY

Having finished with the Old Testament I naturally thought of teaching history and geography, both because this study has always been carried on in primary schools, and I myself had taught these subjects, and because the history of the Hebrews in the Old Testament naturally, it seemed to me, led the children to ask where, when, and under what conditions the events they knew took place — what was Egypt; Pharaoh; the Assyrian

king, and the like? I began history as it is always begun — with antiquity. But neither Momsen nor Dunker, nor all my efforts, helped me to make it interesting. There was nothing in Sesostris, the Egyptian pyramids, or the Phœnicians, that appealed to them.

I hoped that they might be interested in questions such as these, for example: What peoples had relations with the Hebrews? and, Where did the Hebrews live and wander? But the pupils found no use whatever for such information. King Pharaoh, the Egyptians, the Palestines, when and where they existed, did not in the least satisfy them. The Hebrews were their heroes; the rest were foreign, unnecessary characters.

I had no success in making the Egyptians and Phœnicians heroes for children for lack of materials. As long as we don't know in detail how the pyramids were built, what mutual position and relationship the castes had, what does it mean for us — for us, I mean the children. In those histories there are no Abraham, no Isaac, no Jacob, no Joseph, no Samson. They found something in ancient history to remember and enjoy, — about Semiramis, for instance, — but it was remembered merely accidentally, not because it cleared up anything, but because it was artistically related. But such passages were rare; the rest was dull and aimless, and I was obliged to give up the teaching of general history.

I met with the same lack of success in geography as in history. Sometimes I would tell what has happened in Greek, English, or Swiss history without any connection, but only as an instructive and artistic story.

After general history I felt obliged to make experiment with Russian history, accepted everywhere and by all as national, and I began that melancholy history of Russia, which we all knew so well — inartistic, useless — as it appears in so many paraphrases from Ishimova's to Vodovozof's. I began it twice; the first time before reading the whole Bible, and the second time after the Bible. Before reading the Bible the pupils resolutely refused to remember the existence of the Igors and Olegs. The same thing is repeated even now

with the younger pupils. Those that have not been as yet taught by the Bible to enter into what is told to them and to pass it on, will hear these stories told half a dozen times and still remember nothing about the Ruriks and Yaroslafs.

The older pupils now remember Russian history, and write it, but incomparably worse than the Bible, and they require frequent repetitions of it. We told them stories from Vodovozof and Pogodin's "Norman Period." One of the teachers got somehow misled, and neglecting my advice, did not pass by the period of appanages, and entered into all the confusion and disorder of the Ustislafs, Bryatchislafs, and Boleslafs. I came into the class just as the pupils were to recite. It is hard to describe what was taking place. For a long time all were silent. Called up by the teacher at last, the bolder ones who had the best memories began to recite. All their intellectual powers were directed toward remembering the marvelous names, but what any one of them did was for them a secondary consideration.

"Now here he — what do you call him? — Barikaf, Lyof Nikolaïtch?" one would begin — "marched against — who was it?"

"Muslaf, Lyof Nikolaïtch?" suggested a girl.

"Mstislaf," I replied.

"*And cut him to pieces*," cried one with pride.

"Simple you are! There was a river there!"

"But his son collected an army and cut him in pieces: what was his name?"

"You don't seem to understand anything!" exclaimed a girl who had the memory of a blind person.

"Well, it is wonderful, that is!" said Semka.

"Now what was it, Mislaf, Chislaf? Anyway, the devil take it!"

"Don't you interfere if you don't know!"

"Well, you, you 're so fearful clever!"

"What are you poking me for?"

Those endowed with the best memories still made some endeavors, and repeated the history with some accuracy with the aid of some prompting. But the

whole scene was so ugly and pitiful — to behold these children — they were all like hens which have had grain given them followed suddenly by sand: they suddenly lost their wits, kept cackling, vainly flying about, and were ready to pull each other's feathers out. And we and the teacher decided not to make any more such mistakes. Letting the period of the appanages have the go-by, we continued our study of Russian history, and here are some extracts from the copy-books of the older pupils.

From the copy-book of the pupil V. R. — Our ancestors were called Slavs. They had neither tsars nor princes. They were divided into families, were always attacking one another, and went out to make war. Once upon a time the Normans fell upon the Slavs, conquered them, and imposed a tribute on them. Then they said: —

"How can we live so? Let us choose ourselves a prince in order that he may rule over us."

Then they chose Rurik, with his two brothers Sineus and Truvor. Rurik settled in Ladoga, Sineus in Izborsk, among the Krivitchi, Truvor on the White Lake. Afterward the two brothers died. Rurik seized their places.

Then two, Askold and Dir, went to Greece, and they approached Kief, and asked: —

"Who rules here?"

The Kievlians replied: —

"There were three — Ki, Shchek, and Khorif. Now they are dead."

Askold and Dir said: —

"Let us be your rulers."

The people consented, and began to pay tribute.

Then Rurik ordered cities and fortresses built, and sent his boyars to collect tribute and bring it to him. Then Rurik resolved to make an expedition against Constantinople with two hundred boats. When he reached that city the Emperor at that time was not there. The Greeks sent for him. The people all prayed to God. Then the bishop took the chasuble of the Mother of God and dipped it into the water, and a terrible storm arose, and Rurik's boats were all dashed to pieces, so

that very few escaped. Then Rurik went home and died there.

One son, Igor, survived him. When he was little, Oleg took his place, and wanted to wage war against Kief. He took Igor with him and went straight down the Dniepr. On the way he captured the cities of Liubitch and Smolensk. When they came to Kief, Oleg sent his ambassadors to Askold and Dir to say that tradesmen had come to visit him; and he himself hid half his army in the boats, and the other half he stationed behind. When Askold and Dir came with a small band of followers,[1] Oleg's army leaped out from the boats and attacked them. Then Oleg lifted Igor up, and said: —

"You are not princes, and not of princely race; but here is a real prince!"

Then Oleg commanded to kill them, and he conquered Kief. Oleg continued to live there, and made that city his capital, and called it the mother of all Russian cities. Then he built cities and fortresses, and sent out his boyars to collect tribute and bring it to him. Afterward he wanted to wage war with the neighboring tribes, and he conquered many of them. He did not care to wage war with those that were peaceable, but only with the warlike. So he made his plans to go to Greece, and he sailed straight down the Dniepr. When he had reached the mouth of the Dniepr, he came to the Black Sea. When he had reached Greece, his army leaped on shore and began to burn and ravage everything. Oleg said to the Greeks: —

"Pay us tribute — a grivna for every boat."

They were glad, and began to pay them tribute. There Oleg collected three hundred puds[2] and went home.

From the note-book of the pupil V. M. — When Oleg died, Rurik's Igor reigned in his place. Igor wanted to marry. Once he went out to walk with his band of followers, and he had to cross the Dniepr. Sud-

[1] The historic *druzhina*, from *drug*, a friend.

[2] A *pud* is 36.11 pounds avoirdupois; a *grivna* is ten kopeks, the tenth of a ruble.

denly he saw a girl sailing in a boat. When she came to the shore, Igor said: —

"Put me across."

She put him across. Then Igor married her. He wanted to distinguish himself. So he collected an army and went to war, straight down the Dniepr, and, entering the Black Sea, turned not to the right but to the left, and went from the Black Sea into the Caspian. Igor sent ambassadors to the kagan, asking him to let him pass through his land. When he should return from the expedition, he would give him the half of his booty. The kagan let him pass. When they came near a certain city, Igor commanded to collect the people on the bank, to burn and destroy everything, and to take the inhabitants prisoners. When they had carried out his orders, they rested. When they had rested, they joyfully started back home. They came to the kagan's city, and Igor sent the kagan what he had agreed to send. The people heard that Igor was going back with his army. They begged the kagan to let them take vengeance on Igor for having spilt the blood of their kinsmen. The kagan refused; but the people disobeyed, and began to wage war on Igor. A fierce battle ensued. They conquered the Russians, and took from them all they had won.

The interest is not at all vital, as the reader may see from the preceding extracts. Russian history goes better than general history simply because they are accustomed to accept and to write out what has been told them, and still more because the question, *What good is it?* does not occur to them so often. The Russian people is their hero, just as the Hebrew people was: the one because it was God's chosen people and because their history is artistic; the other, although it has no artistic unity, still because it has the national sentiment to plead for it. Yet this study is dry, cold, and discouraging. Unhappily, the history itself very rarely furnishes any occasion for the national feeling to grow enthusiastic.

One evening I went from my class into the history class to find out the cause of the excitement which had attracted my attention in the outer room. It was the battle of Kulikovo.[1] All were in excitement.

"Now this is history! This is clever! — Listen, Lyof Nikolayevitch, how he stampeded the Tartars! — Let me tell about it!" "No, let me!" cried the voices.— "How the blood flowed in rivers!"

Almost all were in readiness to recite, and all were enthusiastic. But if you call upon the national feeling only, what is there left from our whole history? 1612, 1812,[2] and that is all. To satisfy the national feeling you will not read the whole history of Russia. I understand that you must take advantage of historical tradition in order to develop and satisfy the artistic interest everywhere existent in children, but this will not be history. To teach history, a preliminary development of historical interest in children is indispensable. How can this be done?

I have often heard it said that the study of history should begin, not with the beginning, but with the end — in other words, not with ancient but with modern history. This idea is absolutely correct in principle. How can you interest a child by telling him about the beginning of the Russian Empire when he does not know what the Russian Empire or any empire is? Any one who has to do with children must know that every Russian child is firmly persuaded that the whole world is the same kind of Russia as that in which he lives; the French and German child has the same notion. That is why all children and even some adults with the naïve ideas of childhood are always surprised that the German children speak German! ....

The historical interest generally appears after the in-

[1] 1378 A.D., when Dmitri, Grand Prince of Moscow, conquered the Tartars and expelled them from Northern Europe.

[2] 1612, the accession of Mikhaïl Romanof under the patriotic lead of the butcher Minin and the Prince Pozharsky after the terrible anarchy that followed the death of the Polish pretender; 1812, the conquest of Napoleon and the French by the Russian national hero Moroz, "*Frost.*"

terest in art has been awakened. It is interesting to us to know the history of the founding of Rome because we know what the Roman Empire was in its flowering time, just as the childhood of some great man whom we have known is interesting. The contrast of this power with the insignificance of the throng of fugitives constitutes for us the basis of the interest. We follow the development of Rome, having in our imagination what it came to. We are interested in the foundation of the tsardom of Moscow, because we know what the Russian Empire is. According to my observation and experience, the first germ of interest in history appears in consequence of a knowledge of contemporary history, sometimes through participating in it, in consequence of political interest, political opinions, discussions, the reading of newspapers, and that is why the idea of beginning history with the present must come naturally to every thoughtful teacher.

This very summer[1] I made these experiments so described, and here I cite one of them.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A FIRST LESSON IN HISTORY

I HAD the intention in this first lesson of explaining wherein Russia differs from other countries, her borders, the characteristic feature of its government; to tell who was the reigning monarch at this time, and how and when the Emperor mounted the throne.

TEACHER. Where do we live? in what land?

A PUPIL. At Yasnaya Polyana.

SECOND PUPIL. In the country.

TEACHER. No; in what land are both Yasnaya Polyana and the Government of Tula?

PUPIL. The Government of Tula is seventeen versts from us. Where is it? Why the Government — is the government.

[1] 1862.

TEACHER. No; Tula is a government capital, but a government is another thing.[1] Now what land is it?

PUPIL (*who had been in the geography class*). The land[2] is round like a ball.

By means of such questions as "What is the land where a German, whom they knew, lived," and "Where would you come to if you should keep going in one direction," the pupils were at last brought to answer that they lived in *Russia*. Some, however, answered the question, "Where would you come out if you kept traveling straight ahead?" — by saying, "We should not come out anywhere." Others said that "you would come to the end of the world."

TEACHER (*repeating one pupil's reply*). You said that you would reach other countries. Where does Russia end, and where do the other countries begin?

PUPIL. Where you find the Germans.

TEACHER. Now, then, if you should find Gustaf Ivanovitch and Karl Feodorovitch in Tula, would you say that this was the land of the Germans, and therefore it must be another country?

PUPIL. No; it 's where you find a whole lot of Germans.

TEACHER. Not necessarily; for in Russia there is a land where there are a whole lot of Germans. Johann Fomitch here comes from there, and yet this land is Russia. How is that?

Silence.

TEACHER. It is because they obey the same laws as the Russians.

PUPIL. How do they have the same law? The Germans do not attend our church, and they eat meat in Lent!

TEACHER. Not the same law, perhaps, but they obey the same Tsar.

[1] Russia is divided into *guberniya* (*governments*), which are subdivided into districts, somewhat like states and counties.

[2] In Russian the same word *zemlya* (as in Novaya Zemlya) means estate, land or country, and the earth.

PUPIL (*the skeptic Semka*). Strange! Why do they have a different law and yet obey our Tsar?

The teacher feels the necessity of explaining what a law is, and he asks what it means to obey a law, to be under one law.

A PUPIL (*the self-confident little domestic, hastily and timidly*). To obey a law means — to get married!

The pupils look questioningly at the teacher: — Is that right?

The teacher begins to explain that a law means that if any one steals or kills, then he is shut up in prison and is punished.

THE SKEPTIC SEMKA. But don't the Germans have this?

TEACHER. Law also means this, that we have nobles, peasants, merchants, clergy. (The word *clergy — dukhovienstvo* — gave rise to perplexity.)

THE SKEPTIC SEMKA. And don't they have them *there?*

TEACHER. They have them in some countries, in others they don't. We have the Russian Tsar, and in German countries there is another — the German Tsar.

This answer satisfied all the pupils, even the skeptic Semka.

The teacher, seeing the necessity of explaining class distinctions, asks what classes they know.

The pupils try to enumerate them — the nobility, the peasantry, popes or priests, soldiers.

"Any others?" asks the teacher.

"Domestics, *koziuki*,[1] samovar-makers."[2]

The teacher asks the distinctions between these different classes.

THE PUPILS. The peasants plow; domestic servants serve; merchants trade; *samovarshchiki* make samovars; popes perform masses; nobles *do not do anything*.

The teacher explains the actual differences between the classes, but finds it perfectly idle to make them see the necessity of soldiers when there is no war, — that it

[1] *Koziuki* means with us the class of the *meshchanin*, or burgess. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

[2] Tula is one of the centers of the samovar manufacture.

is merely to serve as a security against the dissolution of the Empire, — and the part taken by the nobles in the civil service. The teacher tries in the same way to explain the difference geographically between Russia and other countries; he says that the whole world is divided into various realms. The Russians, the French, the Germans, divided the whole earth, and said to themselves: "Up to these limits is ours, up to those is yours;" and thus Russia and all other nations have their boundaries.

TEACHER. Do you understand what a boundary is? Give me an example of one.

A PUPIL (*an intelligent lad*). Here, just beyond the Turkin Hill, is a boundary.

This boundary is a stone post standing on the road between Tula and Yasnaya Polyana, indicating the beginning of the Tula District.

All the pupils acquiesce in this definition.

The teacher sees the necessity of pointing out the boundaries on some well-known place. He draws the plan of the two rooms, and indicates the line that separates them; then he brings the plan of the village, and the scholars themselves point out several well-known boundaries. The teacher explains — that is, he thinks that he explains — that just as Yasnaya Polyana has its boundaries, so Russia has its boundaries. He flatters himself with the hope that they have all understood him; but when he asks, "How is it possible to know how far it is from our place to the Russian boundary?" then the pupils, in no little perplexity, reply that it is very easy; all it requires is to take a yardstick and measure to the Russian boundary.

TEACHER. In which direction?

PUPILS. Go straight from here to the boundary, and put down how far you have gone.

Again we made use of sketches, plans, and maps. Here came up the need of giving them an idea of the meaning of a "scale." The teacher proposed to draw the plan of the village, disposed in streets. We began the sketch on the blackboard, but we could not get

the whole village in because the scale was too large. We rubbed it out, and began anew on a slate. The scale, the plan, the boundaries, gradually became clear. The teacher repeated all that he had said, and then asked what Russia was, and where it ended.

PUPIL. It 's the land in which we live, and where the Germans and Tartars live.

ANOTHER PUPIL. The land that is under the Russian Tsar.

TEACHER. Where is the end of it?

A GIRL. Where you find the heathen[1] Germans.

TEACHER. The Germans are not heathen. The Germans also believe in Christ. (*Here he gives an explanation of religion and faiths.*)

PUPIL (*with alacrity, evidently taking delight in his good memory*). In Russia there are laws, Whoever kills gets put in prison; and there are all sorts of people, — *clergymen*, soldiers, and nobles.

SEMKA. Who supports the soldiers?

TEACHER. The Tsar. But then they collect the money from everybody, because everybody is benefited by their serving.

The teacher furthermore explains what the budget is, and finally, with only tolerable success, we get them to repeat what has been said about boundaries.

The lesson lasts two hours. The teacher is persuaded that the children have retained a good deal of what has been said, and the succeeding lessons are carried on in the same style, but in the sequel he is forced to the conclusion that these methods are unsatisfactory, and that all that he has done is perfect rubbish.

Involuntarily I fell into the usual error of the Socratic method carried on in the German *Anschauungsunterricht* to the last degree of monstrosity. In these lessons I gave no new ideas to the pupils, though I fancied that I was doing so. And only by my moral influence did I compel the children to answer as I wished them to do. *Raseya*, "Russia," *Russkoï*, "Russian," remained the same unconscious symbols of *mine*, *ours*, — something

[1] *Nekhristi.*

vague and indeterminate. *Zakon*, "law," remains to them an incomprehensible word.

I made these experiments six months ago, and at first was thoroughly satisfied and proud of them. Those to whom I read them said that it was thoroughly good and interesting; but after three weeks, during which I could not myself look after the school, I proposed to carry out what I had begun, and I became convinced that all that had gone before was nonsense and self-deception. Not one pupil was able to describe a frontier, Russia, a law, or the boundaries of the Krapivensky District; all they had learnt they had forgotten; but at the same time they knew it all in their own way. I was convinced of my mistake, but I could not make out whether my mistake consisted in a bad method of instruction, or in the very idea of it. Maybe there is no possibility before a certain period of general development, and without the help of newspapers and travel, to awaken in a child an interest in history and geography. Maybe we shall find the method by means of which this can be done, and I keep trying and experimenting. One thing only I know, — that this method will never be attained by so-called history and geography; that is, in the teaching by books, for this kills, and does not awaken, this interest.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AN EXPERIMENT IN RUSSIAN HISTORY

I MADE still other experiments in teaching the history of our own time, and these experiments were thoroughly successful. I told the story of the Crimean campaign; I described the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and I related the story of the year 1812. All this was in an almost narrative tone, for the larger part, with no attempt at historical accuracy, but grouping the events around some single individual. I obtained the greatest success, as I might have expected, from my story of the war with Napoleon.

This lesson made a memorable hour in our lives. I shall never forget it. For some time the children had been promised that I should tell them from the ending, and the other teacher from the beginning, and that thus we should meet. My evening scholars were beginning to disperse; I went to the class of Russian history; the account of Sevastopol was in progress: they were bored. On the high bench three peasant girls wrapped up in shawls were sitting together, as always. One was asleep. Mishka nudged me.

"Look-a-there! See those cuckoos sitting there, and one of them has gone to sleep."

And she was just like a cuckoo.

"Tell from the ending instead," said some one, and all started up.

I sat down and began my story. As was always the case, the confusion, groans, and hubbub lasted several minutes. One climbed on the table; another, on a chair; another, on a bench; another leaned on his mate's shoulder; another sat in her friend's lap; and at last all became quiet.

I began with Alexander I. I told them about the French Revolution, about Napoleon's triumphs, about his usurpation of power, and about the war which ended with the peace of Tilsit.

As soon as Russia began to come into the story, then from all sides were heard sounds and words expressive of lively sympathy.

"Why did he want to conquer us also?"

"Never mind; Alexander will give it to him!" said some one who knew about Alexander I.; but I was obliged to dash their hopes: the time of triumph had not yet come, and they were very much aggrieved because of the scheme that Napoleon should marry the Tsar's sister, and because Alexander spoke with him as an equal at the interview on the raft.

"You just wait!" said Petka, with a threatening gesture.

"Well, well; tell on!"

When Alexander did not give in to Napoleon, that

is, when he declared war, all expressed their assent. When Napoleon, with his "twelve languages," marched against us, and aroused the Germans and Poland against us, all were overwhelmed with grief.

A German friend of mine was present in the room. "Ah! and you, too, were against us!" cried Petka, our best story-teller, to him.

"Hush, now!" cried the others.

The retreat of our armies was a cruel disappointment to my listeners, and on all sides were heard exclamations and objurgations on Kutuzof and Barklay: —

"Why! and what a coward Kutuzof was!"

"You wait!" said another.

"Well, did he surrender?" asked a third.

When we came to the battle of Borodino, and when at the end I was obliged to tell them that after all we did not conquer, I could not help pitying them: it was evident that I was giving them all such a terrible shock.

"Still, it was neither ours nor theirs that beat."

When Napoleon came to Moscow and demanded the keys and the salutations, there was a perfect storm expressing their disgust.

The burning of Moscow, of course, was hailed with satisfaction. Finally, there came the triumph — the retreat.

"As soon as he left Moscow, then Kutuzof began to follow him, and began to attack him," said I.

"He got a-straddle of him," interrupted Fedka, who, all of a glow, was sitting in front of me, and in his excitement was twisting his little dirty fingers. That was a habit of his.

As soon as he said that, the whole room seemed to groan with proud enthusiasm. They crowded one little fellow in the rear, and no one noticed it.

"Ah! that's the way to do it! That's how he got the keys!" and so on.

Then I went on to tell how we drove out the Frenchmen. It was painful for the scholars to hear about the delay at the Berezina River, and that we let him escape.

Petka even shouted, "I would have shot him dead for stopping there!"

Then we began to feel a little compunction for the frozen Frenchmen. Then, when we had crossed the border, and the Germans who had been opposed to us before declared for us, some one remembered the German present in the room.

"Ah! and that is the way you did? First you were against us, and then when we got strong you took our side!" and suddenly all got up and began to *oh! oh!* and *ah! ah!* at the German, so that the noise could have been heard in the street.

When they came to order, I went on to tell them how we escorted Napoleon to Paris; how we set the rightful king on the throne; how we enjoyed our triumphs and feasted; but then the memory of the Crimean War spoiled for us all this glory.

"Just wait!" cried Petka again, shaking his curls. "Wait till I grow up, and I will pay 'em back!"

If now the allied armies had attacked the Shevardinsky redoubt or the Malakhof Tower, we should have driven them back!

It was already late when I brought my story to an end. As a general thing the children are asleep by this time. But no one was sleepy; even the eyes of the cuckoos were aglow. The moment I stood up, Taraska, to my great amazement, crept out from under my arm-chair, and looked at me with eager, but at the same time serious, face.

"How came you under there?"

"He has been there from the very first," said some one.

There was no need of asking if he had understood: it was evident by his face.

"What can you tell us about it?" I asked.

"I?" he repeated; "I can tell it all. I am going to tell about it when I get home."

"And I."

"And I too."

"Won't it be too long?"

"No, indeed!"

And all slipped down-stairs, one promising to give it to the Frenchman, another upbraiding the German, and another repeating how Kutuzof had "straddled" him.

"You have given it to them wholly from the Russian standpoint,"[1] said my German friend, who had been almost mobbed by the boys that evening. "You ought to hear how that story is told among us Germans. You have told them nothing about the German battle for liberty."[2]

I entirely agreed with him that my narrative was not history, but a tale kindling the national sentiment.

Of course, *as instruction in history* this experiment also was even more unsuccessful than the first.

CHAPTER XXXV

GEOGRAPHY

In the teaching of geography I did the same thing. First of all, I began with physical geography. I remember the first lesson. I began it, and immediately lost my way. The result obtained was what I did not at all anticipate; namely, that I did not know what I wanted ten-year-old peasant children to learn. I was able to explain "day" and "night," but in my explanation of "winter" and "summer" I went astray. Ashamed of my ignorance, I tried it again, and then I asked many of my acquaintances, cultivated men, and no one except those that had recently left school, or teachers, was able to give me a very good explanation without a globe. I beg all who read this to test this observation. I affirm that out of a hundred men not more than one knows this, though all children are taught it.

Having rehearsed pretty carefully, I once more took up the explanation, and with the aid of a candle and

[1] *Sie haben ganz Russisch erzählt.*

[2] *Sie haben nichts gesagt von den Deutschen Freiheitskämpfen.*

a globe, I explained it, as it seemed to me, admirably. They listened to me with great attention and interest. Especially interested were they to know something which their fathers did not believe and to be able to boast of their wisdom.

At the end of my explanation of "winter" and "summer" the skeptic Semka, the keenest-witted of all, staggered me with the question: —

"How does the earth move and yet our izba still stand in the same place? Why, it ought to have moved from its place."

I perceived that in my explanation I had shot a thousand versts beyond the range of the most intelligent of the children; what must the dullest have understood of it? I went back — I explained, I made sketches, I adduced all the proofs of the roundness of the earth; voyages around the globe, the masts of a ship showing before the deck and all the rest, and consoling myself with the thought that now they certainly understood, I set them to writing the lesson. All wrote: "The earth is like a ball — *first proof* .... *second proof*....;" they forgot the *third proof* and asked me about it. It was evident that the principal thing for them was to remember the proofs. More than once, more than a dozen times, yes, a hundred times I returned to these explanations and always unsuccessfully. At any examination the pupils would all answer, and they do now, satisfactorily. But I feel that they do not understand, and when I remember that I did not understand the matter very well until after I was thirty, I have pardoned them for this dullness of comprehension. I in my childhood believed that the world was round, and the like, but did not understand it, and so it is with them now. It was always far easier for me to comprehend what my nurse told me: that at the end of the world the earth and the sky met, and there at the end of the world the women wash their linen in the sea and mangle it on the sky. Our pupils have long been confirmed, and even now still persist, in notions diametrically opposed to those I wanted to give them. For a long time still, before they

began to understand, it was necessary to dispel the impressions which they had formed, and their idea of the universe which nothing seemed as yet to modify. The laws of physics and mechanics were what first began to shatter these old concepts. But like myself and like all the rest of us they began physical geography before they began physics.

In the teaching of geography, as in all other subjects, the commonest, coarsest, and hurtfulest mistake — is haste. We were so delighted to know that the earth is round and turns around the sun, that we hasten as speedily as possible to communicate this to the pupil. But it is not valuable to know that the earth is round; it is valuable to know how this conclusion was reached. Very often children are told that the earth is so many billions of versts distant from the sun; and the fact does not interest or surprise the child at all. It is interesting to him to know how this was discovered. Whoever wishes to speak about this, let him tell about parallaxes. This is quite possible.

I have dwelt long on the roundness of the earth because what I have said about it refers to all geography. Out of thousands of cultivated men, aside from teachers and pupils, one may know very well why we have winter and summer, and may know where Guadaloupe is, while out of a thousand children, not one in his childhood understands the explanations of the roundness of the earth, and not one believes in the actual existence of Guadaloupe, but every one is still taught both of these things from earliest childhood.

After physical geography I began the parts of the world with their characteristics and with no lasting results, so that when you ask a question they will shout confusedly, "Asia, Africa, Australia," but if you suddenly ask: "In what part of the world is France?" even though it has just been said that England and France are in Europe, some one will cry that France is in Africa! The question "Why?" appears in each dulled eye, in every tone of the voice, when geography is begun, and there is no answer to that pitiable question "Why?"

As in history it is a common idea to begin with the end, so, in geography, the idea arose and became general to begin with the schoolrooms, with the village. As I have seen these experiments in Germany, and as I was wholly hopeless, by reason of my failure in ordinary geography, I took up the description of a room, a house, a village. Like the drawing of plans, such exercises are not devoid of profit, but to know what region is back of our village is not interesting, because all know that Telyatinki is there. And to know what is back of Telyatinki is not interesting, because, undoubtedly, another village just like Telyatinki is there, and Telyatinki with its fields is perfectly uninteresting. I proposed to them to place geographical way-marks, such as Moscow, Kief, but all this was packed away in their heads so disconnectedly that they had to learn it by heart.

I proposed to them to draw maps, and this occupied them and really helped their memory; but again appeared the question: "Why aid the memory?" I proposed again to tell them about polar and equatorial countries; they listened with pleasure and recited, but in their narrations they remembered everything except what was geographical in them. The chief thing was that the drawing of plans of the village was the drawing of plans, and not geography; the drawing of maps was the drawing of maps, and not geography; the stories of wild beasts, forests, ice-fields, and cities were tales, and not geography. Geography was only something learnt by heart. Of all the new books — Grube, Biernadsky — not one was interesting. One little book, forgotten by every one, and somewhat resembling a geography, was read with more interest than anything else, and in my opinion is the best model of what ought to be done to prepare children for the study of geography by awakening in them an interest in the subject. This book is the Russian translation of Peter Parley, published in 1837. This little book is read, but seems rather as a guiding thread for the teacher who follows it in his narration, telling what he knows about each land and city.

The children recite, but they rarely retain any name

and place on the map relating to the event described; for the most part, only the events remain. This class, however, belongs to a section of colloquies of which we shall speak in another place. Of late, notwithstanding all the skill with which the teaching of unnecessary names is disguised, notwithstanding all the circumspection with which we resorted to it, the children had a presentiment that they were only being tricked into reading history and they conceived a genuine disgust for this class.

I came at last to the conclusion that, as regards history, not only was there no necessity of knowing the stupid part of Russian history, but that Cyrus, Alexander of Macedon, Cæsar, and Luther are likewise unnecessary for the development of any child. All these personages and events are interesting to the student, not in proportion to their significance in history, but in proportion to the artistic reason for their being at all, in proportion to the artistic skill shown by their historian, and generally not by their historian, but by popular tradition.

The history of Romulus and Remus is interesting, not because these brothers founded the mightiest empire in the world, but because it is entertaining, marvelous, and beautiful how the she-wolf suckled them, etc. The history of the Gracchi is interesting, because it is artistic, like the history of Gregory VII. and the humiliated emperor, and there is a possibility of getting interested in it; but the history of the migration of nations will be stupid and aimless, because its subject is not artistic, — just exactly like the history of the invention of printing, however we strive to impress it on the pupil that this was a period in history, and that Gutenberg was a great man. If you relate cleverly how friction matches were invented, the pupil will never agree that the inventor of friction matches was not as great a man as Gutenberg: in a word, for the child, and in general for the learner, and for any one who has not yet learned to live, the interest in the historic, that is, apart from the universally human, does not exist. There is only the artistic interest.

It is said that with the working out of materials the artistic developments of all periods of history will be possible; but I do not see this. Macaulay and Thiers can just as little be put into the hands of the student as Tacitus or Xenophon.

In order to make history popular, an artistic form for it is not necessary; but the historic phenomena must be personified, as is often done by legend, sometimes by life, sometimes by great thinkers and artists. History pleases children only when the topic is artistic. Interest in the historic does not exist and cannot exist for them; consequently there is and can be no children's history. History serves only occasionally as material for artistic development, but as long as the interest in history is not developed there can be no history. Berté, Kaïdanof, still remain the only guides. The old anecdote begins: *The history of the Medes is obscure and fabulous.* It is impossible to make anything out of history for children who feel no interest in history.

The contrasting experiments in making history and geography artistic and interesting, the biographical sketches of Grube and Biernadsky, satisfy neither artistic nor historic demands, satisfy neither logic nor historical interest, and at the same time by their superfluity of particulars they spread out to impossible proportions.

It is the same with geography. When Mitrofanushka was persuaded to study geography, his mother said to him:—

"Why study about all lands? The coachman will take you where you want to go."

Nothing stronger was ever said against geography, and all the teachers of the world are unable to furnish a reply to such an insurmountable argument.

I am speaking with perfect seriousness. What is the good of my knowing the position of the river and city of Barcelona when, after having lived thirty-three years, I have not once needed that knowledge? The most picturesque description of Barcelona and its inhabitants, as far as I can see, could not help toward the development

of my spiritual powers. What good is it for Semka and Fedka to know about the Marinsky canal and aquatic communication, if they, as in all probability will be the case, will never go there? And even if Semka should happen to go there, it is a matter of indifference whether he learns about it or not, since he will know about this kind of aquatic communication, and will know it thoroughly, by experience. For the development of spiritual powers, what help will come from knowing that hemp goes down and tar goes up the Volga, that there is a harbor Dubovka, and that a subterranean stratum extends to such and such a point, and that the Samoyeds travel by reindeer, and so on — I cannot imagine!

I have in me a whole world of lore — mathematical, natural, linguistic, and poetic — which I have not time to transmit; there is an endless collection of questions regarding the phenomena of life around me; and the pupil demands an answer to them, and I must answer them before drawing maps of the polar floes, the tropical lands, the mountains of Australia, and the rivers of America.

In history and geography experience tells the same story and everywhere confirms our ideas. Everywhere the teaching of geography and history goes badly, in expectation of examinations, the names of mountains, cities and rivers, kings and tsars; the only possible manuals are Arsenyef and Obodovsky, Kaïdanof, Smaragdof, and Berté; and everywhere complaint is made of the teaching of these subjects; they are searching for something new, and never find it.

It is very amusing that all recognize the incongruity of the study of geography with the spirit of the pupils of the whole world, and consequently invent thousands of ingenious means — like Sidof's method — to compel the children to remember the names; the simplest of all notions, that this kind of geography is entirely unnecessary, that it is entirely unnecessary to know these names, has never once entered any one's head.

All attempts to combine geography with geology, botany, ethnography, and I know not what else, history

with biography, remain empty dreams, giving birth to wretched books like Grube's, not useful to children or to young people, or to teachers, or to the public in general. In fact, if the authors of these so-called new guides in geography and history thought of what they wanted, and attempted to apply these books to instruction, they would become convinced of the impossibility of the enterprise.

In the first place, geography, in conjunction with the natural sciences and ethnography, would constitute a prodigious science, for the teaching of which a human lifetime would not suffice, and a science still less childlike and still dryer than geography alone.

In the second place, for the composition of such a manual, sufficient material would not be found in a thousand years. If I taught the geography of the Krapivensky District, I should be compelled to give the pupils detailed notions of the flora, the fauna, the geological formation of the country up to the North Pole, and details regarding the inhabitants and the trade of the kingdom of Bavaria, because I should have plenty of material for these details, and I should have almost nothing to say of the Byelevsky and Yefrimovski Districts, because I should have no materials for that.

But the children and sound common sense demand from me a certain harmony and regularity in teaching. The only thing remaining is either to make them learn Obodovsky's geography by heart, or not teach the subject at all. Just as for history the historical interest must be awakened, so for the teaching of geography the geographical interest must be awakened. And the geographical interest, according to my experience and observation, is awakened either by study of the natural sciences or by travels, especially — in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred — by travels.

As the love of history is stimulated by the reading of newspapers, and especially of biographies, and by the interest in the political life of one's country, so for geography the first step toward the study of science is taken

in the way of travels. Both means have become perfectly accessible to every one in our day, and, therefore, the less ought we to fear cutting loose from the ancient superstition regarding the teaching of history and geography. Life itself is now so instructive in this connection that if geographical and historical knowledge were so necessary for general development as we think, then it would always supply the lack.

And really, if we renounce the old superstition, it is not at all terrible to think of people growing up without once having learnt in their childhood who Yaroslof was, who Otho was, or what Estramadura is, and the like. You see, people have ceased studying astrology, they have ceased studying rhetoric and poetics, they have ceased studying how to talk Latin, and the human race has not grown stupid. New sciences spring into birth; in our day the natural sciences have begun to grow popular; we must abjure and outgrow the old sciences, — not the sciences but the phases of them, — which with the birth of new sciences have become insufficient. To arouse an interest, to know how humanity lives and has lived and has acted and developed in various realms, an interest in learning those laws whereby humanity eternally moves; to arouse, on the other hand, an interest in understanding the laws of the phenomena of Nature over all this green globe, and of the distribution of the human race over it — that is another thing. *Maybe* the awakening of such an interest is useful, but to the attainment of this end the Ségurs, the Thiers, the Obodovskys, the Grubes, are of no use. I know only two elements that are — the artistic feeling of poetry and patriotism. To develop either there are as yet no manuals, and as long as there are none we must keep searching, or waste our time and energies, and cripple a young generation by forcing it to learn history and geography merely because we were taught history and geography.

Up to the time of the university, I see not only *no necessity, but even great injury, in the teaching of history and geography*. Beyond that, I don't know.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE ARTS

In the sketch of the Yasnaya Polyana School during the months of November and December, I have now to speak of two subjects which have an entirely distinct character from all the others: these are drawing and singing — the arts.

If I had not my own views, based on the fact that I don't know why any one should study either, I should be obliged to ask myself: Is the study of art profitable for peasant children, put under the necessity of working all their lives long just for their daily bread, and what is the good of it?

Ninety-nine out of a hundred would answer this question in the negative. And it is impossible to answer otherwise. As soon as this question is put, sound common sense demands such an answer: — he is not to be an artist; he will have to plow. If he has artistic demands, he will not have the power to endure the steady unwearying labor which he must endure; which, if he does not endure, the very existence of the empire would be out of the question. I use the pronoun *he*, I mean the child of the people. In reality this is an absurdity, but I delight in this absurdity; I do not hesitate before it, and I am trying to find the causes of it. This is another and still greater absurdity!

This same child of the people, every child of the people, has precisely similar rights — what am I saying? has greater rights to the enjoyment of art than we, the children of the fortunate class, who are not reduced to the necessity of this ceaseless work, and who are surrounded by all the amenities of life.

To deprive him of the right of enjoying art, to deprive me, his teacher, of the right of leading him into that domain of the best enjoyments for which his whole being yearns with all the powers of his soul, is a still greater absurdity.

How can these two absurdities be reconciled? This is no lyrical emotion[1] such as I was seduced into on the occasion of describing the walk in No. 1, — this is only logic. No reconciliation is possible, and to think of it is self-deception. They will say, and they do say: "If drawing is necessary in a popular school, then only drawing from Nature is permissible, only technical drawing, applicable to life; the drawing of a plow, of a machine, of a building; drawing only as an art subsidiary to lineal design."

This common idea of drawing was shared by the teacher in the Yasnaya Polyana School, an account of which we present. But the very experiment we made in this method of teaching drawing convinced us of the falsity and injustice of this technical program. The majority of the pupils, after four months of strict, exclusively technical drawing, from which all sketching of men, animals, landscapes was excluded, at last grew so disgusted with the drawing of technical objects, and the feeling and necessity for drawing as an art were developed in them to such a degree, that they kept their secret note-books, in which they drew pictures of men and horses with all four legs starting from one place.

It was the same in music. The ordinary program of schools for the people does not permit singing farther than choral or church music, and precisely in such a way that either this is the dullest, most tormenting study for children — to produce certain sounds — in other words, that children become and regard themselves as throats meant to take the place of organ pipes, or else the sense of the esthetic is developed and demands satisfaction on the balalaïka or the harmonica, and frequently in some coarse song which the pedagogue would not recognize, and in which he would not think it necessary to guide his pupils. One of two things: either art in general is harmful and unnecessary — and this is not nearly so strange as it may seem at first glance — or else every one, without distinction of rank or occupation, has the right to it, and the right to abandon himself wholly to it

[1] *Lirizm.*

— on this ground, that art does not permit of mediocrity.

The absurdity is not in this; the absurdity is in the very asking of such a question as the question: "Have the children of the people a right to the arts?" This question is analogous to asking: "Have the children of the people the right to eat beef?" in other words, "Have they the right to satisfy their human needs?" This is not the question, but whether the beef is good which we offer and which we refuse to the people. Just exactly as in offering the people certain funds of knowledge which are in our power, and remarking the bad influence produced on it by them, I conclude, not that the people are bad because they do not accept these studies and profit by them as we do, but that the studies are bad, not normal, and that by the aid of the people we must work out new ones which shall be suitable to all of us, both to society and the people at large. I only conclude that these studies and arts live amongst us and do not seem to harm us, but cannot live amongst the people and seem injurious to them simply because these studies and arts are not those that are generally needed; but that we live amongst them only because we are spoiled, only because men who have been sitting five hours without harm in the tainted atmosphere of a factory or a tavern do not suffer from that atmosphere which would kill the man who had just come into it. They will ask: "Who has said that knowledge and the arts of our cultivated class are false? Because the people do not accept them, why do you postulate their falsity?" All these questions are resolved very simply: *Because we are thousands, and they are millions.*

I continue my comparison with a certain physiological fact.

A man comes from the pure air into a low, close, smoky room; all his vital functions are as yet in perfect condition; his organism, by reason of his having breathed in the pure air, has been nourished largely on oxygen. With this habit of his organism he goes on breathing in the pestiferous room; great quantities of

the poisonous gases mingle with his blood ; his organism becomes enfeebled, — often a swooning fit ensues, sometimes death, — while hundreds of people continue to breathe and live in the same pestiferous atmosphere, simply because all their functions have become enfeebled ; because, in other words, their lives are weaker, less vital. If they say to me : These men live as much as the others, and who shall decide whose lives are the better and nearest to the normal ? since it as often happens that a man coming from the vitiated atmosphere into the pure air faints away as the contrary — the answer is easy. Not a physiologist, but any simple man of sound common sense will say merely this : "Where the most of men live, in the pure air or in pestiferous dungeons," and will follow the majority ; but the physiologist will make observations on the one and the other, and will say that the functions are stronger and the nutrition more complete in the one that lives in the pure air.

The same relationship exists between the arts of our so-called cultivated society, and the arts which the people demand : I mean painting and sculpture, and music, and poetry. A painting by Ivanof will excite in the people only amazement at its technical skill, but it will not excite any poetic or religious feeling, while this same religious feeling will be excited by the woodcut of Ioann of Novgorod and the devil in the pitcher.[1]

The Venus of Melos will arouse only a legitimate detestation of a woman's nakedness and shamelessness. A quartet in Beethoven's last manner seems only a disagreeable noise, occasionally interesting only because one person plays on the cello and another on the violin. The best production of our poetry, Pushkin's lyric verse, seems a collection of words, but its meaning contemptible absurdities.

[1] We beg leave to call the reader's attention to this ugly picture, so remarkable by reason of its strength of religious and poetic feeling; it bears the same relation to contemporaneous Russian painting as the art of Fra Beato Angelico bears to the art of the successors of the school of Michelangelo. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Introduce the child of the people into this world: you can do so and are all the time doing so by means of the hierarchies of educational institutions, academies, and art classes: he will feel, and genuinely feel, Ivanof's picture and the Venus of Melos and the quartet of Beethoven and Pushkin's lyric verse. But on entering into this world he will no longer breathe with full lungs; and it will be painful and injurious to him to breathe the pure air, if by chance he happens to go into it.

As in the matter of breathing, sound common sense and physiology give the same answer, so in the matter of art the same sound common sense and pedagogy — not the pedagogy which writes programs but that which strives to find general paths of education and laws — will reply that that man lives the fullest and best life who does not live in the sphere of the arts of our cultivated class; that the demands of art and the satisfaction which it gives are fuller and more legitimate among the people than among us. Sound common sense will say this simply because it sees the majority living outside of this environment happy and powerful, not by numbers alone; the pedagogue makes his observations on the spiritual functions of the men who are found in our circle, and outside of it makes observations on the introduction of men into the pestiferous room, that is to say, on the transfer of our arts to the young generation and on the ground of those fainting fits, of that disgust which healthy natures experience on being introduced into the art atmosphere, on the ground of the diminution of spiritual functions, will conclude that the demands of the people, of art, are more legitimate than the demands of the depraved minority of the so-called cultivated class.

I have made these observations regarding music and poetry, the two branches of our arts which I know the best and which I once loved passionately, and it was a terrible thing to say: I have come to the conviction that all we have done in these two branches has been done in a false, exclusive method, having no meaning, and insignificant in comparison with those demands and

even with the productions in the same arts, specimens of which we find among the people.

I am convinced that a lyric poem, as, for example,

I recall the marvelous moment,

the productions of music, like Beethoven's last symphony, are not so absolutely and universally good as the popular *pyesnya* about "Vanka, the steward," or the song, "Down the ancient mother Volga"; that Pushkin and Beethoven please us, not because absolute beauty is in them, but because we are as corrupt as Pushkin and Beethoven, — because Pushkin and Beethoven equally flatter our abnormal irritability and our weakness. As to the hackneyed paradox, heard till it has become insipid, that for the comprehension of the beautiful a certain preparation is needed — who said it, and what proof is of it? It is only an expedient, a loophole from an untenable position, into which we have been led by the falsity of our tendency and the exclusive adoption of our art by one class. Why is the beauty of the sun, the beauty of a human face, the beauty of the sounds of a popular melody, the beauty of an act of love and sacrifice, accessible to every one, and why do these things require no preparation?

I know that what I say will seem mere talk to the majority, the privilege of "a boneless tongue," but pedagogy — free pedagogy — by way of experiment, settles many questions, and by an endless repetition of the same phenomena leads these questions from the domain of imagination and argument into the domain of propositions proved by facts. For years I struggled vainly to transfer to our pupils the poetic beauties of Pushkin and all our literature; a countless number of teachers are trying to do the same, and not in Russia alone; and if these teachers examine the results of their efforts, and if they will be frank, all will confess that the chief consequence of the development of the poetic feeling was its destruction, that the greatest repugnance to such interpretations was shown by the most poetic natures. .... I had been struggling, I say, for years, and could obtain

no results — and once, by accident, I opened the collection of Ruibnikof, and the poetic demand of the pupils found full satisfaction, a satisfaction which, when I calmly, and without prejudice, compared the first song I came to with Pushkin's last production, I could not help finding legitimate. I had the same experience also in regard to music, concerning which I shall not have to speak.

I will try to sum up all that I have said. To the question, Are the arts — *les beaux arts* — necessary to the people? pedagogues generally hesitate and grow perplexed; only Plato decides this question boldly in the negative. They say: it is necessary, but with certain restrictions. To give all men the possibility of becoming artists would be harmful to the social organization. They say: certain arts and their degree can exist only in a certain class in society. They say: the arts must have their exclusive servants, devoted to one task. They say: great talents must have the possibility of coming forth from the midst of the people and devoting themselves exclusively to art. This is the greatest concession which pedagogy makes to the right of each person to be what he wishes. To the attainment of these ends all the efforts of the pedagogues are directed, as far as art is concerned. I consider this unjust. I suppose that the demand for the enjoyment of art and the service of art exists in every human being, to whatever class and environment he may belong, and that this demand is legitimate and must be satisfied.

Taking this position as an axiom, I say that if inconveniences and incongruities are presented by each person having an enjoyment of art and its reproduction, the cause of these inconveniences lies not in the method of its transference, nor in the diffusion or concentration of the arts among many or few, but in the character and tendency of the art, in which we must be dubious so as not to put what is false on the young generation, as well as to give this young generation the opportunity for working out something new both in form and in content.

I present an account of the teaching of drawing in

November and December. The method of this instruction, it seems to me, may be regarded as convenient by the way whereby, imperceptibly and pleasantly, the pupils were guarded past the technical difficulties. The question of art itself is not touched upon, because the teacher who began the course took it for granted that it was inexpedient for peasant children to be artists.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DRAWING

When, nine months ago, I entered upon the teaching of drawing, I had as yet no definite plan, either for laying out the course of instruction or for guiding the pupils. I had neither designs nor models, save for a few albums of illustrations, which, however, I did not make use of at the time of my most advanced lessons, confining myself to simple auxiliary means, such as can always be found in every country school. A painted wooden board, chalk, slates, and rectangular boards of various sizes, and sticks, which we had used in the visual teaching of mathematics — these were all the material we had for our instruction, and yet we were not hindered from copying everything that came under our hands.

Not one of the pupils had ever before had any lessons in drawing; they brought to me only their faculty of judgment, which they were given perfect liberty to express when and as they pleased, and which I wanted as a guide to teach me their requirements so that I might afterward lay down a definite scheme of work.

The first thing I did was to make a square out of four sticks and experimented to discover if the boys, without any preliminary teaching, would be able to copy that square. A few of the boys only drew some very irregular squares, indicating by straight lines the square sticks which made the square. I was perfectly satisfied with this. For the less able ones I drew a square with chalk

on the board. Then we constructed a cross in the same way, and copied that.

An unconscious innate feeling impelled the children to find as a general thing a sufficiently accurate correlation of the lines, although they drew the lines badly enough. And I did not consider it necessary to insist on the accuracy of the straight lines in each figure, for I did not wish to torment them unnecessarily, and all I wanted was to have the figure copied. I preferred at first to give the children a comprehension of the relations of the lines according to their size and their direction, rather than to labor over their ability to draw these lines as regularly as possible.

The child will understand the relation between length and shortness of lines, the difference between a right angle and parallels, before he will learn by himself to draw a straight line tolerably well.

Little by little in the succeeding lessons we succeeded in copying the angles of these quadrangular sticks, and then we made the most varied figures with them.

The pupils entirely neglected the thickness of the sticks, the third dimension, and we drew all the time only the front side of the objects set before us.

The difficulty of clearly presenting the position and coördination of figures, owing to our deficiency of materials, compelled me sometimes to draw the figures on the board. I often combined a sketch from nature with a sketch from models, taking any object whatever: if the boys could not copy the given object, I would sketch it myself on the board.

The drawing of figures from the board proceeded as follows: — I drew at first a horizontal or perpendicular line; I divided it by points into a certain number of parts; the pupils copied this line. Then I drew another or several perpendicular or slanting lines to the first, and divided into equal parts. Then we united the points of division of these lines with straight or curved lines, and thus composed a kind of symmetrical figure, which, according as it developed, the boys copied. It seemed to me that this was advantageous, in the first

place, in this relation: that the boy, by looking on, learns the whole process of drawing figures, and, in the second place, on the other hand there is developed in him a far better comprehension of the relations of lines through this sketching on the board than through copying of sketches and originals. By this system the possibility of out and out copying is entirely obviated, the figure itself, like an object from Nature, must be drawn on a smaller scale.

It is almost always useless to hang up a large picture or figure already perfectly drawn, because the beginner will really be at his wits' ends before it, just as before an object from Nature. But the development of a figure before his eyes has great significance. The pupil in this case sees the bones of the sketch, the skeleton on which afterward the body itself will be constructed.

The pupils were constantly called on to criticize the bones which I drew, and their relations. I often drew them incorrectly on purpose, so as to find out how far their judgment was formed concerning the relations and correctness of the lines. Then I would ask the boys, when I had drawn a figure, where, in their opinion, another line should be added, and I even made one or another of them think out a way of constructing a figure.

By this means I awakened in the boys not only a more lively but also a free coöperation in the construction and development of the figures; and this annihilated in the children the question "Why?" which the child always naturally asks himself when he is set to copying an original.

The course and method of instruction have been chiefly determined by the ease or difficulty of comprehension, the greater or less amount of interest manifested, and I have often thrown away something entirely prepared for the lesson, simply because it was wearisome or unfamiliar to the boys.

Hitherto I have given symmetrical figures to copy because their formation is the easiest and most obvious. Then by way of experiment I asked the best

pupils to invent and design figures on the board. Although almost all drew in one given style, nevertheless it was interesting to observe their awakening rivalry, their criticism of others, and the originality of the figures they constructed. Many of these sketches were in perfect correspondence with the pupils' characters.

Each child has a tendency toward independence, which it would be injurious to destroy in any kind of instruction, and which is particularly manifested in the dissatisfaction at drawing from models. In the methods here described this independence is not only not vitiated, but is developed and strengthened.

If the pupil is not taught in school to create, then he will go on through life imitating and copying, since few of those that have been taught to copy would be able to make independent application of these acquirements.

By constantly holding to natural forms in our designing, and by frequently taking various objects, as, for example, leaves of a characteristic form, flowers, household ware, and objects used in common life, and instruments, I tried to prevent our drawing from degenerating into routine and mannerism.

With the greatest caution I entered into an explanation of shading, and chiaroscuro, because the beginner, by means of shading lines, easily destroys the clearness and regularity of the figure, and becomes accustomed to disorderly and vague daubing.

By this method I succeeded within a few months in initiating more than thirty pupils into a fair fundamental knowledge of the coördination of lines in various figures and objects, and into the art of reproducing these figures by even and accurate lines. The mechanical art of linear drawing gradually developed of itself. More difficult than anything else was it for me to teach the pupils neatness in keeping their sketch-books and their designs. The facility of rubbing out what they had drawn on slates made my task in this respect very difficult. Giving sketch-books to the better and more talented pupils, I attained greater neatness in the sketch itself; for the great difficulty of rubbing out compels

them to great neatness in regard to what they are designing. In a short time the best pupils attained to a very accurate and tidy use of the pencil, so that they could draw neatly and accurately, not only rectilinear figures, but also the most fantastic ones composed of curved lines.

I set some of the pupils to correcting the figures of the others when they had finished their own, and this exercise in teaching notably stimulated the pupils, for in this way they could immediately apply what they had learned.

Of late, I have occupied the older ones in drawing objects in the most varied positions in perspective, without holding exclusively to the well-known method of Dupuis.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SINGING

Last summer we were coming home from bathing. All of us were feeling very gay. A peasant lad, — the very one who had been enticed by the domestic peasant lad into stealing books, — a wide-cheeked, thick-set lad, all covered with freckles, with crooked, knock-kneed legs, with all the ways of a grown-up muzhik of the steppe, but a clever, strong, and gifted nature, — ran ahead and sat in the wagon, which was proceeding in front of us. He picked up the reins, cocked his hat, spat to one side, and burst out into a dragging muzhik song — oh, how he sang! — with feeling, with repose, with the full power of his lungs! The children laughed: —

"Semka, Semka — lo! how cleverly he sings!"

Semka was perfectly serious.

"There, now, don't you interrupt my song!" said he, in a pause, using a peculiar and purposely hoarse voice, and then he went on with his song sedately.

Two very musical lads took their places in the cart

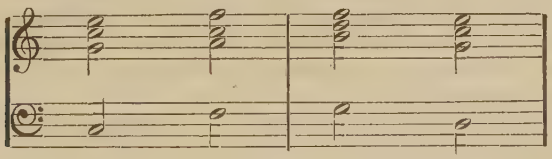
and began to take the tune and join in. One chimed in now with the octave, now the sixth, the other in thirds, and it went admirably. Then the other boys joined in, and they began to sing

Kak pod yabloneĭ takoĭ,[1]

and to yell, and there was a great noise, but disagreeable.

From this evening the singing began; now after eight months we sing *Angel Vopiyashe* and two cherubim songs, Numbers Four and Seven, the whole of the ordinary mass, and little choral songs. The best pupils — only two of them — write down the melodies of the songs which they know, and almost read the notes. But, so far, whatever they sing is far from being so good as that song of theirs was which they sang returning from the bath. I say all this without any *arrière pensée*, not to prove anything, but I simply state a fact.

Now I will tell about the process of instruction, with which I was comparatively well satisfied. At the first lesson I divided all the words into three parts, and we sang the following chords: —



We succeeded in this very rapidly. And each one sang what he wished, tried the discant and went to the tenor, and from the tenor to the alto, so that the best knew the whole chord — *do-mi-sol;* some all the three parts. They pronounced the names of the notes in the French. One sang *mi-fa-fa-mi;* another *do-do-re-do*, and so on.

[1] As beneath an apple tree.

"See how sweet, Lyof Nikolayevitch! It already begins to hum in our ears; try it again, again."

We sang these chords both in school and out-of-doors, and in the park and on the road home, till late at night, and we could not stop or rejoice sufficiently at our success.

On the next day we attempted the scale, and the more talented ones went through it perfectly, the duller ones could scarcely reach to the third. I wrote the notes on the staff in the alto key, the most symmetrical, and I called them in French. The succeeding six lessons went just as merrily; we sang new chords — minor ones and modulations into the major — *gospodi pomiluï*,[1] "Glory to the Father and the Son," and a little three-part song, with piano. One half of the lesson was occupied with this, the other with singing of the scale and exercises which the pupils themselves invented: *do-mi-re-fa-mi-sol*, or *do-re-re-mi-mi-fa*, or *do-mi-re-do-re-fa-mi-re*, and so on.

I very speedily remarked that the notes on the staffs were not learned by observation, and found it necessary to substitute figures for them. Moreover, for the explanation of intervals and the variability of the tonic, figures are more useful. After six lessons some were able to strike whatever intervals I asked of them, attaining it by an imaginary scale. Especially pleasing was the exercise on the fourths — *do-fa-re-sol* and the like, up and down. *Fa* — the sub-dominant — especially struck them all by its force.

"How healthy that *fa* is!" exclaimed Semka. "How it cuts through."

Unmusical natures all fell behind; but with the musical ones our classes used to last three or four hours. I tried to give them an idea of beating time by the received method, but the thing seemed so hard to them that I was obliged to separate the tempo from the melody, and having written the notes without measure, to read them; and then, having written the measure — that is, tempo without sounds — by beating to read

[1] The Lord have mercy.

one measure, and then to unite the two processes. After a few lessons, having taken into account what I was doing, I became convinced that my method of instruction is almost the same as the method of Chevé,[1] which I had seen under trial in Paris — a method which was not immediately adopted by me, simply because it was a method.

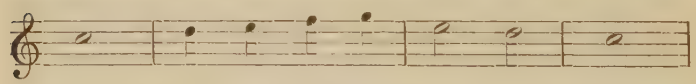
To all who are occupied with the teaching of singing one cannot too highly recommend this work, on the cover of which is printed in large letters *Repoussé à l'unanimité*, though now it is distributed in tens of thousands of copies over all Europe. I saw in Paris striking proofs of the success of this method under the instruction of Chevé himself; audiences of five or six hundred men and women, some of them forty and fifty years old, singing in one voice *à livre ouvert* whatever the teacher indicated to them.

In Chevé's method there are many rules, exercises, and prescriptions which have no significance, and which every sensible teacher will invent by the hundred and by the thousand on the battle-field, in other words, in the class-room; there is a very comical, and perhaps also convenient, process of reading the time without the sounds; for example, in four-four time the teacher says *ta-fa-te-fe;* in three-four time the teacher says *ta-te-ti;* in eight-eight time, *ta-fa-te-fe-te-re-li-ri.* All this is interesting as one of the means whereby music may be taught, interesting as the history of a certain musical school; but these roots are not absolute, and cannot constitute a method. This is the very thing that forms the fountain-head of the errors of methods. But Chevé has ideas remarkable for their simplicity; and three of them constitute the essence of his method: — the first, the ancient, having been enunciated by J. J. Rousseau in his *Dictionnaire de musique*, is the idea of expressing musical signs by figures. Whatever the opponents of this way of writing may say, every singing-teacher can make the experiment, and can always convince himself of the immense superiority of fig-

[1] Émile Joseph Maurice Chevé, 1804–1864.

ures over the scale, both in reading and writing. I gave ten lessons on the scale, and one only with figures, saying that it was all the same thing, and the pupils always ask me to write in figures, and they themselves write in figures.

The second remarkable idea belonging exclusively to Chevé consists in teaching sounds apart from tempo, and *vice versa*. Any one who once applies this method of instruction will see that what presented itself as an invincible difficulty will suddenly become so easy that the only wonder is that such a simple idea never occurred to any one before. How many torments would have been spared the unfortunate children taught in the Episcopal "chapels" and other choirs, reformed and the like, if the regents had tried this simple thing — to compel the beginner, without singing, to beat the time with his finger or a stick according to the notes of the phrase; once for quarters, twice for eighths, and so on; then to sing the same phrase without the time; then again to sing one measure, and then again combining them. For example, this phrase is written: —



The pupil first sings — without tempo — *do-re-mi-fa-sol-mi-re-do;* then he does not sing, but, beating on the whole note of the first measure, says: *one — two — three — four;* then he beats once on each of the notes of the second measure, saying *one — two — three — four;* then on the first note of the third measure he beats twice and says, *one — two;* and on the second half-note he also beats twice, saying *three — four*, and so on; and then he sings the same thing in measure, and beats the time, and the other pupils count aloud.

This is my method, which, just like Chevé's, it is impossible to prescribe; it may be found convenient, but it is possible that many others still more convenient may be discovered. But the secret is simply to separate the teaching of tempo from that of notes,

while there may be a countless number of methods of doing this.

Finally, Chevé's third and great idea consists in popularizing music and its instruction. His method of instruction completely attains this object. And this is not merely Chevé's desire, and it is not merely my hypothesis, but it is a fact. In Paris I saw hundreds of horny-handed laborers sitting on benches under which were laid the tools which they had brought with them from their work, and they were singing from notes, and they understood and were interested in the laws of music.

As I looked at these workmen, it was easy for me to imagine Russian muzhiks in their places, with Chevé speaking Russian: they would have sung just as well, they would have understood in the same way all that he said about the general laws and rules of music. We hope to speak in still greater detail about Chevé and particularly of the significance of popularized music, singing especially, in the revival of decadent art.

I pass on to a description of the course of instruction in our school. After six lessons the goats were separated from the sheep; only musical natures were left — the *amateurs* — and we went on to minor scales, and to the explanation of intervals. The only difficulty was to find and distinguish the diminished second from the second. *Fa* had already been called *healthy; do* seemed to them likewise a noisy fellow [1] and so I had no need of teaching them — they themselves felt the note into which the diminished second resolved, therefore they felt the minor second itself.

Without difficulty we ourselves found that the major scale consists of a succession of two whole tones and one half tone, three whole tones and one half tone. Then we sang *Slava Otsu* [2] in the minor key, and by ear reached the scale which seemed minor; then in this scale we found one whole tone, one half tone, two whole tones, one half tone, one augmented whole tone, and one

[1] *Krikun*, from *krik*, a clamor.
[2] Glory to the Father.

half tone. Then I showed that you can sing and write a scale starting from any note you please; that if a whole tone or a half tone does not occur when it is needed, it can be sharped or flatted. For convenience' sake I wrote for them a chromatic scale after this fashion: —

On this scale I made them all the possible major and minor gamuts, beginning with any desired note. These exercises thoroughly absorbed them, and their success was so striking that two of the classes entertained themselves by noting down the melodies of the songs they knew. These pupils often hum the motives of songs, the names of which they cannot remember, and hum them delicately and prettily, and they repeat the principal part the best; and they do not like it at all when many join in, screaming the song together coarsely.

There were barely a dozen lessons in the course of the winter. Our study was spoiled by our vanity. The parents, we, the teachers, and the pupils themselves wanted to surprise the whole village — to sing in church. We started to prepare a mass and the Kherubimskaya songs of Bortnyansky. It seemed as if this would be jollier for the children, but it proved to be the contrary. In spite of the fact that the desire to go into the chancel supported them, and that they loved music, and that we

teachers insisted on this object and made it paramount to others, I was often pained to look at them and see how some darling[1] of a Kiryushka, in ragged leg-wrappers, would practise on his part: —

Taïno obrazu-u-u-u-u-yu-yu-shche,

and would be compelled to repeat it a dozen times, and how at last he would go wild, and, beating his fingers on the notes, would insist that he was singing it correctly.

We went to the church one time and our success was great; the enthusiasm was prodigious, but the singing suffered: they began to tire of the lessons, to shirk them, and when Easter came it was only with great difficulty that we collected a new chorus. Our singers became like those of the Episcopal "chapels," who often sing well, but in whom, in consequence of this act, all taste for singing is destroyed, and in reality they do not know their notes though they imagine they know them. I have often noticed how those that graduate from these schools themselves undertake to teach, not having any comprehension of the notes, and show themselves perfectly incompetent as soon as they begin to sing anything which has not been dinned into their ears.

From this trifling experience which I had in teaching the people music, I have drawn the following conclusions: —

I. That the method of writing sounds by means of figures is the most convenient method.

II. That the teaching of tempo apart from the sounds is the most convenient method.

III. That in order that the teaching of music may leave its effects, and be willingly undertaken, it must be taught as an art from the very beginning, and not merely as a way of singing or playing. Young ladies may be taught to sing the exercises of Burgmüller,[2] but it is better for the children of

[1] *Kroshka*, crumb; Kiryushka is the diminutive of Kirill.
[2] Johann Friedrich Franz Burgmüller, 1806–1874.

the people not to be taught at all than to learn mechanically.

IV. That nothing is so injurious in the teaching of music as what is like the knowledge of music — the rendering of choruses at examinations, ceremonies, and in churches.

V. That the aim of teaching the people music ought to consist solely in giving them the knowledge of the general laws of music which we have, but by no means to fill them with that false taste which is shared among us.

WHO SHOULD LEARN WRITING OF WHOM: PEASANT CHILDREN OF US, OR WE OF PEASANT CHILDREN?

IN the fourth volume of the journal *Yasnaya Polyana* there was printed among the children's compositions by an editorial mistake "A History of how a boy was frightened in Tula." This little story was not written by a boy, but was made up by the teacher from a dream which he had, and which he related to the boys. Some of the readers, who followed the numbers of *Yasnaya Polyana*, expressed their doubts whether this tale really belonged to the boy. I hasten to apologize to my readers for this oversight, and seize the opportunity to remark how impossible are counterfeits in this class of work. This tale was detected, not because it was better, but because it was worse, incomparably worse, than *all* the compositions of the children. All the other tales belonged to the children themselves. Two of them, "He eats with your spoon but puts your eyes out with the handle" and "Life in a Soldier's Home," were written in the following way:—

The teacher's chief art in the teaching of language, and his chief exercise with this end in view, as he trains children to write compositions, consists in the giving of subjects; and not so much in the mere naming of them as in finding variety of subjects, in indicating the dimensions of the compositions, and the pointing out of elementary processes.

Many of the intelligent and talented scholars would write trash; would write: —

"The fire broke out, they began to pull out the things, and I ran into the street."

And nothing of any consequence was produced, though the subject of the composition was rich, and the description of it may have made a deep impression on the scholars.

They would miss the chief thing: why they wrote, and what was the good of writing it? They did not comprehend the art of expressing life in words, and the fascination of this art. And, as I have already said in the second number, I tried many different experiments in the giving of subjects. I tried to gauge their inclinations, and gave them explicit, artistic, touching, ludicrous, or epic themes for compositions; but the thing did not work. Now I will tell how I accidentally discovered the true method.

For a long time the perusal of Snegiref's collection of proverbs has been one of my favorite, I will not say occupations, but passions. Every proverb brings up before me characters from among the people, and their actions, according to the sense of the proverb. Among my impossible dreams I have always thought of writing a series of either stories or plays founded on these proverbs.

Once last winter, after dinner, I was reading Snegiref's book, and I took the book with me to school. The class in the Russian language was in progress.

"Now write me something on a proverb," said I.

The best scholars, Fedka, Semka, and the others, pricked up their ears.

"What do you mean, 'on a proverb'?" "What is that?" "Tell us!" were the various exclamations.

I happened to open to the proverb: "He eats with your spoon and puts your eyes out with the handle."

"Now imagine," said I, "that a muzhik had taken in some old beggar; and then, after the kindness that he had received, the beggar had begun to revile him,

it would mean that he had eaten with your spoon and put out your eyes with the handle."

"Well, how would you write it?" said Fedka and all the others, who had pricked up their ears; but suddenly they gave it up, persuaded that this task was beyond their strength, and resumed the work on which they had been engaged before.

"You write it for us," said one of them to me.

All were busy in their work; I took the pen and inkstand, and began to write.

"Now," said I, "who will write it the best? and I will try with you."

I began the story which is printed in the fourth number of *Yasnaya Polyana*, and wrote the first page.

Every unprejudiced man with any feeling for art and nationality, on reading this first page written by me, and the following pages of the story written by the scholars themselves, will distinguish this page from all the others, — like a fly in milk, — it is so artificial, so false, and written in such a wretched style. It must be noted that in its first form it was still poorer, and has been much improved, thanks to the suggestions of the scholars.

Fedka kept looking up from his copy-book at me, and when his eyes met mine, he would smile and wink, and say, "Write, write! I will show you!"

It evidently interested him to have a grown person also write a composition. After finishing his composition, less carefully and more hurriedly than usual, he leaned over the back of my arm-chair, and began to read over my shoulder. I could not write any longer; others joined our group, and I read aloud what I had written. It did not please them; no one praised it.

I was mortified; and in order to soothe my literary vanity, I began to tell them my plan of what was to follow. As I went on telling them, I was carried away. I felt better in my mind, and they began to make suggestions.

One said that the old man should be a wizard.

Another said: —

"No; that is not necessary; he must be simply a soldier."

"No; let him rob his benefactor."

"No; that would not be according to the proverb," said they.

All were thoroughly interested. It was evidently something new and fascinating for them to watch the process of composition, and to take part in it. Their opinions were for the most part similar and just, both in regard to the construction of the story, the details, and the traits of the characters.

Nearly all took part in the composition of the story, but from the very beginning the positive Semka stood out with especial clearness by the artistic sharpness of his description, and Fedka by the truth of his poetic delineations, and more than all by the vividness and force of his imagination. Their strictures were to such a degree given advisedly, and with reason, that more than once, when I argued with them, I was obliged to yield.

It was my idea that accuracy in composition, and the close fitting of the thought to the proverb, should enter into the story; they, on the contrary, cared only for artistic accuracy.

For example, I wanted the peasant who took the old beggar into his house to regret his kindly action; they felt that this was an impossibility, and they brought into the action a vixenish woman.

I said: —

"The peasant at first felt sorry for the beggar, but afterward felt sorry that he had given his bread."

Fedka replied that such a thing would be absurd.

"From the very first he did not listen to his wife, and surely afterward he would not yield to her!"

"But what sort of a man is he in your idea?" I asked.

"He is like Uncle Timofeï," said Fedka, smiling; "his beard is rather thin, he goes to church, and he keeps bees."

"Good-natured but obstinate?" I suggested.

"Yes," said Fedka; "that 's the reason he will not heed his wife."

From the moment when they introduced the old man the composition began in lively earnest. Here for the first time, evidently, they began to feel the delight of putting artistic work into words. In this respect Semka was particularly brilliant; the most lifelike details followed one another. The solitary fault which might be charged against him was this: that these details pictured only the present moment, and had no relationship to the general idea of the story. I did not hurry them, but rather urged them to go slow, and not to forget what they had said.

It seemed as if Semka saw and described what went on before his eyes: the frozen, snow-covered bark shoes, and the mud which dripped down from them as they thawed out, and the *biscuits* into which they dried when the woman put them into the oven.

Fedka, on the other hand, saw only those particulars which aroused in him such a sentiment as he would have experienced at the sight of a real person. Fedka saw the snow which had stuck to the old man's leg-wrappers,[1] and he felt the feeling of pity which inspired the peasant to say: —

"Lord! how can he walk!"

Fedka went so far as to express in pantomime the manner in which the peasant said these words; waving his hand and shaking his head. He saw the old man's thin, tattered cloak, and his torn shirt, under which showed his emaciated body wet with melting snow. He imagined the woman, as she grumblingly obeyed her husband's command, and pulled off his lapti, and the old man's pitiful groan muttered through his teeth: —

"Easy, little mother;[2] my feet are sore there!"

Semka wanted objective pictures above all, — the

[1] *Onuchi*, bands of cloth wound around the leg instead of stockings, and worn under the boots, or *lapti*.

[2] *Matushka*.

lapti, the thin cloak, the old man, the peasant woman, without much of any connection among them; Fedka wanted to express the feeling of pity with which he himself was filled.

He went on to speak of how the old man would be given his supper; how he would fall sick in the night; how afterward in the field he would teach the boy his letters, so that I was obliged to tell him not to hurry and not to forget what he had said. His eyes gleamed with unshed tears; his dirty, thin hands contracted nervously; he was impatient, and kept spurring me on: "Have you written it? have you written it?" he kept asking me.

He was despotically irritated with all the others; he wanted to be the only one to speak, — not to speak as men talk but to speak as they write, — in other words to express artistically in words the images of feeling; for example, he would not permit the words to be changed about, but was very particular about their order.

His soul at this time was softened and stirred by the sentiment of pity, — that is, love, — and it pictured every object in an artistic form, and took exception to everything that did not correspond to his idea of eternal beauty and harmony.

As soon as Semka was drawn into describing incongruous details about the lambs huddled in the corner near the door, or anything of the sort, Fedka would become vexed and say: —

"Ho, you; you are talking twaddle."

I needed only to suggest anything, — for example, what was the peasant doing while his wife went off to her neighbor's,[1] — and Fedka's imagination would immediately construct a picture of lambs bleating near the door, and the old man sighing, and the lad Serozha delirious; I had only to suggest some artificial and false detail in the picture, and he would become angry instantly, and declare with irritation that it was not necessary.

For instance, I proposed that he describe the peas-

[1] *Kum*, a gossip or god-father.

ant's external appearance; he agreed: but my proposal that he should describe what the peasant thought while his wife was gone to her neighbor's immediately brought up in his mind this idea:—

"Ekh! woman! if you should meet the dead Savoska, he would tear your hair out."

And he said this in such a weary and calmly naturally serious, and at the same time good-natured, tone of voice, leaning his head on his hand, that the children went into a gale of laughter.

The chief condition of every art — the feeling of proportion — was extraordinarily developed in him. He was wholly upset by any superfluous suggestion made by any of the boys. He took it upon himself to direct the construction of this story in such a despotic way, and with such a just claim to be despotic, that very soon the boys went home, and he alone was left with Semka, who did not give way to him, though he worked in a different manner.

We worked from seven to eleven o'clock; the children felt neither hunger nor weariness, and they were really indignant with me when I stopped writing; then they tried to take turns in writing by themselves, but they soon desisted — the thing did not work.

Here for the first time Fedka asked me what my name was. We laughed at him, because he did not know.

"I know," said he, "how to address you; but what do they call your estate name?[1] You know we have the Fokanuichef family, the Zabrefs, the Yermilinas."

I told him.

"And are we going to be printed?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then it must be printed: *The work of Makarof, Morozof, and Tolstoï!*"

He was excited for a long time, and could not sleep; and I cannot represent the feeling of excitement, of pleasure, of pain, and almost of remorse which I experienced in the course of that evening. I felt that

[1] *Dvor-to vash.*

from this time a new world of joys and sorrows had been revealed to Fedka, — the world of art; it seemed to me that I was witnessing what no one has the right to see, — the unfolding of the mysterious flower of poesy.

To me it was both terrible and delightful; just as if a treasure-seeker should find the lady-fern in bloom.

The pleasure consisted for me in suddenly, unexpectedly, discovering the philosopher's stone, for which I had been vainly seeking for two years — the art of expressing thought.

It was terrible, because this art would bring new demands and a whole world of desires incompatible with the sphere in which the pupils live — or so it seemed to me at the first moment.

There could be no mistake. This was not chance, but conscious, creative genius. I beg the reader to peruse the first chapter of the story, and notice the abundant touches of true creative talent scattered through it. For example, the scene where the woman complains angrily of her husband to her neighbor, and yet this woman, for whom the author feels a lively antipathy, bursts into tears when the neighbor reminds her of the breaking up of her home.

For the author who writes with the intellect and memory alone a quarrelsome woman would be created only as a foil for the peasant: from simple desire to torment her husband she would have necessarily called in the neighbor. But in Fedka the artistic feeling was expressed in the woman also, and so she weeps, and fears, and suffers; in his eyes she is not to blame.

Afterward there is a little side-play, when the neighbor puts on the woman's cloak[1]; I remember that I was so extremely struck by it that I asked him, "Why the *woman's* cloak?"

Not one of us had suggested to Fedka the idea of having the neighbor put on the woman's cloak.

He replied: —

"Why, it's more lifelike."

When I asked him, "Might we not say that he put

[1] *Shubyonka.*

on the husband's cloak?" he replied, "No; it is better to have the wife's."

And in very fact this touch is extraordinary. At first you do not see *why* it should be the woman's cloak, but at the same time you feel that it is admirable — that it could not be otherwise.

Every artistic phrase, whether it belongs to a Goethe or a Fedka, is distinguished from one which is not artistic by the simple fact that it calls up an innumerable throng of thoughts, representations, and illustrations.

The neighbor, in the woman's cloak, irresistibly suggests the picture of a feeble, narrow-chested peasant, just as in all probability he was. The woman's cloak, thrown down on the bench, and therefore coming first to hand, brings up before you a perfect picture of a peasant's establishment on a winter's evening. At the mere mention of the cloak there arise involuntarily before your eyes the late hour, at the time when the peasant, undressed for the night, is sitting before his splinter, and the women, coming and going in their housework, — getting water and feeding the cattle, — and all that external disorder in the peasant's mode of life, where not a single person has a garment that is particularly his, and not a single thing has its proper place.

This one expression, "*He put on the woman's cloak,*" defines the whole character of the environment in which the action passes, and this phrase was not discovered accidentally, but chosen deliberately.

I still remember vividly how his imagination conjured up the words spoken by the peasant when he found the paper and could not read it: —

"If my Serozha here knew how to read, he would jump up, tear the paper out of my hands, read it all through, and tell me who this old man is."

In this way we can see the relation between the laboring man and the book which he holds in his sunburned hands; this worthy man, with his patriarchal, pious inclinations, seems to stand before you. You feel that the author has a deep love for him, and has therefore completely understood him, so as to suggest to him

immediately after this his digression about such times having now passed and the danger of the soul being lost.

The idea of the dream was suggested by me, but the introduction of the goat with wounded legs was Fedka's, and he was particularly delighted with it. And the peasant's meditations at the time when his back was beginning to itch, and the picture of the quiet night, — all of this was the farthest removed from accidental: in all these touches can be felt such a conscious, artistic power. ....

I still remember that at the time of the muzhik's going to sleep, I proposed to make him think of the future of his son and of the son's future relations with the old man, that the old man should teach Serozha his letters, and so on. Fedka frowned and said: "Yes, yes, very good," but it was evident that this proposition did not please him, and twice he forgot it. The sense of proportion was as strong in him as in any writer I know — the same sense of proportion as rare artists obtain with great labor and pains, in all its primitive strength lived in his uncontaminated childish soul.

I put an end to the lesson because I was too much excited.

"What is the matter? what makes you so pale? Truly you are n't well, are you?" my companion asked of me.

In fact, only two or three times in my life had I ever experienced such a powerful emotion as I had that evening, and it was long before I could give a rational account to myself of what I had experienced. I was uneasy, and felt as if I had been criminally spying through a glass, into a hive, at the labors of the bees, hidden from mortal gaze. It seemed to me that I had done a wrong to the peasant lad's pure, innocent soul. I had an uneasy feeling as if I had been engaged in a sacrilege.

I remembered children whom idle and debauched old men compelled to display themselves and to present voluptuous pictures so as to stir their frigid and enfeebled imaginations, and at the same time I felt a keen

delight, such as a man must feel who has witnessed something that no one has ever seen before.

It was long before I could explain the impression which I had received, though I was conscious that it was one of those which in mature life lift a man to a higher stage of existence, and compel him to renounce the old, and give himself unreservedly to the new.

The next day I could not believe in the reality of the experience through which I had passed that evening. It seemed to me quite too strange that a half-educated peasant lad had suddenly developed a conscious, artistic power, such as Goethe, with all his measureless height of development, was unable to attain. It seemed to me, too, strange that I, the author of "Childhood," who have now gained a certain success and reputation for artistic talent in the literary circles of Russia, that I, in the matter of art, was not only unable to guide or aid this eleven-year-old Fedka, and Semka, but that barely, — and that only in a happy moment of excitement, — could I follow them and comprehend them. It seemed to me so strange, that I could not believe in what had happened the evening before.

On the next day we occupied ourselves with the continuation of the tale. When I asked Fedka whether he had thought out the sequel and how, he made no reply, but waving his hands simply said: —

"I know, I know! Who will write it?"

We began to write the continuation, and again, as far as the children were concerned, with the same sense of artistic truth, proportion, and enthusiasm.

When the lesson was half done, I was compelled to leave them. They continued without me and wrote two pages as beautifully, as sympathetically, as genuinely, as the first. These pages were only a little poorer in details, and these details were sometimes not introduced with perfect skill; there were also two repetitions. All this evidently arose from the fact that the mechanism of composition troubled them. On the third day it was the same.

During these lessons other boys were frequently

present, and knowing the spirit and idea of the story, they made suggestions and added their genuine strokes. Semka went away and stayed away. Only Fedka kept on with the story from beginning to end, and acted as censor on all the changes proposed.

There could be no doubt that this success is a matter of chance: we evidently struck accidentally on that method which was more natural and more stimulating than those we had tried hitherto. But all this was too unusual, and I did not believe in what was going on before my eyes. Something which seemed like an extraordinary chance was required to dissipate my doubts.

I had been away for several days, and the story remained unfinished. The manuscript — three large sheets fully written over — was left in the room of the teacher to whom I had been showing it.

Just before my departure, while I was engaged with the composition, a new pupil who had come had been showing the children the art of making fly-flappers out of paper, and throughout the whole school, as is apt to be the case, had come a time of fly-flappers, taking the place of snow-ball time, which in its turn had taken the place of carved sticks.

The fly-flapper time lasted during my absence. Semka and Fedka, who belonged to the choir, used to go to the teacher's room to sing, and they would spend whole evenings and sometimes whole nights there.

In the intervals and during the time of singing, of course, the fly-flappers were in full swing, and every available piece of paper which fell into their hands was turned into a fly-flapper. The teacher went to supper and forgot to caution the children not to touch the papers on his table, and so the manuscript containing the work of Makarof, Morozof, and Tolstoï was turned into fly-flappers.

On the next day, before school, the slapping had become such a nuisance to the pupils themselves, that they themselves declared a general persecution on fly-flappers; with a shout and a rush the fly-flappers were all collected, and with general enthusiasm flung into the lighted stove.

The time of fly-flappers was ended, but with it our manuscript had also gone to ruin.

Never was any loss more severe for me to bear than that of those three written sheets. I was in despair.

Wringing my hands, I went to work to rewrite the story, but I could not forget the loss of it, and involuntarily I kept heaping reproaches on the teacher, and the manufacturers of the fly-flappers.

Here I cannot resist observing in this connection that as the result of this external disorder and perfect freedom among the scholars, which have furnished decorous amusement for Mr. Markof, in the *Russian Messenger*, and Mr. Glyebof, in the journal *Education*, without the slightest trouble, and without having to use threats or cunning, I learned all the details of the complicated history of the manuscript turned into fly-flappers, and of its cremation.

Semka and Fedka saw that I was disturbed, and though, evidently, they did not know the reason, they seemed to be very sympathetic; Fedka at last timidly proposed to me to rewrite the story.

"By yourselves?" I asked; "I cannot help any in it."

"Semka and I will come and spend the night at your house," replied Fedka.

And indeed, after the lessons, they came to my house about nine o'clock and locked themselves in my library. I was not a little delighted that after some giggling, they became quiet, and at twelve o'clock when I went to the door, I heard merely their low conversation and the scratching of the pen. Only once they asked me about something that had been in the former copy, and wanted my opinion on the question, — Had the peasant hunted for his wallet before or after his wife went to the neighbor's?

I told them it made no difference.

At twelve o'clock I tapped at the door and went in.

Fedka, in a new white shubka with black fur trimming, was sitting buried in the easy-chair, with his legs crossed and his bushy little head resting on one hand, while his other played with the scissors. His big black

eyes, gleaming with an unnatural but serious and mature light, had a far-away look; his irregular lips, puckered up as if to whistle, were evidently waiting for the phrase, which, though ready-made in his imagination, he was trying to formulate.

Semka, standing in front of the great writing-table, with a big white patch of sheepskin on his back (the tailors had just been through the village), with his girdle unloosed and his hair tumbled, was writing very crooked lines and constantly dipping the pen in the inkstand.

I rumpled up Semka's hair, and when, with his fat face, and its projecting cheek-bones, and his disheveled hair, he turned to me with a startled look in his thoughtful and sleepy eyes, it was so ludicrous that I laughed aloud; but the children did not laugh.

Fedka, not altering the expression of his face, pulled Semka by the sleeve to make him go on with his writing.

"Wait," said he to me; "done in a minute!" (Fedka used the familiar *tui*, "*thou*," to me when he was excited and eager), and he went on dictating something more.

I took their copy from them and at the end of five minutes, when they were installed near the cupboard eating potatoes and kvas, and looking at the silver spoons, to which they were so unaccustomed, they broke out, without themselves knowing why, into ringing, boyish laughter. The old woman in the room above hearing them laugh, laughed too, without knowing why.

"What are you filling up so for?" said Semka. "Sit straight, or you will eat yourself one-sided."

And while they were taking off their shubas and bestowing themselves under the writing-table for the night, they did not cease to bubble over with the charming, healthy laughter of the peasant child. I read through what they had written. It was a new variation of the former story. Some things were left out, some new artistic beauties were added. And once more there was the same feeling for beauty, truth, and proportion.

Afterward one sheet of the lost manuscript was found. In the story as it was printed I welded the two variants together by the aid of the sheet that was found and by bringing my recollection to bear upon it. The composition of this story took place in the early spring, before the end of our school year.

Owing to various circumstances I was prevented from making new experiments. Only one tale was written on a proverb, by two of the boys who were most ordinary in their talents and most sophisticated, being sons of house-servants.[1] The story on the proverb, "He who is happy on a holiday is drunk before daylight," was printed in number three. The same occurrences took place again with these boys and with this story as with Semka and Fedka and the first story, only with the difference of degree of talent and degree of enthusiasm, and of my coöperation.

In the summer we have no lessons, have had no lessons, and intend to have no lessons. The reason why teaching is impossible in our school in summer we explain in a special article.

One part of the summer Fedka and the other boys lived with me. After they had bathed and played, they were thinking what they should do with themselves. I proposed to them to write a composition, and suggested several themes. I told them a very remarkable story of a robbery of money, the story of a murder, the story of a miraculous conversion of a Molokan to Orthodoxy, and again I proposed to them to write in the form of autobiography the story of a lad whose poor and dissolute father was sent off as a soldier, and on his return proved to be a reformed and excellent man. I said: —

"I should write it this way. 'I remember when I was a little fellow we had living at home a mother, a father, and several other relatives,' and what they were. Then I should describe my recollection of how my father used to go on sprees, how my mother was always weeping, and how he beat her; then how they sent him as a soldier, how she wailed when we began to live

[1] *Dvorovuie.*

even more wretchedly than before; how my father came back, and I should not have known him if he had not asked if Matriona did not live there — this was regarding his wife — and how then we rejoiced and we began to live well."

This was all I said to begin with. This theme completely charmed Fedka. He instantly seized a pen and paper and began to write. While he was writing I only suggested to him the idea of the sister, and of the mother's death. All the rest he himself wrote, and did not even show it to me, except the first chapter, until it was all finished.

When he showed me the first chapter, and I began to read it, I felt that he was in a state of intense emotion, and holding his breath. He looked now at the manuscript, following my reading, now into my face, trying to detect in it an expression of satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

When I told him that it was very good he reddened with delight, but he said nothing to me; and with an eagerly light step he went with his note-book to the table, laid it down, and slowly went outdoors.

Outdoors, that day, he was wildly frolicsome with the other children, and when our eyes met he looked at me with such a grateful, affectionate expression! At the end of the day he had already forgotten what he had written. I only invented the title, suggested the chapter divisions, and here and there corrected mistakes made by him merely through inadvertence. This story in its primitive form is printed in a pamphlet under the title, *Soldatkino Zhityo*, "Life in a Soldier's Home."

I will not speak of the first chapter, although it is marked by its own inimitable beauties, and though the careless Gordyeï is presented in it with thorough life-likeness and vivacity, — Gordyeï, who seems to be ashamed of acknowledging his remorse, and considers it decorous only to ask the assembly about his son, — in spite of this, this chapter is incomparably feebler than all the succeeding ones; and I was the only one to blame

for this, for in the writing of this chapter I could not refrain from making suggestions to him, and from telling it as if I were writing it.

If there is any error in the introduction of persons and dwellings into the description, I am the only person to blame. If I had left him alone, then I am convinced he would have written the same thing in the tenor of the action, instinctively with greater artistic skill, without borrowing anything from us, without any mannerisms of description logically disposed: first the description of the principal actors — even their biographies, then the description of the scene and environment, and then the action taking place.

And, strangely enough, all these descriptions, sometimes covering dozens of pages, make the reader less acquainted with the actors than a single carelessly introduced artistic stroke at the beginning of the action, when the characters have not as yet been described. Thus in this first chapter a single phrase spoken by Gordyeï: "This is just what I need," when he, waving his hand, makes his mind up to serve his time as a soldier, and only asks the assembly not to abandon his son — this phrase makes the reader better acquainted with the character than my manifold and obtrusive description of his dress, his figure, and his habit of frequenting the village *kabak!* In exactly the same way far more impression is produced by the old woman who is always scolding her son, when at the time of her tribulation she is talking with her sister-in-law: —

"You 'll smart for it, Matriona! What is to be done? Evidently it 's God's will. You see you are young still. Maybe God will bring you also to see. But I am so full of years now — I am always ailing. .... I fear I am going to die!"

In the second chapter my influence in the way of insipidity and depravation is still to be seen, but again profoundly artistic touches in the description of the paintings and the boy's death redeem the whole. I suggested that the boy should have slender legs; I suggested the sentimental detail of the Uncle Nefeda, the grave-

digger; but the mother's complaints expressed in the one phrase: "O Lord, if this little slave would only die!" — present to the reader the whole essence of the situation; and immediately afterward that night when the older brother[1] is wakened by his mother's sobs, and her answer to the grandmother's question, "What is the matter?": — "My son is dead;" and this old *Babushka* getting up and kindling a fire and washing the poor little boy — all these details are his own; it is all so concise, so simple, and so strong! Not a word can be dropped, not a word changed or added! There are five lines all together, and in these five lines the whole picture of that pitiful night is presented to the reader: a picture reflected in the mirror of a six- or seven-year-old lad's imagination.

"At midnight, mother was weeping. Grandmother got up and says: —

"'What is the matter? Christ be with you.'

"Mother says: —

"'My son is dead.'

"Grandmother lighted the fire, washed the little boy, put on his shirt and his girdle, and laid him under the Saints. When it was light...."

You see the boy himself, wakened by the well-known sobbing of his mother, looking out, half asleep, from under his kaftan somewhere on the sleeping-bunk, and with frightened, shining eyes watching all that is going on in the izba; you see also that emaciated martyr of a soldier's wife[2] who the day before had exclaimed: "If only this little slave would die!" now repentant and so overwhelmed by the death of this same slave that all she can say is *u menya syin pomer* — "My son is dead," does not know what has happened to her, and calls the old woman to her aid; you see also this old woman, wearied out by the toils of life, bent and lean, and with fleshless limbs, who with her work-worn hands deliberately, calmly takes hold: she lights the pine stick, she brings water and washes the little lad's body, puts every-

[1] *Bratishka*, colloquial diminutive of *brat*.

[2] Expressed in the compound *stradalitsa-soldatka*.

thing in its place, and lays the washed and girdled body "under the Saints." And you see those images, all that sleepless night, till dawn, as if you yourself had gone through with it, as the boy went through with it, looking out from under his kaftan: with all its details that night also remains in your imagination.

In the third chapter my influence is still less. All the individuality of the elder sister belongs to him. Even in the first chapter by a single touch the relationship of the sister to the family is indicated: — "She worked for what she wore; she was getting ready to be married."

And this one touch sketches out the girl completely: unable to take part and actually taking no part in the joys and sorrows of the family. She had her legitimate interest, her individual purpose, given to her by Providence — her coming marriage, her future family. Any professional writer, especially any one desirous of instructing the people, presenting before them examples of morality worthy of imitation, would infallibly have approached this sister with a question as to her participation in the common necessity and sorrow of the family. He would have made her either a shameful example of indifference, or a model of love and self-sacrifice, and the result would have been a notion, and there would have been no living personage, no sister. Only a man who had profoundly studied and known life would have understood that for such a girl the question of the sorrow of the family and her father's enlistment was legitimately only secondary; she was going to be married! And this an artist, though only a child, sees in the simplicity of his soul.

If we had depicted the sister as a most touching, self-sacrificing maiden we should not have imagined her at all, and should not have loved her as we do now. To me now that fat-cheeked, ruddy-faced maiden is so sweet and full of life as she goes out in the evening to the choral dances in shoes bought with the money she has earned, and her red kumatch dress, loving her family, although oppressed by the poverty and squalor which

make such a contrast to her natural disposition. I feel that she is a good girl, because her mother has never complained of her or had any grief from her. On the other hand, I feel that she, with her fondness for finery, her snatches of song, and her stories of village gossip, picked up during her field work in summer or the street in winter, is the only one during the gloomy time of the soldier's absence to represent gayety, youth, and hope. There is reason in it when he says that the only joy was when the sister was married; there is reason in his describing the wedding gayeties with such loving detail; there is reason in his making his mother say after the wedding: —

"Now we can have a good time all through."

Evidently after the sister was married they lost the cheerfulness and joy which she brought into their home. All the description of the wedding is extraordinarily good.

There are details at which you cannot help feeling some perplexity, and remembering that it was written by a lad eleven years old, you ask yourself: "Is n't this sudden?"

Thus, you see from this concise and powerful description of an eleven-year-old boy, not taller than a table, with intelligent and observant little eyes, a boy whom no one had ever given any attention to, but gifted with memory, and

When he wanted a little bread, for instance, he did not say that he asked it of his mother, but said that he begged his mother.[1] And this was said deliberately, and said because he remembered his size as compared to his mother's, and his relations to his mother, timid in the presence of others, but intimate when they were alone together.

Another of the multitude of observations which he was able to make at the time of the marriage ceremony he remembered, and he wrote precisely what for him and for each one of us outlines the whole character of these ceremonies. When they said that it was sad, the

[1] Not *poprosit u materi*, but *nagnul mat'*. *Nagnut'*, from *nagibat'*, means to bow down.

sister seized Kondryashka *by the ears* and they began to kiss each other. Then the grandmother's death, her recollections of her son before she died, and the especial character of the mother's sorrow — all this is so firmly and concisely drawn, and it is all his own. I said more about the father's return than of anything else when I gave them the theme of the story. This scene pleased me, and I described it with sentimental insipidity; but this same scene also pleased him very much, and he asked me not to say anything: "Don't tell me," said he, "I know, I know." And from this place he wrote the rest of the story at a sitting.

It will be very interesting to me to know the opinion of other judges, but I consider it my duty to express my opinion with frankness. I have not met anything like these pages in all Russian literature. In the whole scene of the meeting there is not one hint that it is affecting; it is simply told how the matter was, but out of all that took place only that is told which is indispensable for the reader to comprehend the position of all the persons. The soldier in his house said only three sentences. At first, when he had already braced himself up, he said: —

Zdravstvuïte — "How are you?"[1]

When he began to forget the part he was assuming, he said: —

"Well, is this all the family you have?"

And all was betrayed in the words: —

Gdye-zh moya mamushka? — "Where is my dear mother?"

What perfectly simple and natural words, and not one of the characters forgotten! The boy was glad, and even shed tears; but he was a boy, and therefore, though his father was weeping, he was examining everything in his sack and in his pockets. Not even the sister is forgotten. So you see that buxom little peasant woman in her fine shoes comes modestly into the izba and, without saying anything, kisses her father. And

[1] A common salutation: "Hail," or "Good morning," or "Good day," or "Good evening," or "God bless you."

you see the abashed and happy soldier who indiscriminately salutes every one, not knowing who is who, and when at last he recognizes the young woman as his daughter, again draws her to him and kisses her this time, not simply as any young woman, but kisses her as his daughter, whom he had left long before, as if without compunction.

The father had reformed. How many false and awkward phrases we should have put in at such an opportunity. But Fedka simply told how the daughter brought wine, but he refused to drink. And you see also the peasant woman, as she gets out her last twenty kopeks, and breathlessly whispers to the young woman in the entry to go after liquor, and thrusts the copper coins into her hand. And you see that young woman, as with her apron over her arm, with the flask in her hand, her shoes clattering, her elbows flying out behind her back, runs off to the kabak. You see her coming back to the izba all flushed, taking the flask out from under her apron, her mother with pride and elation setting it on the table, and then showing first some offense and then joy because her husband did not proceed to drink. And you see that, if he resists the temptation to drink now, he has really reformed. You feel how completely other people have become all members of the family.

"My father asked a blessing and sat down at the table. I sat next him; my sister sat on the bench, but mother stood by the table and kept gazing at father and saying:—

"'Why, how young you have grown!—You have no beard!'

"Every one laughed."

And only when all have taken their departure the genuine family talk begins. Here only is it revealed that the soldier has been thriving, and thriving by the simplest and most natural means, just as almost all men in the world thrive: in other words, the money belonging to others, to the treasury, to society, has by a fortunate chance been diverted into his hands.

Some readers of the story have remarked about it that this detail is immoral, and that the idea of the budget as of a milch-cow ought to be suppressed, rather than confirmed.

For me this touch, entirely apart from its artistic unity, is especially dear. You see the crown funds get into some one's hands, why should they not sometimes come to a homeless soldier? There will often be found absolute contrariety between the views regarding honesty held by the people and by the upper class. The demands of the people are especially grave and stern regarding honesty in the more intimate relations, for instance, in relation to the family, the village, the commune. In relation to those outside — to the public, to the empire, especially to foreigners, toward the treasury, they have a confused notion of the general laws of honesty. The muzhik who will never tell his brother a lie, who will endure every imaginable privation for his family, who will not take a spare kopek or one that he has not earned from his neighbor or fellow-villager, that same muzhik will skin a stranger or a person from the city as he would a linden, and will tell a lie at every word he speaks to a nobleman or a functionary; supposing he is a soldier, he will, without the slightest compunction, kill a French prisoner, and if crown money comes into his hands, consider it a crime to his family not to divert it to his own use.

In the upper class the exact opposite takes place. Any one of us[1] would sooner deceive his wife, his brother, a tradesman with whom he had dealt for a score of years, his servant, his peasants, his neighbor, and at the same time while abroad is most scrupulous not to cheat any one and is always asking if, by chance, he owes any one money. He will also fleece his regiment or company for champagne and gloves, and will lay himself out in polite attentions to a French prisoner. This same man in regard to the treasury will consider it the greatest of crimes to divert funds to his own use, even if he is without money — will stop at considering it so, and generally, when the

[1] *Nash brat*, "Our brother."

struggle comes, will yield, and do that which he himself considers disgraceful. I do not say which is the better of the two; I only tell what the fact is as it seems to me. I remark only that honesty is not the conviction, that the expression "honest convictions" is nonsense. Honesty is a moral habit; in order to acquire it, it is impossible to proceed in any other way than to begin with the nearest relations. The expression "honest convictions" is in my opinion perfectly meaningless; there are honest habits, but no honest convictions.

The words *chestnuiya ubyezhdeniya*, "honest convictions," are only a phrase; in consequence of this, these so-called honest convictions, applied to the most distant conditions of life — the treasury, the government, Europe, humanity — and not based on habits of honesty, not taught on the most intimate relations of life, these honest convictions, or rather phrases of honesty, consequently are proved to be impotent with relation to life.

I return to the story. The episode of the money taken from the public funds, which seems at first immoral, but which in our opinion is quite the contrary, has the most beautiful and touching character. How frequently the literarian of our circle, in the simplicity of his soul, wishing to represent his hero as the ideal of honor betrays to us all the vile and dissolute inwardness of his imagination! Here, on the contrary, the author has to make his hero happy; for his happiness his return to his family would be sufficient, but it was necessary to do away with the poverty which had for so many years weighed on the family, but how was he to get the money? From the impersonal treasury! If he is to give them wealth, he must get it of some one — it could not be found in a more legitimate or reasonable place!

In the scene of the explanation about this money there is a pretty detail, one word, which, every time I read it over, seems to strike me with new force. It explains the whole picture, it outlines all the characters and their relations, and it is only one word, and a word irregularly used and syntactically wrong — it is the word *zatoropilas*, "she hurried up." The teacher of syntax must say that

this is contrary to rule. *Zatoropilas* requires a complement — "hurried up — to do what?" the teacher must ask. But in the story it simply says: —

"Mother took the money and hurried up and carried it off to hide it away."

This is charming! I should like to say such a word, and I should like the teachers who instruct in language to say or write such a proposition.

"When we had eaten dinner, sister kissed father again, and went home. Then father began to turn over the things in his bag, and mother and I looked on. Suddenly mother spied a little book and she said: —

"'Ai! have you learned to read?'

"Father said: —

"'I have.'

"Then father took out a great parcel, and gave it to mother.

"Mother says: —

"'What is that?'

"Father said: —

"'Money.'

"Mother was delighted, and she hurried up and carried it off to hide it away. Then mother came back and said: —

"'Where did you get it?'

"Father said: —

"'I was non-commissioned officer, and I had the public funds: I paid off the soldiers and had some left; I kept it.'

"Mother was so glad, and she skipped about like mad. The day was already gone and evening was coming on. They lighted the fire. My father took the little book and began to read. I sat near him and listened, while my mother lighted a splinter. And my father read his book a long time. Then they went to bed. I lay down on the back bench with my father, and mother lay at our feet and they talked a long time, almost till midnight. Then they went to sleep."

Again the detail, scarcely noticeable but still somewhat surprising you, and deeply impressing you, of the way

they went to bed: the father and son lay down together, the mother lay at their feet, and it was long before they could get through talking. How cozily I think the son cuddled up to his father's heart, and how wonderful and comfortable it was to him, as he lay half awake, to hear those two voices, one of which he had not heard for so long.

It would seem that the story was concluded: the father had returned; poverty was a thing of the past. But Fedka was not satisfied with this, — these imaginary people were too real and too vivid in his imagination, — he needed still to imagine a vivid picture of their changed existence, and to present before himself clearly that the peasant woman was no longer a lonely, woebegone wife of a soldier, with little children, but that there was now in the house a strong man, who would lift from his wife's weary shoulders the burden of crushing misfortunes and poverty, and lead a new life independent, firm, and cheerful.

And with this object in view he pictures for us only one scene: how the lusty soldier with a nicked ax is cutting wood and carrying it into the izba. You see how the keen-eyed little lad, accustomed to the groaning of the feeble mother and grandmother, contemplates with amazement, respect, and pride his father's muscular bare arms, the energetic blows of the ax falling with the panting breath of a man's labor, and the log which like a sliver is splintered under the gap-toothed ax.

You look at all this and are perfectly satisfied about the subsequent life of the soldier's wife. I say to myself, she will now no longer be in despair, poor thing.

"In the morning mother got up, came to father, and said: —

"'Gordyeï! get up, we need firewood for the oven.'

"Batya got up, dressed himself, put on his cap, and said: —

"'Is there an ax?'

"Mother said: —

"'Yes, but very dull, I 'm sorry to say, and it won't cut.'

"My father took the ax firmly in both hands, went to

the log, stood it up on end, and struck it with all his might, and split the log; he split it into fire-wood, and carried it into the izba. Mother proceeded to warm up the izba; she kindled the fire, and by this time it was broad daylight."

But to the artist even this is too little. He wants to show also another side of their life, the poetry of the joyous family life, and he sketches for you the following picture: —

"When it was broad daylight my father said: —

"'Matriona!'

"Mother came, and said: —

"'Well, what is it?'

"Father said: —

"'I am thinking of buying a cow, five lambs, two nice horses, and an izba. You see everything 's gone to rack and ruin .... the whole will cost about a hundred and fifty silver rubles.' ....

"Mother thought for a while; then she said: —

"'Yes, but we shall be spending all the money.'

"Father said: 'We will work.'

"Mother said: —

"'Well, all right, we will buy them; but there 's one thing — where shall we get some lumber?'

"Father asked: —

"'Has n't Kiryukha any?'

"Mother said: —

"'That 's just the trouble — no! The Fokanuichefs[1] have got it all.'

"Father pondered, and said: —

"'Well, we 'll get some of Bryantsef.'

"Mother said: —

"'I doubt it very much.'

"Father said: —

"'It must be so — he is a forester!'

"Mother said: —

[1] A peasant family, named after the father, Foka: Foka's son would be Fokanuich, and the genitive plural, as in so many Russian names, forms the family name: Fokanuichef; so likewise Romanof, Chernuishef; often also the adjective ending is added, *sky*: Fokanuichevsky. —ED.

"'Look out he does n't cheat you, he is such a beast!'

"Father said: —

"'I will go and carry him some brandy,[1] and have a little talk with him. And do you cook an egg in the ashes for dinner.'

"Mother boiled a morsel for dinner — she got it of her folks. Then father took some liquor and went to Bryantsef, and we remained and sat a long time. I began to feel lonely without father, and so I begged mother to let me go where father had gone. Mother said: —

"'You will lose your way.'

"I began to cry and wanted to go, but mother beat me, and I sat on the stove and began to cry louder than ever. Then I saw father come in, and he asked: —

"'What are you crying about?'

"Mother said: —

"'Fedyushka wanted to run after you, and I whipped him.'

"Father came to me, and said: —

"'What are you crying about?'

"I began to be sorry for mother. Father went to her and began to make believe beat her, and he kept saying: —

"'Don't you whip Fedya! Don't you whip Fedya!'

"Mother made believe howl, and I sat on father's knee and was happy. Then father sat down to table, placed me next to him, and cried: —

"'Give me and Fedya something to eat, mother — we are hungry.'

"So mother gave us some meat, and we set to work eating. After we had eaten, mother said: —

"'Well, how about the wood?'

"Father said: —

"'Fifty silver rubles.'

"Mother said: —

"'That 's nothing at all.'

"Father said: —

[1] *Vodotchki*, diminutive of *vodka*, which is in turn the diminutive of *voda*, water. — Ed.

"'It 's no use talking — it 's splendid lumber.'"

How simple! how little is said, yet it gives you the perspective of their whole family life. You see that the lad is still only a child, who one moment is weeping, and the next happy; you see that the lad cannot appreciate his mother's love, and instantly prefers his virile father, who can split the log; you see that his mother knows that this must be so, and is not jealous; you see that marvelous Gordyeï, whose happiness has filled his heart to overflowing. You remark how they eat the meat; and this charming comedy, which they all play and all know it is a comedy, but they play it out of excess of joy.

"Don't whip Fedya! Don't whip Fedya!" says the father, waving his arms. And the mother, accustomed to real tears, pretends to cry, joyously smiling at her husband and at her son, and this lad who climbs up on his father's knee is proud and glad, not knowing why — proud and glad perhaps because they are happy now.

"Then father sat down to table, placed me next him, and cried: —

"'Give me and Fedya something to eat, mother — we are hungry.'"

We are hungry, and he sits him next him! What love and happy pride of love breathes in those words! There is nothing in the whole charming tale more charming, more sincere, than this last scene.

But what do we mean by all this? What significance has this story in reference to pedagogy, written by one possibly exceptional lad? They will say to us: —

"Maybe you, the teacher, assisted him unconsciously in the composition of these and the other tales, and it is too difficult to mark the division between what belongs to you and what was original."

They will say to us: —

"Let us grant the story is good, but this is only one of the styles of literature." They will say to us: —

"Fedka and the other boys, whose compositions you print, are fortunate exceptions."

They will say to us: —

"You yourself are a writer; you have, unconsciously to yourself, helped the boys on such paths as it is impossible to prescribe for other non-writing teachers as a rule."

They will say to you: —

"From all this it is impossible to deduce any general rule or theory. It is partly an interesting pheomenon, and nothing more."

I will endeavor to make my deductions so as to answer all these objections set before me.

The feelings of truth, beauty, and goodness are independent of the degree of development. Beauty, truth, and goodness are concepts, expressing only the harmony of relations toward truth, beauty, and goodness. Falsehood is only the unconformity of relations toward truth: there is no such thing as absolute truth. I do not lie when I say that tables turn from the contact of fingers, if I believe it, although it is not the truth; but I lie when I say I have no money, if, according to my notions, I have money. A large nose is not necessarily ugly, but it is ugly on a small face. Ugliness is only inharmoniousness in relation to beauty. To give one's dinner to a beggar, or to eat it oneself, has nothing wrong in it; but to give it away or eat it when my mother is dying of starvation is inharmoniousness toward goodness.

In training, educating, developing, or doing whatever you please to a child, we must have, and unconsciously have, one object, — the attainment of the greatest harmony as regards truth, beauty, and goodness. If the time did not pass, if the child did not live in all its phases, we might calmly attain this harmony, adding where there seemed to be a lack, and subtracting where there seemed to be a superfluity.

But the child lives; every side of his being strives toward development, one outstripping another, and for the most part, the forward motion of these sides of his we take for the goal, and coöperate only with the development, and not with the harmony of development.

This contains the eternal mistake of all pedagogical theories. We see our ideal before us when it is really behind us. The inevitable development of a man is not only not the means for the attainment of this ideal of harmony which we carry in ourselves, but is an impediment set by the Creator against the attainment of a lofty ideal of harmony. In this inevitable law of the forward motion is included the idea of that fruit of the tree of good and evil which our first parents tasted.

The healthy child is born into the world, perfectly satisfying those demands of absolute harmony in the relations of truth, beauty, and goodness which we bear within us; he is like the inanimated existences, — to the plant, to the animal, to nature, — which constantly present to us that truth, beauty, and goodness we are seeking for and desire. In all ages and among all people the child represents the model of innocence, sinlessness, goodness, truth, and beauty.

Man is born perfect; — that is a great dictum that is enunciated by Rousseau, and that dictum stands like a rock, firm and true. Having been born, man sets up before himself his prototype of harmony, truth, beauty, and goodness. But every hour in his life, every minute of time, increases the distance, the size, and the time of those relations which at his birth were found in perfect harmony, and every step and every hour threatens the violation of this harmony, and every succeeding step threatens a new violation, and gives no hope of restoring the violated harmony. The majority of educators lose from sight the fact that childhood is the prototype of harmony, and they take as an end the child's development, which goes on according to unchangeable laws. Development is mistakenly taken as an end, because with educators happens what takes place with poor sculptors.

Instead of trying to establish a local exaggerated development, or to establish a general development, in order to wait the new opportunity which puts an end to the previous irregularity, like the poor sculptor, instead of scratching off the superfluity, they keep sticking on

more and more; so also educators apparently strive for only one thing, — how the process of development may not cease; and if they think of harmony at all, then they always strive to attain it, approaching the unknown prototype in the future, receding from the prototype in the past and present. However irregular the education of a child has been, there still remain in it the primitive features of harmony. Still modifying, at least not helping, the development, we may hope to attain some nearness to regularity and harmony.

But we are so self-confident, so dreamily given over to the false ideal of mature perfection, so impatient are we toward the anomalous near us, and so firmly confident in our power of correcting them, so little are able to understand and appreciate the primitive beauty of a child, that we make all possible haste to rouse the child, to correct all the irregularities that come under our observation; we regulate, we educate: First, we must bring up one side even with the other, then the other with the first. They keep developing the child more and more, and removing it farther and farther from the old and abolished prototype, and ever more and more impossible becomes the attainment of the imaginary ideal of the perfectibility of the adult man.

Our ideal is behind us and not before us.

Education spoils and does not improve a man. The more the child is spoiled, the less it is necessary to educate him, the greater is the freedom he requires. To teach and educate a child is impossible and senseless on the simple ground that the child stands nearer than I do, nearer than any adult does, to that ideal of harmony, truth, beauty, and goodness to which, in my pride, I wish to lead him.

The consciousness of this ideal is stronger in him than in me. All he needs of me is material for filling out harmoniously and on all sides. As soon as I gave him perfect freedom, ceased to teach him, he wrote this poetic tale, the like of which is not to be found in Russian literature. And therefore, according to my notion, it is impossible for us to teach children, and especially peas-

ants, writing and composition, especially poetic composition. All that we can do is to show them how to get started.

If what I have done for the attainment of this end may be called methods, then these methods are the following: —

I. To propose the largest and most varied choice of themes, not inventing them especially for children, but proposing the most serious themes, such as interest the teacher himself.

II. To give children children's works to read, and to propose as models, because children's works are always more genuine, more elegant, and more moral than the works of adults.

III. (Especially important.) Never, while examining children's works, make for the pupils any observations about the neatness of the note-books, or about the calligraphy, or about the spelling, or, above all, about the order of topics or the logic.

IV. As in authorship the difficulty lies not in the dimensions, or the contents, or the artfulness of the theme, so the progression of the themes ought not to lie in the dimensions, or the contents, or the language, but in the mechanism of the action, consisting first in the choice of one out of a large number of ideas and images presenting themselves; secondly, in the choice of words wherewith to array it; thirdly, in remembering it and finding a place for it; fourthly, in remembering what has been already written, so as not to indulge in repetitions, and not to omit anything, and including the ability to write what follows with what precedes; fifthly and lastly, while thinking and writing, not letting the one interfere with the other.

With this end in view, I did as follows: —

Some of these phases of work I at first took on myself, gradually transferring them all to their care. At first I chose for them from among the thoughts and images those which seemed to me the best, and I remembered and pointed out the places, and I corrected what had been written, preventing them from repetitions; and I

myself wrote, leaving it to them only to clothe the thoughts and images in words; afterward I gave them full choice, then I let them correct what had been written; and finally, as in the story called *Soldatkino Zhityo*, — "A Soldier's Life," — they took upon themselves the whole process of the writing.

A DIALOGUE AMONG CLEVER PEOPLE

(1892)

ONCE some guests were gathered in a rich man's home, and it happened that a serious conversation about life arose.

They talked about persons absent and persons present, and they could not hit upon a single one contented with his life.

Not only did each one find something to complain of in his fortune, but there was not one who would consider that he was living as a Christian ought to live. All confessed that they were living worldly lives, concerned only about themselves and their families, thinking little about their neighbors, and still less about God.

Thus talked the guests, and all agreed in blaming themselves for their godless, unchristian lives.

"Then why do we live so?" cried one youth. "Why do we do what we ourselves do not approve? Have we not the power over our own lives? We ourselves are conscious that our luxury, our effeminacy, our wealth, and especially our pride — our separation from our brethren — are our ruin. In order to be important and rich we must deprive ourselves of everything that gives man joy in living; we crowd ourselves into cities, we make ourselves effeminate, we ruin our constitutions; and notwithstanding all our diversion, we die of ennui and of disgust because our lives are not what they ought to be.

"Why live so? Why destroy our lives so, and all the good which God has bestowed on us? I mean to give up living as I have. I will give up the studies I have begun;

for, don't you see, they would lead me to no other than that tormenting life which all of us are now complaining of. I will renounce my property, and I will go and live with the poor in the country. I will work with them; I will learn to labor with my hands, and if my culture is necessary to the poor, I will share it with them, but not through institutions and books, but directly, living with them as if I were their brother. .... Yes, I have made up my mind," he added, looking inquiringly at his father, who was also present.

"Your desire is a worthy one," said his father, "but foolish and ill-considered. Everything seems to you quite easy because you don't know life. How beautiful it seems to us! But the truth is, the accomplishment of this beautiful ideal is very difficult and complicated. It is hard enough to go well on a beaten track, but still more to trace out new paths. They can be traced out only by men who have arrived at full maturity and have assimilated all that is in the power of man to absorb. It seems to you easy to break out new paths in life, because, as yet, you have had no experience of life. This is all the heedlessness and pride of youth. We old people are needed to curb your impulses and to guide you by our experience, while you young people must obey us so as to profit by our experience. Your active life is still before you; now you are growing and developing. Get your education, and all the culture you can; stand on your own legs, have your own firm convictions, and then begin your new life, if you feel you have the strength for it. But now you must obey those that are guiding you for your own good, and you must not strike out into new paths in life!"

The youth made no reply, and the older persons present agreed with what his father said.

"You are right," said a middle-aged, married man, addressing the youth's father. "It is true that a youth having no experience of life may blunder in trying new paths of life, and his resolution may not be deeply settled; but, you see, we are all agreed on this point, that our lives are contrary to our consciences, and do not

make us happy. And so we can't help regarding your desire to enter upon this new life as laudable.

"The young man may adopt his ideal through reason, but I am not a young man, and I am going to speak to you about myself. As I listened to our talk this evening the same thought entered my mind. The life which I am leading, it is plain to me, cannot give me a serene conscience and happiness. Both experience and reason prove this. Then what am I waiting for! You struggle from morning till night for your family, and the result is that both you and your family continue to live ungodly lives, and you are all the while worse and worse entangled in your sins. You work for your family, and it seems your family are not better off or happier because you work for them. And so I often think it would be better if I changed my whole life and did exactly what this young man proposed — ceased to bother about wife and children, and only thought about my soul. Not without reason does it say in St. Paul: 'He that is married takes thought about his wife, but he that is unmarried about God.'"

Before this married man had finished his remarks, all the women present, including his wife, fell upon him:

"You ought to have thought about all this earlier," said one of the elderly ladies. "'Once harnessed, you must work.' According to your plan every man will be saying, 'I want to be saved,' when it seems to him hard to maintain and feed a family. It is all deception and baseness. No; a man ought to be able to live in a godly way even if he has a family. It is easy enough for him to save himself alone. And then the main thing — to act so is to act contrary to the teaching of Christ. God has commanded us to love others, but in this way you would offend others as if it were for God. No; a married man has his definite obligations, and he ought not to shirk them. It is another thing when your family has already been established. Then you may do as you please for yourself, but no one has any right to do violence to his family."

The married man did not agree with this. He said:

"I have no wish to give up my family. All I say is that it is not necessary to maintain one's family and children in a worldly fashion, or to teach them to live for their own pleasures as we were just saying; but we ought to train them so that children in their early days may be accustomed to poverty, to labor, to help others; and, above all, to lead a fraternal life with all men. And to do this it is necessary to renounce all wealth and distinction."

"There is no sense in breaking in others while you yourself are not living a godly life," retorted his wife, with some heat. "Ever since your earliest youth you have lived for your own gratification. Why, then, should you wish to torment your children and family? Let them grow up in peace, and then they will do as they themselves are inclined; but don't you coerce them."

The married man held his peace, but an elderly man who was present took up the cudgels in his defense: —

"Let us admit," said he, "it is impossible for a married man who has accustomed his family to a certain degree of luxury, suddenly to deprive them of it all. It is true that if you have begun to educate your children, you had better carry out your plans than break them off. All the more, because the children, when they are grown up, will themselves choose the path which they think best. I admit that it is difficult, if not impossible, for a family man to change his life without working injury. But to us old men God has given this as a command. I will say of myself, I am living now without any responsibilities. I am living, to tell the truth, merely for my belly. I eat, I drink, I take my ease, and it is disgusting and repulsive to my nature.

"So then it is time for me to give up this life, to distribute my property, and to live the rest of my days as God has commanded a Christian to live."

The rest did not agree with the old man. His niece and goddaughter was present, all of whose children he had stood as sponsor for, always providing them with holiday gifts; and so was his son. All protested against his views.

"No," said his son, "you have worked hard in your day, you deserve to rest; and you have no right to torment yourself. You have lived sixty years in your own habits; it would be impossible for you to change them. You would only torment yourself for nothing."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed his niece, in confirmation of this, "you would be in want, you would be out of sorts, you would grumble, and you would commit worse sin. But God is merciful and pardons all sinners — much more such a good kind uncle as you are!"

"Yes, and why should we?" asked another old man, a contemporary of the old uncle. "You and I may not have two days longer to live. So what is the use of beginning?"

"What a marvelous thing!" exclaimed one of the guests — he had not spoken before — "What a marvelous thing! All of us confess that it is good to live a godly life, and that we live ill and suffer in soul and body; but as soon as it comes to the point, then it seems that it is impossible to break in the children, but they must be educated, not in the godlike way, but in the old-fashioned way. It is impossible for a young man to escape from his parents' will, but he must live, not in the godlike way, but in the old way. A married man cannot restrain his wife and children, but must live the ungodlike life, in the old way. The old men cannot begin, they are not accustomed to it; and besides this, they may not live two days longer. So the upshot is that it is impossible for any one to live well, but only to talk about it."

WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE THERE IS LIGHT

A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS

(1887)

IT was in the reign of the Roman Emperor Trajan, a century after the birth of Christ. It was at the time when the disciples of Christ's disciples were still living, and the Christians faithfully observed the laws of the Master as it is related in the Acts: —

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the Apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. (Acts iv. 32–35.)

In these early times, a rich Syrian tradesman named Juvenal, a dealer in precious stones, was living in the province of Cilicia, in the city of Tarsus. He was of poor and simple origin; but, by dint of hard work and skill in his art, he had accumulated property and won the respect of his fellow-citizens. He had traveled widely in different lands; and though he was not a literate man, he had seen and learned much, and the city people regarded him highly for his intellect and his probity.

He held to the pagan faith of Rome, which was professed by all respectable people of the Roman Empire, — that faith burdened with ceremonies which the emperors since the days of Augustus had so strenuously inculcated, and which the reigning Emperor Trajan so strictly maintained.

The province of Cilicia was far from Rome, but it was administered by a Roman proconsul, and everything that took place in Rome found its echo in Cilicia, and the rulers were mimic emperors.

Juvenal remembered all that had been told him in his childhood about the actions of Nero in Rome. As time went on, he had seen how one emperor after another perished; and, like a clever man, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing sacred about the Roman religion, but that it was all the work of human hands. The senselessness of all the life which went on around him, especially that in Rome, where his business often took him, bewildered him. He had his doubts, he could not comprehend everything; and he attributed this to his lack of cultivation.

He was married, and four children had been born to him; but three had died young, and only one, a son named Julius, survived. Juvenal lavished on this son Julius all his affection and all his care. He especially wished so to educate his son that he might not be tortured by such doubts regarding life as had bewildered him. When Julius had passed the age of fifteen, his father intrusted his education to a philosopher who had settled in their city and devoted himself to the instruction of youth. Juvenal intrusted him to this philosopher, together with a comrade of his, Pamphilius, the son of a former slave whom Juvenal had freed.

The two boys were of the same age, both handsome, and good friends. They studied diligently, and both of them were of good morals. Julius distinguished himself more in the study of the poets and in mathematics; Pamphilius, in the study of philosophy.

About a year before the completion of their course of study, Pamphilius, coming to school one day, ex-

plained to the teacher that his widowed mother was going to the city of Daphne, and that he would be obliged to give up his studies.

The teacher was sorry to lose a pupil who had reflected credit on him; Juvenal also was sorry, but sorriest of all was Julius. But in spite of all their entreaties that he should stay and finish his studies, Pamphilius remained obdurate, and after thanking his friends for their love toward him and their solicitude for him, he took his departure.

Two years passed: Julius completed his studies; and during all that time he did not once see his friend.

One day, however, he met him in the street, invited him home, and began to ask him how and where he lived.

Pamphilius told him he still lived in the same place with his mother.

"We do not live alone," said he, "but many friends live with us, and we have all things in common."

"What do you mean 'in common'?" asked Julius.

"In such a way that none of us considers anything his private property."

"Why do you do that way?"

"We are Christians," said Pamphilius.

"Is it possible!" cried Julius. "Why, I have been told that Christians kill children and eat them. Can it be that you take part in doing such things?"

"Come and see," replied Pamphilius. "We do nothing of the sort; we live simply, trying to do nothing wrong."

"But how can you live, if you have no property of your own?"

"We support each other. If we give our brethren our labors, then they give us theirs."

"But if your brethren take your labors and don't reciprocate, then what?"

"We don't have such persons," said Pamphilius; "such persons prefer to live luxuriously, and they don't join us; life among us is simple, and without luxury."

"But are there not many lazy ones who would delight in being fed for nothing?"

"Yes, there are some such, and we willingly receive them. Not long ago a man of that character came to us — a runaway slave; at first, it is true, he was lazy, and led a bad life, but soon he changed his life, and has now become one of the good brethren."

"But supposing he had not ordered his life aright?"

"Well, there are some such. The old man Cyril says that we must treat such as if they were the very best of the brethren, and love them all the more."

"Can one love good-for-nothings?"

"It is impossible to help loving a human being."

"But how can you give all men whatever they ask of you?" asked Julius. "If my father gave all persons whatever they asked him for, very soon he would n't have anything left."

"I don't know," replied Pamphilius. "We always have enough left for our necessities. Even if it came about that we had nothing to eat or nothing to wear, then we ask the others and they give to us. Yes, it sometimes happens so. Only once did I ever have to go to bed without my supper, and that was because I was very tired and did not feel like going to ask any of the brethren."

"I don't know how you do," said Julius, "only what my father says: if he did n't have his own property, and if he gave to every one who asked him, he would die of starvation."

"We don't! Come and see. We live, and not only do not lack, but we have even more than we need."

"How can that be?"

"This is the way of it: We all profess one law, but our powers of fulfilling it vary in each individual; some have greater, some have less. One has already made great improvement in the good life, while another has only just begun in it. At the head of us all stands Christ, with His life, and we all try to imitate Him, and in this only we see our well-being. Certain of us, like the old man Cyril and his wife Pelagia, are our leaders;

others stand next to them, and still others in a third rank, but all of us are traveling along the same path. Those in advance are already near to the law of Christ, — self-renunciation, — and they are willing to lose their life in order to save it. These need nothing; they have no regret for themselves, and to those that ask they give their last possession according to the law of Christ. There are others, feebler, who cannot give all they have, who have some pity on themselves, who grow weak if they don't have their usual dress and food, and cannot give everything away. Then there are others still weaker — such as have only just started on the path; these still live in the old way, keeping much for themselves and giving away only what is superfluous. Even these that linger in the rear give aid to those in the van. Moreover, all of us are entangled by our relationships with pagans. One man's father is a pagan and has a property, and gives to his son. The son gives to those that ask, but the father still continues to provide. The mother of another is a pagan, and has pity on her son, and helps him. A third has heathen children, while a mother is a Christian, and the children obey her, give to her, and beg her not to give her possessions away, while she, out of love to them, takes what they give her, and gives to others. Then, again, a fourth will have a pagan wife, and a fifth a pagan husband. Thus all are perplexed, and those in the van would be glad to give their all, but they cannot. In this way the feeble in faith are confirmed, and thus much of the superfluous is collected together."

In reply to this Julius said: —

"Well, if this is so, then it means you fail to observe the teaching of Christ, and only pretend to observe it. For if you don't give away your all, then there is no distinction between us and you. In my mind, if you are going to be a Christian, then you must fulfil the whole law; give everything away and remain a beggar."

"That is the best way of all," said Pamphilius. "Do so!"

"Yes, I will do so when I see that you do."

"We do not wish to set an example. And I don't advise you to join us and renounce your present life for a mere display; we act as we do, not for show, but as a part of our religion."

"What do you mean — your 'religion'?"

"Why, it means that salvation from the evils of the world, from death, is to be found only in life according to the teaching of Christ. And it makes no difference to us what men say about us. We are not doing this in the eyes of men, but because in this alone do we see life and welfare."

"It is impossible not to live for self," said Julius. "The gods instilled in us our instinct to love ourselves better than others and to seek happiness for ourselves. And you do the same thing. You confess that some of you have pity on yourselves; more and more they will look out for their own pleasures, and be ever more willing to give up your faith and do just what we are doing."

"No," replied Pamphilius; "our brethren will go in another path and will never weaken, but will become more and more confirmed in it: just as a fire will never go out when wood is added to it. In this is our faith."

"I don't find in what this faith consists."

"Our faith is this: that we understand life as Christ has interpreted it to us."

"How is that?"

"Christ uttered some such parable as this: Certain vine-dressers cultivated a vineyard, and they were obliged to pay tribute to the owner of the vineyard. We are the vine-dressers who live in the world and have to pay tribute to God and fulfil His will. But those that held to the worldly faith fancied that the vineyard was theirs, that they had nothing to pay for it, but only to enjoy the fruits of it. The Lord of the vineyard sent a messenger to these men to receive His tribute, but they drove him away. The Lord of the vineyard sent His Son after the tribute, but they killed Him, thinking that after that no one would interfere with them. This is the belief of the world, whereby all men live who do not acknowledge that life is given

only for God's service. But Christ has taught us how false is the worldly belief that it would be better for man if he drove out of the vineyard the Master's messenger and His Son and avoided paying tribute, for He showed us that we must either pay tribute or be expelled from the vineyard. He taught us that all pleasures which we call pleasures — eating, drinking, amusements — cannot be pleasures if our life is devoted to them, that they are pleasures only when we seek another, — the fulfilment of the will of God; that only then these are pleasures, as a present reward following the fulfilment of the will of God. To wish to have pleasure without the labor of fulfilling the will of God, to separate pleasure from work, is the same as to tear off the stalks of flowers and plant them without seeds. We have this belief, and therefore we cannot seek for deception in place of truth. Our faith consists in this: that the welfare of life is not in its pleasures, but in the fulfilment of the will of God without a thought of its pleasures, or hoping for them. And thus we live, and the longer we live the more we see that pleasure and well-being, like a wheel behind the shafts, follow on the fulfilment of the will of God. Our Lord has said: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest! Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.*"

Thus said Pamphilius.

Julius listened, and his heart was stirred within him; but what Pamphilius said was not clear to him: at one moment it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving him, but when he looked into his friend's kindly eyes and remembered his goodness, it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving himself.

Pamphilius invited Julius to visit him so as to examine into the life they led, and if it pleased him to remain and live with them.

And Julius promised, but he did not go to Pamphilius; and being drawn into his own life, he forgot about him.

CHAPTER II

Julius' father was rich, and as he loved his only son and was proud of him, he never stinted him for money. Julius lived the life of rich young men; in idleness, luxury, and dissipated amusements, which have always been, and are still, the same, — wine, gambling, and fast women.

But the pleasures to which Julius gave himself up kept demanding more and more money, and after a time he found he had not enough. Once he asked for more than his father generally gave him. His father gave it to him, but accompanied it with a rebuke. The son, conscious that he was to blame, and yet unwilling to acknowledge his fault, became angry, behaved rudely to his father, as those that are aware of their guilt, and are unwilling to confess it, are apt to do.

The money he obtained from his father was very quickly spent, and moreover, about the same time Julius and a companion happened to get into a drunken quarrel, and killed a man. The prefect of the city heard about it, and was desirous of subjecting Julius to punishment, but his father succeeded in bringing about his pardon. At this time, Julius, by his irregular life, required still more money. He borrowed it of a boon companion and agreed to repay it. Moreover his mistress asked him to give her a present; she desired a pearl necklace, and he knew that if he did not accede to her request, she would throw him over and take up with a rich man, who had already for some time been trying to entice her away from Julius.

Julius went to his mother and told her he had got to have some money; that if he did not succeed in raising as much as he needed, he should kill himself. For the fact that he had got into such a scrape he blamed his father, not himself. He said: —

"My father has accustomed me to a luxurious life, and then he began to blame me for wanting money. If at first he had given me what I needed without scolding,

then with what he gave me afterward I should have regulated my life, and should not have needed much, but as he has always given me too little, I have had to apply to usurers, and they have extorted from me everything I had, and so nothing is left for me to live on, as a rich young man should, and I am put to shame before my companions; and yet my father can't seem to understand this at all. He has forgotten that he was young once himself. He got me into this position, and now, if he does not give me what I ask for, I shall kill myself."

The mother, who spoiled her son, went to his father. The father called the young man, and began to upbraid both him and his mother. The son answered the father rudely. The father struck him. The son seized his father's arm. The father called to his slaves and ordered them to take the young man and lock him up.

When he was left alone, Julius cursed his father and the day he was born. His own death or his father's presented itself before him as the only way of escape from the position in which he found himself.

Julius' mother suffered more than he did. She did not comprehend who was really to blame in all this. She felt nothing but pity for her beloved child. She went to her husband and begged him to forgive the youth, but he refused to listen to her, and began to reproach her for having spoiled her son; she blamed him, and the upshot of it was the husband beat his wife. But the wife made no account of the beating. She went to the son and persuaded him to go and beg his father's forgiveness and yield to his wishes. She promised him, if he would do so, she would give him the money he needed, and not let his father know.

The son consented, and then the mother went to her husband and urged him to pardon the young man. The father for a long time stormed at his wife and son, but at last decided to pardon him, but only on the condition that he should abandon his dissipated life and marry a rich tradesman's daughter, whose father wished her to enter into an engagement with him.

"He shall have money from me and his wife's dowry," said the young man's father, "and then let him enter upon a regular life. If he will agree to fulfil my wishes I will pardon him. But otherwise I will give him nothing, and at his first offense I will deliver him over into the hands of the prefect."

Julius agreed to everything, and was released. He promised to marry and to abandon his wicked ways, but he had no intention of doing so; and life at home now became a perfect hell for him: his father did not speak to him, and was quarreling about him with his mother, who wept.

On the next day his mother called him to her room and secretly gave him a precious stone which she had got from her husband.

"Go, sell it; not here, but in another city, and with the money do what you need, and I will manage to conceal the loss for a time, and if it is discovered I will blame it on one of the slaves."

Julius' heart was touched by his mother's words. He was horror-struck at what she had done; and he left home, but did not take the precious stone with him. He himself did not know where or wherefore he was going. He kept going on and on, away from the city, feeling the necessity of remaining alone, and thinking over all that had happened to him and was before him. As he kept going farther and farther away, he came entirely beyond the city limits and entered a grove sacred to the goddess Diana. Coming to a solitary spot, he began to think.

The first thought that occurred to him was to ask help of the goddess. But he no longer believed in his gods, and so he knew that no help was to be expected from them. But if no help came from them, then who would help him? As he thought over his position, it seemed to him too terrible. His soul was all confusion and gloom. But there was help for it. He had to appeal to his conscience, and he began to examine into his life and his acts. And both seemed to him wicked, and, more than all, stupid. Why was he tormenting

himself so? He had few pleasures, and many trials and tribulations!

The principal thing was that he felt himself all alone. Hitherto he had had a beloved mother, a father; he certainly had friends; now he had no one. No one loved him. He was a burden to every one. He had succeeded in bringing trouble into all their lives: he had caused his mother to quarrel with his father; he had wasted his father's substance, gathered with so much labor all his life long; he had been a dangerous and disagreeable rival to his friends. There could be no doubt about it, — all would find it a relief if he were dead.

As he reviewed his life, he remembered Pamphilius, and his last meeting with him, and how Pamphilius had invited him to come there, to the Christians. And it occurred to him not to return home, but to go straight to the Christians, and remain with them.

"But was his position so desperate?" he asked himself, and again he proceeded to review what had happened, and again he was horror-struck because no one seemed to love him, and he loved no one. His mother, father, friends, did not love him, and must wish he were dead; but whom did he himself love? His friends? He was conscious that he did not love any one. All were rivals of his, all were pitiless toward him, now that he was in disgrace. "His father?" he asked himself, and horror seized him when at this question he looked into his heart. Not only did he not love him, but he hated him for his stinginess, for the affront he had put on him. He hated him, and, moreover, he saw plainly that for his own happiness his father's death was essential.

"Yes," Julius asked to himself, "and supposing I knew that no one would see it or ever find it out, what would I do if I could with one blow, once and for all, deprive him of life and set myself free?"

And Julius replied to this question: —

"Yes, I should kill him!"

He replied to this question, and was horror-struck at himself.

"My mother? Yes, I pity her, but I do not love her; it makes no difference to me what happens to her — all I need is her help. .... Yes, I am a wild beast! and a wild beast beaten and tracked to its lair, and the only distinction is that I am able, if I choose, to quit this false, wicked life; I can do what the wild beast cannot — I can kill myself. I hate my father, there is no one I love .... neither my mother, nor my friends — but how about Pamphilius?"

And again he remembered his one friend. He began to recall the last interview, and their conversation, and Pamphilius' words, how, according to their teaching, Christ had said: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* Can that be true?

As he went on with his thoughts and recollections, he recalled Pamphilius' sweet, joyous, passionless face, and he felt inclined to believe in what Pamphilius said.

"What am I, in reality?" he asked himself. "Who am I? A man seeking well-being. I have sought for it in animal pleasures, and have not found it. And all living beings, like myself, also failed to find it. All are evil, and suffer. If any man is always happy, it is because he is seeking for nothing. He says that there are many such, and that all men will be such if they obey their Master's teachings. What if this is the truth? Whether it is the truth or not, it attracts me to it, and I am going."

Thus said Julius to himself, and he left the grove resolved never again to return home, and he bent his steps to the town where the Christians lived.

CHAPTER III

Julius went on boldly and cheerfully, and the farther he went and the more vividly he represented to himself the life of the Christians, remembering all to himself that Pamphilius had said, the more joyous he became in spirit.

The sun was already descending toward the west, and he felt the need of rest, when he fell in with a man who was resting and taking his nooning. This man was of middle age, and had an intellectual face. He was sitting and eating olives and cakes. When he saw Julius, he smiled and said: —

"How are you, young man? The way is still long. Sit down and rest."

Julius thanked him, and sat down.

"Where are you going?" asked the stranger.

"To the Christians," said Julius; and he gave a truthful account of his life and his decision.

The stranger listened attentively, and though he asked him about certain details, he did not express his opinion; but when Julius had finished, the stranger stowed away in his wallet the remains of his luncheon, arranged his attire, and said: —

"Young man, do not carry out your intention; you are making a mistake. I know life, and you do not. I know the Christians, and you do not know them. Listen, and I will explain your whole life and your ideas; and when you hear me you shall adopt the decision that seems to you the wiser. You are young, rich, handsome, strong; your passions are boiling in you. You wish to find a quiet refuge in which your passions would not disturb you, and you would not suffer from their consequences; and it seems to you that you might find such a refuge among the Christians.

"There is no such place, my dear young man, because what troubles you is not peculiar to Cilicia or to Rome, but to yourself. In the quiet of a village solitude the same passions will torment you — only a hundred times more violently. The fraud of the Christians, or their mistake — for I don't care to judge them — consists simply in this, — that they don't wish to understand the nature of man. The only person who can perfectly carry out their teachings is an old man who has outlived all his passions. A man in his prime, or a youth like you who has not yet learned life or himself, cannot submit to their law, because this law has for its basis, not the

nature of man, but an idle philosophy. If you go to them, you will suffer what you suffer now, only in a far higher degree. Now, your passions entice you along false paths; but having once made a mistake in your direction, you can rectify it. Now, you still have the satisfaction of passion freed — in other words — of life.

"But, in their midst, controlling your passions by main force, you will make precisely the same mistakes, if not worse ones; and, besides that suffering, you will also have the incessant anguish of the unsatisfied human longings. Let the water out of a dam, and it will irrigate the soil and the meadows, and quench the thirst of animals; but if you keep it back it will tear away the earth and trickle away in mud. It is the same with the passions. The teachings of the Christians — beyond those doctrines from which they get consolation, and which I will not speak of — their teachings, I say, for life, consist in the following: They do not recognize violence, they do not recognize war or courts of justice, they do not recognize private property, they do not recognize the sciences, the arts, or anything which makes life cheerful and pleasant.

"All this would be good if all men were such as they describe their teacher to have been. But you see this is not so, and cannot be. Men are bad, and given over to their passions. It is this play of passions, and the collisions resulting from them, that keep men in those conditions of life in which they live. The barbarians know no restraint, and one savage, for the satisfaction of his own desires, would destroy the whole world, if all men submitted as these Christians submit. If the gods lodged in the human heart the sentiments of anger, of vengeance, even of evil against evil-doers, they must have done it because these sentiments are necessary for the life of men. The Christians teach that these feelings are wicked, and that men would be happy if they did not have them; there would be no murders, no punishments, no want. That is true; but one might as well take the position that men ought to refrain from eating for the sake of their happiness. In reality, it would put an end

to greediness, hunger, and all the misfortunes that come from it. But this supposition could not change the nature of man. Even if two or three dozen people, believing in this, and actually refraining from food, should die of starvation, it would not change the nature of man. The same, exactly, with the other passions of men: indignation, wrath, vengeance, even love for women, for luxury, for splendor and pomp, are characteristic of the gods, and consequently they are the ineradicable characteristics of man.

"Annihilate man's nutrition, and you annihilate man. In exactly the same way annihilate the passions characteristic of man, and you annihilate humanity.

"The same is true also of private property, which the Christian would do away with. Look around you: every vineyard, every inclosure, every house, every ass, — everything has been produced by men under the conditions of private property. Abolish the right of private property, and not a vineyard would be planted, not a creature would be trained and pastured. The Christians assure you that they have no rights of private property; but they enjoy its fruits They say they have all things in common, and everything they have is brought to one place; but what they bring together they receive from men who have private property. They merely deceive men, or in the very best light, deceive themselves. You say they themselves work in order to support life, but the work they do would not support them if they did not take advantage of what men possessing private property produced. Even if they could support themselves, it would be a mere existence, and there would be no place among them for the arts and sciences. [And indeed it is impossible for them to do otherwise. They do not even acknowledge the advantage of our arts and sciences.] All their doctrine tends to reduce them to a primitive condition, to barbarism, to the animal. They cannot serve humanity by arts and sciences, and as they do not know them, they renounce them; they cannot take advantage of the qualities which are the

peculiar prerogative of man and ally him to the gods. They will not have temples, or statues, or theaters, or museums. They say these things are not necessary for them. The easiest way not to be ashamed of one's own baseness is to scorn nobility; and this they do. They are atheists. They do not recognize the gods, or their interference in the affairs of men. They acknowledge only the father of their teacher, whom they also call their father, and their teacher himself, who, according to their notions, has revealed to them all the mysteries of life. Their doctrine is a wretched deception.

"Notice one thing — our doctrine asserts that the world depends on the gods; the gods afford protection to men. In order that men may live well, they must reverence the gods, must search and think, and then our lives are regulated on the one hand by the will of the gods, on the other by the collective wisdom of all mankind. We live, think, search, and consequently approve the truth.

"But they have neither the gods nor their wills, nor the wisdom of humanity, but only one thing, — a blind faith in their crucified teacher, and in all he said to them.

"Now consider well: which is the more hopeful guide, — the will of the gods and the collective, free activity of human wisdom, or the compulsory blind belief in the words of one man?"

Julius was struck by what the stranger said to him, and especially by his last words. Not only was his purpose of going to the Christians shaken, but it now seemed to him strange enough that he, under the influence of his misfortunes, could ever have come to such a foolish decision. But the question still remained, What was he to do now, and how was he to escape from the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, and so, after he had related his situation, he asked the stranger's advice.

"That is the very thing that I wanted to speak about," continued the stranger. "What are you to

do? Your way, as far as human wisdom is given me, is clear to me. All your misfortunes are the results of the passions peculiar to men. Passion has seduced you, has led you so far that you have suffered. Such are the ordinary lessons of life. These lessons must be turned to your advantage. You have learned much, and you know what is bitter and what is sweet; you cannot repeat the mistakes you have made. Profit by your experience. What has hurt you more than all is your quarrel with your father; this quarrel is the outcome of your position. Take another, and the quarrel will either cease, or at least it will not be so painfully apparent. All your tribulations have arisen from the irregularity of your position. You have yielded to the gaieties of youth; this was natural, and therefore it was certainly good. It was good while it was appropriate to your age. But that time has passed; you, with the powers of manhood, have yielded to the friskiness of youth, and it was bad. You have now reached the time when you must become a man, a citizen, and serve the state, and work for its welfare. Your father proposes to you to marry. His advice is wise. You have outlived one period of life — your youth — and have reached another. All your tribulations are the indications of a period of transition. Recognize that the period of youth is passed, and having boldly renounced all that belonged to it, and that is not appropriate to manhood, start on your new way. Marry, give up the amusements of youth, occupy yourself with trade, with social affairs, with arts and sciences, and you will find peace and joy as well as reconciliation with your father. The main thing that has disturbed you has been the unnaturalness of your position. Now you have reached manhood, and you must enter into matrimony, and be a man.

"And therefore my chief advice is: Fulfil your father's wishes, and marry. If you are attracted by that solitude which you expected to find among the Christians, if you are inclined toward philosophy and not to the activities of life, you can with profit devote

yourself to this only after you have had experience of life in its actuality. But you will know this only as an independent citizen and head of a family. If then you feel drawn to a solitude, yield to it; then it will be a genuine inclination, and not a whim of discontent, as it is now. Then go."

These last words, more than anything else, persuaded Julius. He thanked the stranger, and returned home.

His mother received him joyfully. The father, also, on learning his intention to submit to his will and marry the girl whom he had chosen for him, was reconciled to him.

CHAPTER IV

In three months Julius' wedding with the beautiful Eulampia was celebrated, and the young man, having changed his manner of life, began to live with his wife in their own house and to conduct a part of the business which his father intrusted to him.

Once upon a time he went on business to a not very distant city, and there, as he was sitting in a merchant's shop, he saw Pamphilius passing by with a girl whom he did not know. Both were walking, laden with heavy bunches of grapes, which they were selling. Julius, when he recognized his friend, went out to him and asked him to go into the shop and have a talk with him. The young girl, seeing Pamphilius' desire to go with his friend, and his reluctance to leave her alone, hastened to say that she did not need him, and that she would sit down with the grapes and wait for customers. Pamphilius thanked her, and went with Julius into the shop.

Julius asked his acquaintance, the merchant, permission to go with his friend into his private room, and, having received this permission, he went with Pamphilius into the apartment in the rear of the shop.

The friends inquired of each about the circumstances of their lives. Pamphilius' life had not changed since they had last seen each other: he had continued to live

in the Christian community, he was not married, and he assured his friend that his life each year, day, and hour had been growing happier and happier.

Julius told his friend all that had happened to him, and how he had started to join the Christians, when his meeting with the stranger had opened his eyes to the mistakes of the Christians, and to his great obligation to marry, and how he had followed his advice and married.

"Well, tell me, are you happy now?" asked Pamphilius. "Have you found in marriage what the stranger promised you?"

"Happy?" repeated Julius. "What is being happy? If you mean by that word full satisfaction of my desires, then of course I am not happy. I am conducting my trade with success, men are beginning to respect me, and in both of these respects I find some satisfaction. Although I see many men who are richer and more regarded than I, yet I foresee the possibility of equaling them and even of excelling them. This side of my life is full; but my marriage, I will say frankly, does not satisfy me. I will say more: I am conscious that this same marriage, which ought to have given me joy, has not done so, and that the joy I experienced at first has kept growing less and less, and has at last vanished, and in its place, where joy had been, out of marriage arose sorrow. My wife is beautiful, intellectual, well educated, and good. At first I was perfectly happy. But now — this you can't know, having no wife — there have arisen causes of discord between us, at one time because she seeks my caresses when I am indifferent toward her, at another time the case is reversed. Moreover, for love, novelty is necessary. A woman less fascinating than my wife fascinates me more at first, but afterward becomes still less fascinating than my wife. I have already experienced this. No, I have not found satisfaction in matrimony. Yes, my friend," said Julius, in conclusion, "the philosophers are right; life does not give what the soul desires. This I have experienced in my marriage. But the fact that life does not give that happiness which

the soul desires does not prove that your fraudulent practices can give it," he added with a smile.

"In what do you see we are fraudulent?" asked Pamphilius.

"Your fraud consists in this: that in order to free men from the evils connected with the facts of life, you repudiate all the facts of life — life itself. In order to free yourselves from disenchantment, you repudiate enchantment, you repudiate marriage itself."

"We do not repudiate marriage," said Pamphilius.

"If not marriage, then you repudiate love."

"On the contrary, we repudiate everything except love. For us it is the chief corner-stone of everything."

"I don't understand you," said Julius. "As far as I have heard from others and from yourself, and from the fact that you are not married yet, though you are as old as I am, I conclude that you don't have marriages among you. Those of you who are already married continue married, but the rest of you do not enter into new relations. You do not take pains to perpetuate the human race. And if there were no other people besides you, the human race would have long ago perished," said Julius, repeating what he had many times heard.

"That is unjust," said Pamphilius. "It is true we do not make it our aim to perpetuate the human race, and we take no anxious care about this, as I have many times heard from your wise men. We take for granted that our Heavenly Father has already provided for this: our aim is simply to live in accordance with His will. If the perpetuation of the race is consonant with His will, then it will be perpetuated; if not, then it will come to an end; this is not our business or our care; our care is to live in accordance with His will. His will is expressed both in our sermons and in our revelation, where it is said that the husband shall cleave unto the wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. Marriage amongst us is not only not forbidden, but is encouraged by our elders and teachers. The difference between marriage amongst us and marriage amongst you consists solely in this: that our law has revealed to us that every one who looks lust-

fully on a woman commits a sin; and therefore we and our women, instead of adorning ourselves and stimulating lust, try to avoid it as much as possible, so that the feeling of love, like that between brothers and sisters, may be stronger than that of lust, for one woman, which you call love."

"But still you cannot suppress the feeling for beauty," said Julius. "I am convinced, for example, that the beautiful young girl with whom you were carrying grapes, in spite of her garb, which concealed her charming figure, must awaken in you the feeling of love to a woman."

"I do not know as yet," said Pamphilius, reddening. "I have not thought about her beauty. You are the first person that has spoken of it. She is to me only as a sister. But I will continue what I was just going to say to you concerning the difference between our form of marriage and yours. The variance arises from the fact that, among you, lust, under the name of beauty and love and the service of the goddess Venus, is maintained and expressed in men. With us it is the contrary; carnal desire is not regarded as an evil, — for God has created no evil, — but a good, which becomes an evil when it is not in its place — a temptation, as we call it; and we try to avoid it by all the means in our power. And that is why I am not married as yet, though very possibly I might marry to-morrow."

"But what decides this?"

"The will of God."

"How do you find it out?"

"If one never seeks for its indications, one will never see them; but if one is all the time on the lookout for them, they become clear, as to you omens by sacrifices and birds are clear. And as you have your wise men who interpret for you the will of the gods by their wisdom, and by the vitals of the sacrificed victim, and by the flight of birds, so have we our wise men who explain to us the will of the Father by the revelation of Christ, by the promptings of their hearts, and the thoughts of other men, and chiefly by love to them."

"But all this is very indefinite," objected Julius.

"What shows you, for example, when and whom you ought to marry? When I was about to marry, I had a choice between three girls. These girls were selected from the rest because they were beautiful and rich, and my father was satisfied whichever one of them I chose. Out of the three I chose my Eulampia because she was more beautiful and more attractive than the others. But what will govern you in your choice?"

"In order to answer you," said Pamphilius, "I must inform you, first of all, that as according to our doctrine all men are equal before our Father, so likewise they are equal before us both in their station and in their spiritual and physical qualities, and consequently our choice (if I may use this word so meaningless to us) cannot be in any way circumscribed. Any one of all the men and women of the world may be the wife of a Christian man or the husband of a Christian woman."

"That would make it still more impossible to decide," said Julius.

"I will tell you what our elder told me as to the difference between a Christian and a pagan marriage. The pagan — you, for example — chooses a wife who, according to his idea, will cause him, personally, more delight than any one else. In this choice his eyes wander about, and it is hard to decide; the more, because the enjoyment is before him. But the Christian has no such choice; or rather the choice for his personal enjoyment occupies not the first, but a subordinate place. For the Christian the question is whether by his marriage he is going contrary to God's will."

"But in what respect can there be in marriage anything contrary to God's will?"

"I might forget the 'Iliad,' which you and I read together, but you who live amid poets and sages cannot forget it. What is the whole 'Iliad'? It is a story of violations of the will of God in relation to marriage. Menelaus and Paris and Helen and Achilles and Agamemnon and Chreseis — it is all a description of the terrible tribulations that have ensued and are all the time coming from this violation."

"In what consists this violation?"

"It consists in this: that a man loves a woman for the personal enjoyment he gets from connection with her, and not because she is a human being like himself, and so he enters into matrimony for the sake of his pleasure. Christian marriage is possible only when a man has love for his fellow-men, and when the object of his carnal love has already been the object of fraternal love of man to man. As a house can be built satisfactorily and lastingly only when there is a foundation; as a picture can be painted only when there is something prepared to paint it on; so carnal love is lawful, reasonable, and lasting only when it is based on the respect and love of man to man. On this foundation only can a reasonable Christian family life be established."

"But still," said Julius, "I do not see why Christian love, as you call it, excludes such love for a woman as Paris experienced."

"I don't say that Christian marriage did not permit exclusive love for a woman; on the contrary, only then is it reasonable and holy; but exclusive love for a woman can take its rise only when the existent love to all men has not been previously violated. The exclusive love for a woman which the poets sing, calling it good, though it is not founded on love to men, has no right to be called love at all. It is animal passion, and very frequently passes over into hate. The best proof of this is how this so-called love, or *eros*, if it be not founded on brotherly love to all men, becomes brutal; this is shown in the cases where violence is offered to the very woman whom a man professes to love, and in so doing compels her to suffer, and ruins her. In violence it is manifest that there is no love to man — no, not if he torments the one he loves. But in un-Christian marriage violence is often concealed when the man that weds a girl who does not love him, or who loves some one else, compels her to suffer and does not pity her, provided only he satisfies his passion."

"Let us admit that this is so," said Julius, "but if a girl loves him, then there is no injustice, and I don't

see any difference between Christian and pagan marriage."

"I do not know the details of your marriage," replied Pamphilius; "but I know that every marriage having for its basis personal advantage only cannot help being the cause of discord, just exactly as the mere act of feeding cannot take place among animals and men without quarrels and brawls. Every one wants the sweet morsel, and since there is an insufficiency of sweet morsels for all, the quarrel breaks out. Even if there is no outward quarrel, there is a secret one. The weak one desires the sweet morsel, but he knows that the strong one will not give it to him, and though he is aware of the impossibility of taking it directly away from the strong one, he looks at him with secret hatred and envy, and seizes the first opportunity of getting it away from him. The same is true of pagan marriages, only it is twice as bad, because the object of the hatred is a man, so that enmity is produced even between husband and wife."

"But how manage so that the married couple love no one but each other? Always the man or the girl is found loving this person or another. And then in your system the marriage is impossible. This is the very reason I see the justice of what is said about you, that you do not marry at all. It is for this reason you are not married, and apparently will not marry. How can it possibly be that a man should marry a single woman never having before kindled the feelings of love in some other woman, or that a girl should reach maturity without having awakened the feelings of some man? How must Helen have acted?"

"The elder Cyril thus speaks in regard to this: in the pagan world, men having no thought of love to their brethren, never having trained that feeling, think about one thing,—about the awakening of passionate love toward some woman, and they foster this passion in their hearts. And therefore in their world every Helen, and every woman like Helen, stimulates the love of many. Rivals fight with one another, and strive to supplant one another as animals do to possess the female.

And to a greater or less degree their marriage is a constraint. In our community we not only do not think of the personal fascination of beauty, but we avoid all temptations which lead to that, and which in the heathen world are highly regarded as a merit and an object of adoration.

"We, on the contrary, think about those obligations of reverence and love to our neighbors which we have without distinction for all men, for the greatest beauty and the greatest ugliness. We use all our endeavors to educate this feeling, and so in us the feeling of love toward men gets the upper hand of the seduction of beauty, and conquers it, and annihilates the discords arising from sexual relations. The Christian marries only when he knows that his union with a woman causes no one any grief."

"But is this possible?" interrupted Julius. "Can men regulate their inclinations?"

"It is impossible if they have given them free course, but we can keep them from spreading and rising. Take, for example, the relations of a father to his daughter, of a mother to her sons, of brothers and sisters. The mother is to her son, the daughter to her father, the sister to her brother, not an object of personal enjoyment, but of pure love, and the passions are not awakened. They would be awakened only when the father should discover that she whom he had accounted his daughter was not his daughter, or the mother that her son was not her son, or that brother and sister were not brother and sister; but even then this passion would be very feeble and humble, and it would be in a man's power to repress it. The lustful feeling would be feeble, for it would be based on that of maternal, paternal, or fraternal love. Why then can't you believe that the feeling toward all women might be trained and controlled so that they would regard them in the same light as mothers, sisters, and daughters, and that the feeling of conjugal love might grow out of the basis of such an affection? As a brother permits the feeling of love toward the woman whom he has considered his sister to arise only when he has learned that

she is not his sister, so when the Christian feels that his love does not injure any one, he permits this passion to arise in his soul."

"Well, but suppose two men love the same girl?"

"Then one sacrifices his happiness to the happiness of the other."

"But supposing she loves one of them?"

"Then the one whom she loves least sacrifices his feelings for the sake of her happiness."

"Well, supposing she loves both, and both sacrifice themselves, whom would she take?"

"In that case the elders would decide the matter, and advise in such a way that the greatest happiness would come to all, with the greatest amount of love."

"But it can't be done in such a way; and the reason is because it is contrary to human nature."

"Contrary to human nature! What is the nature of man? Man, besides being an animal, is a man, and it is true that such a relation to a woman is not consonant with man's animal nature, but is consonant with his rational nature. And when he employs his reason in the service of his animal nature, he does worse than a beast,—he descends to violence, to incest — a level to which no brute ever sinks. But when he employs his rational nature to the suppression of the animal, when the animal nature serves, then only he attains the well-being which satisfies him."

CHAPTER V

"But tell me about yourself personally," said Julius. "I see you with that pretty girl; you apparently live near her and serve her; can it be that you do not desire to be her husband?"

"I have not thought about it," said Pamphilius. "She is the daughter of a Christian widow. I serve them just as others do. You ask me if I love her in a way to unite my life with hers. This question is hard for me. But I will answer frankly. This idea has

occurred to me; but there is a young man who loves her, and therefore I do not dare as yet to think about it. This young man is a Christian, and loves us both, and I cannot take a step which would hurt him. I live, not thinking about this. I try to do one thing: to fulfil the law of love to men — this is the only thing I demand; I shall marry when I see that it is proper."

"But it cannot be a matter of indifference to the mother whether she has a good industrious son-in-law or not. She would want you, and not any one else."

"No, it is a matter of indifference to her, because she knows that, besides me, all of us are ready to serve her as well as every one else, and I should serve her neither more nor less whether I were her son-in-law or not. If my marriage to her daughter results, I shall enter upon it with joy, and so I should rejoice even if she married some one else."

"That is impossible!" exclaimed Julius. "This is a horrible thing of you — that you deceive yourselves! And thus you deceive others. That stranger told me correctly about you. When I listen to you I cannot help yielding to the beauty of the life which you describe for me; but as I think it over, I see that it is all deception, leading to savagery, brutality, of life approaching that of brutes."

"Wherein do you see this savagery?"

"In this: that as you subject your own lives to labors, you have no leisure or chance to occupy yourselves with arts and sciences. Here you are in ragged dress, with hardened hands and feet; your fair friend, who might be a goddess of beauty, is like a slave. You have no hymns of Apollo, or temples, or poetry, or games, — none of those things which the gods have given for beautifying the life of man. To work, work like slaves or like oxen merely for a coarse existence — is n't this a voluntary and impious renunciation of the will and nature of man."

"The nature of man again!" said Pamphilius. "But in what does this nature consist? Is it in this, that you torment your slaves with unbearable labors, that you

kill your brothers and reduce them to slavery, and make your women an object of enjoyment? All this is essential for that beauty of life which you consider a part of human nature. Or does it consist in this, that you must live in love and concord with all men, feeling yourself a member of one universal brotherhood?"

"You are also greatly mistaken if you think that we scorn the arts and sciences. We highly prize all the qualities with which human nature is endowed. But we look on all the qualities belonging to man as the means for the attainment of one single aim to which we devote our whole lives, and that is to fulfil the will of God. In art and science we do not see an amusement suitable only to while away the time of idle people; we demand from art and science what we demand from all human occupations, — that they hold the same activity of love to God and one's neighbor as permeates all the acts of a Christian. We call real science only those occupations which help us to live better, and art we regard only when it purifies our thoughts, elevates our souls, increases the force which we need for a loving, laborious life. Such science, as far as possible, we develop in ourselves and in our children, and such art we gladly cultivate in our free time. We read and study the writings bequeathed to us; we sing songs, we paint pictures, and our songs and paintings encourage our souls and cheer us up in moments of depression. And this is why we cannot approve of the application which you make of the arts and sciences. Your learned men employ their aptitudes and acquirements to the invention of new means of causing evil to men; they perfect the methods of war, in other words, of murder; they contrive new ways of money-making, that is to say, of enriching some at the expense of others. Your art serves for the erection and decoration of temples in honor of your gods, in whom the more cultivated of you have long ago ceased to believe, but belief in whom you inculcate in others, considering that, by such a deception, you keep them under your power. You erect statues in honor of the most powerful and cruel of your

tyrants, whom no one respects, but all fear. In your theaters representations are permitted which hold criminal love up to admiration. Music serves for the delectation of your rich men who have eaten and drunken at their luxurious feasts. Pictorial art is employed in representing in houses of debauchery such scenes as no sober man unvitiated by animal passions could look at without blushing. No, not for this was man endowed with these lofty qualities which differentiate him from the beasts! It is impossible to use them for the mere gratification of your bodies. Consecrating our whole lives to the accomplishment of the will of God, we all the more employ our highest faculties in the same service."

"Yes," said Julius, "all this would be admirable if life in such conditions was possible; but it is not possible to live so. You deceive yourselves. You do not acknowledge our protection. But if it were not for the Roman legions, could you live in any comfort? You profit by our protection, though you do not acknowledge it. Some among you, as you yourself say, protect yourselves. You do not acknowledge private property, but take advantage of it; we have it and give it to you. You yourselves do not give away your grapes, but sell them and then make purchases. All this is a cheat. If you did what you say, then it would be so; but now you deceive others as yourselves."

Julius was indignant, and he spoke out what he had in his mind. Pamphilius was silent and waited his turn. When Julius had finished, Pamphilius said: —

"You are wrong in thinking that we do not acknowledge your protection, and yet take advantage of it. Our well-being consists in our not requiring protection, and this cannot be taken away from us. Even if material objects, which constitute property in your eyes, pass through our hands, we do not call them ours, and we give them to whoever needs them for subsistence. We sell goods to those that wish to buy them; yet it is not for the sake of increasing our private means, but solely that those that need may acquire what is required for supporting life. If any one desired to take these grapes

away from us we should give them up without resistance. This is the precise reason why we have no fear, even of an invasion of the barbarians. If they proceeded to take from us the products of our toil, we should let them go; if they insisted on our working for them, we should joyfully comply with their demands, and not only would they have no reason to kill us or torture us, but it would be contrary to their interest to do so. The barbarians would speedily understand and like us, and we should have far less to endure at their hands than from the enlightened people that surround us now and persecute us.

"Your accusation against us consists in this, — that we do not wholly attain what we are striving for; that is, that we do not recognize violence and private property, and at the same time we take advantage of them. If we are deceivers, then it is no use to talk with us, and we are worthy neither of anger nor of being exposed, but only of scorn, and we should willingly accept your scorn, since one of our rules is the recognition of our insignificance. But if we are genuine in our striving toward what we profess, then your blaming us for deception would be unjust. If we strive, as I and my brethren strive, to fulfil our Teacher's law, then we strive for it, not for external ends, — for riches and honors, for you see all these things we do not recognize, — but for something else. You are seeking your best advantage, and so are we; the only difference is that we see our advantage in different things. You believe that your well-being consists in riches and honors; we believe in something else. Our belief shows us that our advantage is not in violence, but in submissiveness; not in wrath, but in giving everything away. And we, like plants in the light, cannot help striving in the direction where we see our advantage. It is true we do not accomplish all we wish for our own advantage; but how can it be otherwise? You strive to have the most beautiful woman for a wife, to have the largest property — but have you, or has any one else succeeded in doing this? If the arrow does not hit the bull's-eye, does the bow-

man any the less cease to aim at it, because he fails many times to hit it? It is the same with us. Our well-being, according to the teaching of Christ, is in love. We search for our advantage, but each one in his own way falls more or less short of attaining it."

"Yes, but why don't you believe in all human wisdom, and why do you turn your back on it, and put your faith in your one crucified Teacher? Your thraldom, your submissiveness before Him, is what repels me."

"Again you make a mistake, and any one makes a mistake who thinks that we, in fulfilling our doctrine, pin our faith to anything because the man we believe in commanded it. On the contrary, those that seek with all their soul for the instructions of Truth, for Communion with the Father, those that seek for true happiness, cannot help hitting upon that path which Christ traversed, and, therefore, cannot help following Him, seeing Him as their leader. All who love God meet on this path, and there you will be also! He is the Son of God and the mediator between God and men, and this is so, not because any one has told us this, and we blindly believe it, but because all those that seek God find His Son before them, and only through Him can they understand, see, and know God."

Julius made no reply to this, and sat for a long while silent.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

"I have nothing better to desire. But although, for the most part, I experience a sense of perplexity, a consciousness of some vague injustice, yet that is the very reason I am so tremendously happy," said Pamphilius, smiling.

"Yes," said Julius; "maybe I should have been happier if I had not met that stranger, and if I had joined you."

"Why! if you think so, what prevents your doing so even now?"

"How about my wife?"

"You say she has an inclination to Christianity, then she will come with you."

"Yes, but we have already begun a different kind of life; how can we break it off? We have begun; we must live it out," said Julius, picturing to himself the dissatisfaction which his father and mother and friends would feel, and, above all, the energy which it would require to make this change.

At this moment there appeared at the door of the shop this young girl, Pamphilius' friend, accompanied by a young man. Pamphilius joined them, and the young man said loud enough for Julius to hear that he had been sent by Cyril to buy leather. The grapes had been sold and wheat had been bought. Pamphilius proposed to the young man to go home with Magdalina while he himself should buy and bring home the leather. "It will be pleasanter for you," said he.

"No, it would be pleasanter for Magdalina to go with you," said the young man, and he took his departure. Julius introduced Pamphilius in the shop to a tradesman whom he knew. Pamphilius put the wheat into bags, and bestowing the smaller share on Magdalina, took up his own heavy load, said good-by to Julius, and left the city with the young girl. As he turned into a side street he looked round and nodded his head to Julius, and then still more joyously smiling said something to Magdalina, and thus they vanished from sight.

"Yes, I should have done better if I had gone to them," said Julius to himself, and in his imagination, commingling, arose two pictures: that of the lusty Pamphilius with the tall robust maiden carrying the baskets on their heads and their kindly radiant faces; then that of his own home which he had left that morning, and to which he should return, and then his pampered beautiful wife, of whom he had grown so tired, lying in her finery and bracelets on rugs and cushions.

But Julius had no time to think long; his acquaintances, the tradesmen, came, and they entered upon their usual proceedings, finishing up with a dinner with liquors and the night with women. ....

CHAPTER VI

Ten years passed. Julius saw nothing more of Pamphilius, and his interviews gradually faded from his remembrance, and his impressions of him and the Christian life grew dim.

Julius' life ran in the usual course. About that time his father died, and he was obliged to take the head of the whole business, which was complicated; there were old customers, there were salesmen in Africa, there were clerks, there were debts to be collected and to be paid. Julius, in spite of himself, was drawn into business and gave all his time to it. Moreover, new cares came upon him. He was selected for some civic function. And this new occupation, flattering to his pride, was attractive to him. Besides his commercial affairs, he was also interested in public matters, and having brains and the gift of eloquence, he proceeded to use his influence among his fellow-citizens, so as to acquire a high public position.

In the course of these ten years, a serious and, to him, unpleasant change had also taken place in his family life. Three children had been born to him, and this had estranged him from his wife. In the first place, his wife had lost a large part of her beauty and freshness; in the second place, she paid less attention to her husband. All her affection and tenderness were lavished on the children. Though the children were handed over to nurses and attendants, after the manner of the pagans, Julius often found them in their mother's rooms or found her in theirs. But the children for the most part were a burden to Julius, occasioning him more annoyance than pleasure.

Engrossed in his commercial and public affairs, Julius had abandoned his former dissipated life, but he took it for granted that he needed some refined recreation after his labors, and he did not find it with his wife. At this time she was more and more occupied with a Christian slave-woman, was more and more carried away by the

new doctrine, and had renounced everything external and pagan which had constituted a charm for Julius. As he did not find this in his wife, he took up with a woman of frivolous character, and enjoyed with her those leisure moments which remained to him above his duties.

If Julius had been asked whether he was happy or unhappy in these years of his life, he could not have replied. He was so busy! He hurried from affair to affair, from pleasure to pleasure, but there was not one so satisfying to him that he would have it last. Everything he did was of such a kind that the quicker he got through with it the better he liked it; and none of his pleasures was so sweet as not to be poisoned by something, not to have mingled with it the weariness of satiety.

This kind ot existence Julius was leading when an event happened which very nearly revolutionized the whole nature of his life. At the Olympic games he was taking part in the races, and as he was driving his chariot successfully near the goal, he suddenly collided with another which he was just outstripping: the wheel was broken, he was thrown out, and two of his ribs and an arm were fractured. His injuries were serious, but not fatal; he was taken home, and had to lie in bed for three months.

In the course of these three months, in the midst of severe physical sufferings, his thought began to ferment, and he had leisure to review his life as if it were the life of a stranger, and his life presented itself before him in a gloomy light, the more because during this time three unpleasant events, deeply mortifying to him, occurred.

The first was that a slave in whom his father had reposed implicit trust, having gone to Africa for him to purchase precious stones, had run away, causing great loss and confusion in Julius' business.

The second was that his concubine had deserted him, and accepted a new protector.

The third and most unpleasant blow was that during his illness the election for the position of administrator

which he had been ambitious to fill, took place, and his rival was chosen. All this, it seemed to Julius, resulted from the fact that his chariot-wheel had swerved to the left the width of a finger.

As he lay alone on his couch, he began involuntarily to think how from such insignificant circumstances his happiness depended, and these ideas led him to still others, and to a recollection of his former misfortunes, of his attempt to join the Christians, and of Pamphilius, whom he had not seen for ten years.

These recollections were still further strengthened by conversations with his wife, who, during his illness, was frequently with him, and told him everything she could learn about Christianity from her slave-woman. This slave-woman had lived for a time in the same community where Pamphilius lived, and knew him. Julius wanted to see this slave-woman, and when she came to his bedside she gave him a circumstantial account of everything, and particularly about Pamphilius.

"Pamphilius," the slave-woman said, "was one of the best of the brethren, and was loved and regarded by them all. He was married to that same Magdalina whom Julius had seen ten years previous. They already had several children. Any man who did not believe that God had created men for their good should go and observe the lives of these," said the slave-woman in conclusion.

Julius dismissed the slave-woman and remained alone, thinking over what he had heard. It made him envious to compare Pamphilius' life with his own, and he tried not to think about it.

In order to divert his mind, he took the Greek manuscript which his wife had put into his hands, and began to read it. In the manuscript he reads as follows: —

There are two paths: one of life and one of death. The path of life consists in this: first, thou must love God, who created thee; secondly, thy neighbor as thyself; and do not unto another that which thou wouldst not have done unto thee. The doctrine included in these words is this: —

Bless those that curse you;

Pray for your enemies and for your persecutors; for what thanks have you if you love those that love you. Do not even the heathen the same?

Do you love them that hate you and you will not have enemies.

Abstain from sensual and worldly lusts.

If any one smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and thou shalt be perfect. If any one compel thee to go one mile with him go with him twain;

If any one take what is thine, ask it not back, since this thou canst not do;

If any one take away thy outer garment, give also thy shirt;

Give to every one that asketh of thee and demand it not back, since the Father desires that His beneficent gifts be given unto all.

Blessed is he that giveth according to the Commandments.

My child! shun all evil and all appearance of evil. Be not given to wrath, since wrath leadeth to murder; nor to jealousy, nor to quarrelsomeness, since the outcome of all these is murder.

My child! be not lustful, since lust leadeth to fornication; be not obscene, for from obscenity proceedeth adultery.

My child! be not deceitful, because falsehood leadeth to theft; be not mercenary, be not ostentatious, since from all this proceedeth theft.

My child! be not a murmurer, since this leadeth to blasphemy; be not insolent or evil-minded, since from all this cometh blasphemy.

But be meek, for the meek shall inherit the earth.

Be long-suffering and gentle and mild and humble and good, and always beware of the words to which thou lendest thine ear.

Be not puffed up with pride and give not thy soul to insolence.

Yea, verily, let not thy soul cleave to the proud, but treat the just and the peaceful as thy friends.

All things that happen unto thee accept as for thy good, knowing that nothing can befall thee without God.

My child! be not the cause of discord, but act as a peacemaker when men are quarreling.

Widen not thy hands to receive, and make them not narrow when thou givest. Hesitate not about giving; and when thou hast given, do not repine, for thou knowest who is the beneficent giver of rewards.

Turn not from the needy but share all things with thy brother, and call nothing thine own property, for if you are all sharers in the imperishable, then how much more in that which perisheth.

Teach thy children from early youth the fear of God.

Correct not thy man-servant nor thy maid-servant in anger, lest they cease to fear God, who is above you both; for He cometh not to call men, judging by whom they are, but He calleth those whom the Spirit hath prepared.

But the path of Death is this: first of all it is evil and full of curses; here are murder, adultery, lust, fornication, robbery, idolatry, sorcery, poison, rape, false evidence, hypocrisy, duplicity, slyness, pride, wrath, arrogance, greediness, obscenity, hatred, insolence, presumption, vanity; here are the persecutors of the good, haters of the truth, lovers of falsehood, those that do not recognize rewards for justice, that do not cling to the good nor to just judgment, those that are vigilant, not for what is right but for what is wrong, from whom gentleness and patience hold aloof; here are those that love vanity and yearn for rewards, that have no sympathy with their neighbors, that work not for the overworked, that know not their Creator, slaughterers of children, breakers of God's images, who turn from the needy, persecutors of the oppressed, defenders of the rich, lawless judges of the poor, sinners in all things!

Children, beware of all such persons!

Long before he had read the manuscript to the end, Julius had the experience which men always have when they read books — that is to say, the thoughts of others — with a genuine desire for the Truth; he felt that he had entered with his whole soul into communion with the one that had inspired them. He read on and on, his mind foreseeing what was coming; and he not only agreed with the thoughts of the book, but he imagined that he himself had uttered them.

There happened to him that ordinary phenomenon, not noticed by many persons and yet most mysterious and significant, consisting in this, that the so-called living man becomes alive when he enters into communion — unites — with the so-called dead, and lives one life with them.

Julius' soul merged with the one who had written and composed these thoughts, and after this union had taken place he contemplated himself and his life. And he himself and his whole life seemed to him one horrible mistake. He had not lived, but by all his labors in

regard to life, and by his temptations, he had only destroyed in himself the possibility of a true life.

"I do not wish to destroy life; I wish to live, to go on the path of life," he said to himself.

He remembered all that Pamphilius had said to him in their former interviews, and it seemed to him now so clear and indubitable that he was amazed that he could ever have believed in the stranger, and have renounced his intention of going to the Christians. He remembered also what the stranger had said to him:—

"Go when you have had experience of life."

"Well, I have had experience of life, and found nothing in it."

He also remembered how Pamphilius had said to him that whenever he should come to them they would be glad to receive him.

"No, I have erred and suffered enough," he said to himself. "I will renounce everything, and I will go to them and live as it says here."

He communicated his plan to his wife, and she was delighted with his intention. She was ready for everything. The only thing left was to decide how to carry it into execution. What should they do with the children? Should they take them along or leave them with their grandmother? How could they take them? How, after the tenderness of their nurture, subject them to all the trials of an austere life? The slave-woman proposed to accompany them. But the mother was troubled about her children, and declared that it would be better to leave them with their grandmother, and go alone. And they both decided to do this.

All was determined, and nothing but Julius' illness prevented its fulfilment.

CHAPTER VII

In this condition of mind Julius fell asleep. The next morning he was told that a skilful physician traveling through the city desired to see him, and promised to

give him speedy relief. Julius with joy received the physician. He proved to be none other than the stranger whom Julius had met when he started to join the Christians.

After he had examined his wounds, the physician prescribed certain simples for renewing his strength.

"Shall I be able to work with my arm?" asked Julius.

"Oh, yes, to drive a chariot, or to write; yes."

"But I mean hard work — to dig?"

"I was not thinking about that," said the physician, "because such work is not necessary to one in your position."

"On the contrary, it is very necessary to me," said Julius; and he told the physician that since the time he had last seen him he had followed his advice, had made trial of life, but life had not given him what it had promised him, but, on the contrary, had disillusioned him, and that he now was going to carry out the plan of which he had spoken to him at that time.

"Yes, evidently they have put into effect all their powers of deception and entangled you, if you, in your position, with your responsibilities, especially in regard to your children, cannot see their fallacies."

"Read this," was all that Julius said, producing the manuscript he had been reading. The physician took the manuscript and glanced at it.

"I know this," said he; "I know this fraud, and I am surprised that such a clever man as you are can fall into such a snare."

"I do not understand you. Where lies the snare?"

"The whole thing is in life; and here these sophists and rebels against men and the gods propose a happy path of life in which all men would be happy; there would be no wars, no executions, no poverty, no licentiousness, no quarrels, no evil. And they insist that such a condition of men would come about when men should fulfil the precepts of Christ; not to quarrel, not to commit fornication, not to blaspheme, not to use violence, not to bear ill-will against one another. But they make a mistake in taking the end for the means. Their

aim is to keep from quarreling, from blasphemy, from fornication, and the like, and this aim is attained only by means of social life. And in speaking thus they say almost what a teacher of archery should say, if he said, 'You will hit the target when your arrow flies in a straight line directly to the target.'

"But the problem is, how to make it fly in a straight line. And this problem is solved in archery by the string being tightly stretched, the bow being elastic, the arrow straight. The same with the life of men; — the very best life for men — that in which they need not quarrel, or commit adultery, or do murder — is attained by the bowstring — the rulers; the elasticity of the bow — the force of the authorities; and the straight arrow — the equity of the law.[1]

"Not only this," continued the physician, "let us admit what is senseless, what is impossible — let us admit that the foundations of this Christian doctrine may be communicated to all men, like a dose of certain drops, and that suddenly all men should fulfil Christ's teachings, love God and their fellows, and fulfil the precepts. Let us admit this, and yet the way of life, according to their teaching, would not bear examination. There would be no life, and life would be cut short. Now the living live out their lives, but their children will not live

[1] In the very free French paraphrase of this parable the physician, without pausing, remarks that the Christians acknowleged no rulers, no authority, no laws. Julius replies that they claim that even without rulers, authorities, and laws, human life will be vastly better if men would only fulfil the law of Christ. The physician replies: "But what guarantee have we that men will fulfil that law. Absolutely none. They say: 'You have made trial of life with authorities and laws, and it has always been a failure. Try it now without authorities and laws, and you will soon see it becoming perfect.' You cannot deny this, not having tested it by experience. Here the sophistry of these impious men becomes evident. Are they any more logical than the farmer who should say: 'You sow the seed in the ground, and then cover it up with soil, and yet the crop falls far below your desires. My advice is: sow it in the sea, and the result will be far more satisfactory.' And do not attempt to deny this theory; you cannot do so, never having tested it by experience." This is the argument that shakes Julius' resolution; but it is all omitted from the Moscow edition of 1898. Probably the doctrine of Christian anarchy, thus advocated, caught the censor's eye. — ED.

their full time, or not one in ten will. According to their teaching all children must be the same to all mothers and fathers, theirs and others'. How will their children protect themselves when we see that all the passion, all the love, which the mother feels for these children scarcely protects them from destruction? What then will it be when this mother-passion is translated into a general commiseration, the same for all children? Who will take and protect the child? Who will spend sleepless nights watching with sick, ill-smelling children, unless it be the mother? Nature made a protective armor for the child in the mother's love; they take it away, giving nothing in its place. Who will educate the boy? Who will penetrate into his soul, if not his father? Who will ward off danger? All this is put aside! All life that is the perpetuation of the human race is put aside."

"That seems correct," said Julius, carried away by the physician's eloquence.

"No, my friend, have nothing to do with this nonsense, and live rationally; especially now, when such great, serious, and pressing responsibilities rest upon you. To fulfil them is a matter of honor. You have lived to reach your second period of doubt, but go onward, and your doubts will vanish. Your first and indubitable obligation is to educate your children, whom you have neglected; your obligation toward them is to make them worthy servants of their country. The existent form of government has given you all you have: you ought to serve it yourself and to give it capable servants in your children, and by so doing you confer a blessing on your children. The second obligation upon you is to serve the public. Your lack of success has mortified and discouraged you — this circumstance is temporary. Nothing is given to us without effort and struggle. And the joy of triumph is mighty only when the battle was hard. Begin a life with a recognition of your duty, and all your doubts will vanish. They were caused by your feeble state of health. Fulfil your obligations to the country by serving it, and by educating your children for this

service. Put them on their feet so that they may take your place, and then calmly devote yourself to that life which attracts you; till then you have no right to do so, and if you did, you would find nothing but disappointment."

CHAPTER VIII

Either the learned physician's simples or his advice had their effect on Julius: he very speedily recovered his spirits, and his notions concerning the Christian life seemed to him idle vaporings.

The physician, after a visit of a few days, took his departure. Soon after, Julius got up, and, profiting by his advice, began a new life. He engaged tutors for his children, and he himself superintended their instruction. His time was wholly spent in public duties, and very soon he acquired great consideration in the city.

Thus Julius lived a year, and during this year not once did he remember the Christians. But during this time a tribunal was appointed to try the Christians in their city. An emissary of the Roman Empire had come to Cilicia to stamp out the Christian faith. Julius heard of the measures taken against the Christians, and though he supposed that it concerned the Christian community in which Pamphilius lived, he did not think of him. But one day as he was walking along the square in the place where his official duties called him, he was accosted by a poorly dressed, elderly man, whom he did not recognize at first. It was Pamphilius. He came up to Julius, leading a child by the hand.

"How are you, friend?" said Pamphilius. "I have a great favor to ask of you, but I don't know as you will be willing to recognize me as your friend, now that we Christians are being persecuted; you might be in danger of losing your place if you had any relations with me."

"I am not in the least afraid of it," replied Julius, "and as a proof of it I will ask you to come home with

me. I will even postpone my business in the market so as to talk with you and be of service to you. Let us go home together. Whose child is this?"

"It is my son."

"Really, I need not have asked. I recognize your features in him. I recognize also those blue eyes, and I should not have to ask who your wife is: she is the beautiful woman whom I saw with you some years ago."

"You have surmised correctly," replied Pamphilius. "Shortly after we met, she became my wife."

The friends went to Julius' home. Julius summoned his wife and gave the boy to her, and brought Pamphilius to his luxurious private room.

"Here you can say anything; no one will hear us," said Julius.

"I am not afraid of being heard," replied Pamphilius; "since my request is not that the Christians, who have been arrested, may not be sentenced and executed, but only that they may be permitted publicly to confess their faith."

And Pamphilius told how the Christians arrested by the authorities had sent word to the community from the dungeons where they were confined. The elder Cyril, knowing of Pamphilius' relations with Julius, commissioned him to go and plead for the Christians. The Christians did not ask for mercy. They considered it their mission to bear witness to the truth of Christ's teaching. They could bear witness to this in the course of a long life of eighty years, and they could bear witness to the same by enduring tortures. Either way was immaterial to them; and physical death, unavoidable as it was, for them was alike free from terror and full of joy, whether it came immediately or at the end of half a century: but they wished their lives to be useful to men, and therefore they had sent Pamphilius to labor in their behalf, that their trial and punishment might be public.

Julius was dumfounded at Pamphilius' request, but he promised to do all in his power.

"I have promised you my intercession," said Julius,

"but I have promised it to you on account of my friendship for you, and on account of the peculiarly pleasant feeling of tenderness which you have always awakened in me; but I must confess that I consider your doctrine most senseless and harmful. I can judge in regard to this, because not very long ago, in a moment of disappointment and illness, in a state of depression of spirits, I once more shared your views, and once more almost abandoned everything and went to you. I understand on what your error is based, for I have been through it; it is based on selfishness, on weakness of spirit, and the feebleness caused by ill health; it is a creed for women, but not for men."

"Why so?"

"Because, out of pride, instead of taking part by your labors in the affairs of the empire, and in proportion to your services rising higher and higher in the estimation of men,[1] you forthwith, by your pride, I say, regard all men equal, so that you consider no one higher than yourselves, and consider yourselves equal to Cæsar.

"You yourself think so, and teach others to think so. And for the weak and the lazy this is a great temptation. Instead of laboring, every slave immediately counts himself equal to Cæsar. If men listened to you, society would be dissolved, and we should return to primitive savagery. You in the empire preach the dissolution of empire. But your very existence is dependent on the empire. If it was not for that, you would not be. You would all be slaves of the Scythians or the barbarians, the first who knew of your condition. You are like a tumor destroying the body, but able to make a show, and to feed on the body and nothing else. And the living body struggles with it and suppresses it! Thus

[1] In the French translation, this sentence is replaced by another to the effect that the Christians, while acknowledging that discord and violence are a part of human nature, nevertheless take advantage of this organization of society. "The world has always existed by means of its rulers: they assume the responsibility of governing, they protect us from enemies, domestic and foreign. We subjects, in return for this, pay the rulers deference and homage, obey their commands, and assist them by serving the State when we are needed." — Ed.

do we act in regard to you, and we cannot do otherwise. And notwithstanding my promise to help you, and to comply with your request, I look on your doctrine as most harmful and low: low, because dishonorably and unjustly you devour the breast that nourishes you: take advantage of the blessings of the imperial order without sharing in its support, and yet trying to destroy it!"

"What you say would be just," said Pamphilius, "if we really lived as you think. But you do not know about our life, and you have formed a false conception of it. For you, with your habitual luxury, it is hard to imagine how little a man requires when he exists without superfluities. A man is so constituted that, when he is well, he can produce with his hands far more than he needs for the support of his life. Living in a community as we do, we are able by our labor to support without effort our children, and the aged and the sick and the feeble. You assert that we Christians arouse in the slave the desire to be the Cæsar; on the contrary, both by word and deed we fulfil one thing: patient submissiveness and work, the most humble work of all — the work of the working-man. We know nothing and we care nothing about affairs of state. We know one thing, but we know it beyond question, — that our well-being is only when the well-being of others is found, and we strive after this well-being; the well-being of all men is in their union." [1]

[1] Another long passage is here omitted: Pamphilius goes on to say that the union of men must be brought about by love, not violence. The violence of a brigand is as atrocious exactly as is that of troops against their enemies, or of the judge against the culprit, and Christians can have no part in either; their share consists in submitting to it without protest.

Julius interrupts him, and declares that while they are ready to be martyrs and eager to lay down their lives for the truth, in reality truth is not in them: they preach love, but the result of their preaching is savagery, retrogression to primitive conditions of murder, robbery, and every kind of violence.

Pamphilius denies that such is the case: murder, robbery, and violence existed long before Christianity, and men found no way of coping with them. When violence meets violence crimes are not checked, but are provoked, because feelings of anger and bitterness are aroused. In the mighty Roman Empire, where legislation has been raised to a science, and the laws are thoroughly studied and administered, and the office of judge

"But tell me, Pamphilius, why men hold aloof from you in hostility, persecute you, hunt you down, kill you? How does your doctrine of love give rise to such discord?"

is highly regarded, nevertheless debauchery and crime are everywhere prevalent; in the early days, when laws were not so numerous or so carefully administered, there was a higher standard of virtue; but simultaneously with the study and application of the laws, there has been going on in the Roman Empire a steady deterioration of morals, accompanied by a vast increase in the number and variety of criminal offenses.

The only way to grapple with such crimes and evil is the Christian way of love. The heathen weapons of vengeance, punishment, and violence are inefficacious. All the preventive and remedial laws and punishments in the world will fail to eradicate people's propensities to do wrong. The root of the evil must be got at, and that is done by reaching the individual.

Most crimes are perpetrated by men who desire to get more of this world's goods than they can rightfully acquire. Some of these — as, for instance, monstrous commercial frauds — are perpetrated under the protection of the law, and those that are punishable are so cleverly managed that they often escape the penalty. Christianity takes away all incentive to such crimes, because those that practise it refuse to take more than what is strictly needed for the support of life, and thereby give up to others their free labor. So that the sight of accumulated wealth is not a temptation, and those that are driven to desperation by hunger find what they need without having to use violent means of obtaining it. Some criminals avoid them altogether; others join them, and gradually become useful workers.

As regards the crimes provoked by the play of passions: jealousy, carnal love, anger, and hatred. Laws never restrain such criminals; obstacles only make them worse; but Christianity teaches men to curb their passions by a life of love and labor, so that the spiritual principle will overcome the fleshly; and as Christianity spreads, the number of crimes of this sort will diminish.

There is still another class of crimes, he goes on to say, which have their root in a sincere desire to help humanity. The wish to alleviate the sufferings of an entire people will impel certain men called revolutionists to kill a tyrant with the notion that they are benefiting a majority. The origin of such crimes is a mistaken conviction that evil may be done in order that good may follow. Crimes of this description are not lessened by laws against them, they are provoked by them. The men that commit crimes of this kind have a noble motive — a desire to do good to others. Most men of this kind, though mistaken in their hopes and beliefs, are impelled by the noble motive of desire to do good to others, and they are ready to sacrifice their lives and all they have, and no danger or difficulty stands in their way. Punishment cannot restrain them; danger only gives them new life and spirit; if they suffer, they are regarded as martyrs, and earn the sympathy of mankind, and they stimulate others to go and do likewise.

The Christians, though they clearly perceive the error of such conspirators, appreciate their sincerity and self-denial, and recognize them as brethren on the ground of the positive good which they possess. Many of these

"The source of this is not in us, but outside of us We regard as higher than anything the law of God, which controls by our conscience and by reason. We

conspirators regard the Christians, not as foes, but as men sincerely and eagerly bent on doing good, and so have joined them, accepting the conviction that a quiet life of toil and incessant solicitude for the welfare of others is incomparatively more beneficial than their momentary deeds of prowess, stained by human blood needlessly sacrificed.

Pamphilius concludes that Julius may decide for himself whether the Christians — who preach and prove the joy and delight of a spiritual life, from which no evil can arise, or the Roman rulers and judges — who pass sentences according to the letter of a dead law, and thus lash their victims into fury and drive them to the utmost hatred, are most fit to grapple successfully with crime.

Julius replies, "As long as I keep listening to you I seem to get the impression that your point of view is correct."

Julius is almost convinced by this argument, and asks the same question as in the Moscow edition, but Pamphilius makes a different reply. He says, the reason for this anomaly is not in the Christians, but outside of them. Above and beyond the temporary laws established by the State and recognized by all men, there are eternal laws engraved in the hearts of men. The Christians obey these universal laws, discerning in the life of Christ their clearest and fullest expression, and condemning, as a crime, every form of violence which transgresses His commandments. They feel bound to observe the civil laws of the country in which they live, unless these laws are opposed to God's laws. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The Christians strive to avoid and do away with all crimes, both those against the State and those that go counter to God's will, and, therefore, their fight with crime is more comprehensive than that carried on by the State. But this recognition of God's will as the highest law offends those that claim precedence for a private law, or that take some ingrained custom of their class as a law. Such men are animated by feelings of enmity for those that proclaim that man has a higher mission than to be merely subjects of a State or members of a Society. Christ said concerning them: *Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.*

The Christians entertain enmity against no man, not even against those that persecute them, and their way of life injures no man. The only reason why men hate and persecute them is because their manner of life is a constant rebuke to those whose conduct is based on violence. Christ predicted this hatred, but, strengthened by His example, they do not fear those that kill the body. They live in the light of truth, and that life knows no death. Physical suffering and death they cannot escape, neither can their persecutors and executioners. But the Christian is supported by his religion, and though not secure from physical pain and death, yet he preserves equanimity in all the vicissitudes of life, consoled by the conviction that whatever happens to him independently of his own will is unavoidable and for his ultimate good, and by the knowledge that he is true to his conscience and to reason.

The end of the chapter is practically the same. — ED.

can obey only such laws of the State as are not contrary to God's: *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.* And that is why men persecute us. We have not the power of stopping this hostility, which does not have its source in us, because we cannot cease to realize that truth which we have accepted, because we cannot live contrary to our conscience and reason. In regard to this very hostility which our faith should arouse in others against us, our Teacher said, *Think not that I am come to send peace into the world; I came not to send peace, but a sword.*

"Christ experienced this hostility in His own life-time and more than once he warned us, His disciples, in regard to it. *Me,* He said, *the world hateth because its deeds are evil. If ye were of the world the world would love you, but since ye are not of this world therefore the world hateth you, and the time will come when he who killeth you will think he is serving God.* But we, like Christ, *fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul. And this is their condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.*

"In this there is nothing to worry over, because the truth will prevail. The sheep hear the shepherd's voice, and follow him because they know his voice. And Christ's flock will not perish but will increase, attracting to it new sheep from all the lands of the earth, for *The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth ....*"

"Yes," Julius said, interrupting him, "but are there many sincere ones among you? You are often blamed for only pretending to be martyrs and glad to lay down your lives for the truth, but the truth is not on your side. You are proud madmen, destroying the foundations of social life."

Pamphilius made no reply, and looked at Julius with melancholy.

CHAPTER IX

Just as Julius was saying this, Pamphilius' little son came running into the room, and clung to his father. In spite of all the blandishments of Julius' wife, he would not stay with her, but ran to his father. Pamphilius sighed, caressed his son, and stood up; but Julius detained him, begging him to stay and talk some more, and have dinner with them.

"It surprises me that you are married and have children," exclaimed Julius. "I cannot comprehend how you Christians can bring up children when you have no private property. How can the mothers live in any peace of mind knowing the precariousness of their children's position?"

"Wherein are our children more precariously placed than yours?"

"Why, because you have no slaves, no property. My wife was greatly inclined to Christianity; she was at one time desirous of abandoning this life, and I had made up my mind to go with her. But what chiefly prevented was the fear she felt at the insecurity, the poverty, which threatened her children, and I could not help agreeing with her. This was at the time of my illness. All my life seemed repulsive to me, and I wanted to abandon everything. But then my wife's anxiety, and, on the other hand, the explanation of the physician who cured me, convinced me that the Christian life, as led by you, is impossible, and not good for families; but that there is no place in it for married people, for mothers with children; that in life as you understand it, life — that is the human race — would be annihilated. And this is perfectly correct. Consequently the sight of you with a child especially surprised me."

"Not one child only. At home I left one at the breast and a three-year-old girl."

"Explain to me how this happens. I don't understand. I was ready to abandon everything and join you. But I had children, and I came to the conclusion that

however pleasant it might be for me, I had no right to sacrifice my children, and for their sake I continued to live as before, in order to bring them up in the same conditions as I myself had grown up and lived."

"Strange," said Pamphilius; "we take diametrically opposite views. We say: 'If grown people live a worldly life it can be forgiven them, because they are already corrupted; but children! That is horrible! To live with them in the world and tempt them! *Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that by whom the offense cometh.*'[1]

"So spake our Teacher, and I do not say this to you as a refutation, but because it is actually so. The chiefest obligation that we have to live as we do arises from the fact that amongst us are children, — those beings of whom it is said, *Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

"But how can a Christian family do without definite means of subsistence?"

"According to our faith there is only one means of subsistence, — loving labor for men. For your means of livelihood you depend on violence. It can be destroyed as wealth is destroyed, and then all that is left is the labor and love of men. We consider that we must hold fast by that which is the basis of everything, and that we must increase it. And when this is done, then the family lives and prospers.

"No," continued Pamphilius; "if I were in doubt as to the truth of Christ's teaching, and if I were hesitating as to the fulfilling of it, then my doubts and hesitations would instantly come to an end if I thought about the fate of children brought up among the heathen in those conditions in which you grew up, and are educating your children. Whatever we, a few people, should do for the arrangement of our lives, with palaces, slaves, and the imported products of foreign lands, the life of the majority of men would still remain what it must be. The only security of that life will remain, love of mankind and labor. We wish to free ourselves

[1] Offense; Russian, temptation.

and our children from these conditions, not by love, but by violence. We compel men to serve us, and — wonder of wonders! — the more we secure, as it were, our lives by this, the more we deprive ourselves of the only true, natural, and lasting security — love. The same with the other guarantee — labor.[1] The more a man rids himself of labor and accustoms himself to luxury, the less he becomes fitted for work, the more he deprives himself of the true and lasting security. And these conditions in which men place their children they call *security!* Take your son and mine and send them now to find a path, to transmit an order, or to do any needful business, and see which of the two would do it most successfully; or try to give them to be educated, which of the two would be most willingly received? No, don't utter those horrible words that the Christian life is possible only for the childless. On the contrary, it might be said: to live the pagan life is excusable only in those who are childless. *But woe to him who offendeth*[2] *one of these little ones.*"

Julius remained silent.

"Yes," said he, "maybe you are right, but the education of my children is begun, the best teachers are teaching them. Let them know all that we know. There can be no harm in that. But for me and for them there is still time. They may come to you when they reach their maturity, if they find it necessary. I also can do this, when I set them on their feet and am free."

"Know the Truth and you shall be free," said Pamphilius. "Christ gives full freedom instantly; earthly teaching never will give it. Good-by."

And Pamphilius went away with his son.

The trial was public, and Julius saw Pamphilius there as he and other Christians carried away the bodies of the martyrs. He saw him, but as he stood in fear of the authorities he did not go to him, and did not invite him home.

[1] Omitted, the significant dictum: "The greater the power of the ruler the less he is loved."

[2] *Soblaznit'*, tempt, seduce.

CHAPTER X

TWENTY years more passed. Julius' wife died. His life flowed on in the labors of his public office, in efforts to secure power, which sometimes fell to his share, sometimes slipped out of his grasp. His wealth was large, and kept increasing.

His sons had grown up, and his second son, especially, began to lead a luxurious life. He made holes in the bottom of the bucket in which the wealth was held, and in proportion as the wealth increased, increased also the rapidity of its escape through these holes.

Julius began to have just such a struggle with his sons as he had had with his father, — wrath, hatred, jealousy.

About this time a new prefect deprived Julius of his favor.

Julius was forsaken by his former flatterers, and banishment threatened him. He went to Rome to offer explanations. He was not received, and was ordered to depart.

On reaching home he found his son carousing with boon companions. The report had spread through Cilicia that Julius was dead, and his son was celebrating his father's death! Julius lost control of himself, struck his son so that he fell, apparently lifeless, and he went to his wife's room. In his wife's room he found a copy of the gospel, and read: —

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

"Yes," said Julius, to himself, "He has been calling me long. I did not believe in Him, and I was disobedient and wicked; and my yoke was heavy and my burden was grievous."

Julius long sat with the gospel opened on his knee, thinking over his past life and recalling what Pamphilius had said to him at various times.

Then Julius arose and went to his son. He found his son on his feet, and was inexpressibly rejoiced to find he had suffered no injury from the blow he had given him. Without saying a word to his son, Julius went into the street and bent his steps in the direction of the Christian settlement. He went all day, and at eventide stopped at a countryman's for the night. In the room which he entered lay a man. At the noise of steps the man roused himself. It was the physician.

"No, this time you do not dissuade me!" cried Julius. "This is the third time I have started *thither*, and I know that there only shall I find peace of mind."

"Where?" asked the physician.

"Among the Christians."

"Yes, maybe you will find peace of mind, but you will not have fulfilled your obligations. You have no courage. Misfortunes have conquered you. True philosophers do not act thus. Misfortune is only the fire in which the gold is tried. You have passed through the furnace, and now you are needed, you are running away. Now test others and yourself. You have gained true wisdom, and you ought to employ it for the good of your country. What would become of the citizens if those that knew men, their passions and conditions of life, instead of devoting their knowledge and experience to the service of their country, should hide them away, in their search for peace of mind. Your experience of life has been gained in society, and so you ought to devote it to the same society."

"But I have no wisdom at all. I am wholly in error. My errors are ancient, but no wisdom has grown out of them. Like water, however old and stale it is, it never becomes wine."

Thus spake Julius; and seizing his cloak, he left the house and, without resting, walked on and on. At the end of the second day he reached the Christians.

They received him joyfully, though they did not know that he was a friend of Pamphilius, whom every one loved and respected. At the refectory Pamphilius

recognized his friend, and with joy ran to him, and embraced him.

"Well, at last I have come," said Julius. "What is there for me to do? I will obey you."

"Don't worry about that," said Pamphilius. "You and I will go together."

And Pamphilius led Julius into the house where visitors were entertained, and showing him a bed, said:—

"In what way you can serve the people you yourself will see after you have had time to examine into the way we live; but in order that you may know where immediately to lend a hand, I will show you something tomorrow. In our vineyards the grape harvest is taking place. Go and help there. You yourself will see where there is a place for you."

The next morning Julius went to the vineyard. The first was a young vineyard hung with thick clusters. Young people were plucking and gathering them. All the places were occupied, and Julius, after going about for a long while, found no chance for himself.

He went farther. There he found an older plantation; there was less fruit, but here also Julius found nothing to do; all were working in pairs, and there was no place for him.

He went farther, and came to a superannuated vineyard. It was all empty. The vinestocks were gnarly and crooked, and, as it seemed to Julius, all empty.

"Just like my life," he said to himself. "If I had come the first time it would have been like the fruit in the first vineyard. If I had come when the second time I started, it would have been like the fruit in the second vineyard; but now here is my life; like these useless superannuated vinestocks, it is good only for fire-wood."

And Julius was terrified at what he had done; he was terrified at the punishment awaiting him because he had ruined his life. And Julius became melancholy, and he said: "I am good for nothing; there is no work I can do now."

And he did not rise from where he sat, and he wept

because he had wasted what could never more return to him. And suddenly he heard an old man's voice — a voice calling him. "Work, my brother," said the voice. Julius looked around and saw a white-haired old man, bent with years, and scarcely able to walk. He was standing by a vinestock and gathering from it the few sweet bunches remaining. Julius went to him.

"Work, dear brother; work is joyous;" and he showed him how to find the bunches here and there.

Julius went and searched; he found a few, and brought them and laid them in the old man's basket. And the old man said to him: —

"Look, in what respect are these bunches worse than those gathered in yonder vineyards? *Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you,* said our Teacher. *And this is the will of Him that sent me; that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him at the last day.*

"*For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.*

"*He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.*

"*And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.*

"*For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved.*

"*But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.*

"Be not unhappy, my son. We are all the children of God and His servants. We all go to make up His one army! Do you think that He has no servants besides you? And that if you, in all your strength, had given yourself to His service, would you have done all that He required all that men ought to do to establish

His kingdom? You say you would have done twice, ten times, a hundred times more than you did. But suppose you had done ten thousand times ten thousand more than all men, what would that have been in the work of God? Nothing! To God's work, as to God Himself, there are no limits and no end. God's work is in you. Come to Him, and be not a laborer but a son, and you become a copartner with the infinite God and in His work. With God there is neither small nor great, but there is straight and crooked. Enter into the straight path of life and you will be with God, and your work will be neither small nor great, but it will be God's work. Remember that in heaven there is more joy over one sinner, than over a hundred just men. The world's work, all that you have neglected to do, has only shown you your sin, and you have repented. And as you have repented, you have found the straight path; go forward in it with God, and think not of the past, or of great and small. Before God, all living men are equal. There is one God and one life."

And Julius found peace of mind, and he began to live and to work for the brethren according to his strength. And he lived thus in joy twenty years longer, and he did not perceive how he died the physical death.

MASTER AND MAN.

Original Drawing by Charles Copeland.

MASTER AND MAN

THE KREUTZER SONATA

DRAMAS

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INTRODUCTION

With the exception of the fragments of the unfinished novel, "The Dekabrists," which are really studies of character, sketches to serve, and therefore suitable to place anywhere, though the scheme of the story had it been finished would have put it immediately after "War and Peace," the contents of the present volume are in accordance with Count Tolstoï's latest teaching. "Master and Man" represents selfishness conquered by self-sacrifice, and thus bringing joy even in death. It may be questioned whether the master's fear lest, in case his man perished, he should be held responsible for him, does not throw a cynical tinge over the sudden resolve of the half-dazed, half-frozen speculator to protect his servant from the snow and frost. But the lesson is almost as vital. And with what vividness the horrors of a blizzard on the steppes are portrayed.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" has probably been more misunderstood than any other of Count Tolstoï's writings. The ravings of a man self-confessed insane have been taken as the personal views of the author of the monologue. The subject is not agreeable, the narration is exasperating, the whole thing is a study in morbidity. Yet underneath the murderer's confession, underneath the insane extravagance, is the Christian teaching in regard to sexual morality. Christ's teaching is either right or wrong. There is no mincing matters, and this Count Tolstoï shows in his postscript to the "Kreutzer Sonata," the translation of which is due to Mr. Aylmer Maude of England, whose long residence in Russia and friendship with Count Tolstoï make him an authority on his philosophy.

In one of his educational articles Count Tolstoï speaks of a hitherto unrealized plan of writing a story or a play on some proverb, such as is to be found in Snegiref's Collection. He afterward carried out the idea in the play entitled "Vlast Tmui," the Power (or Dominion) of Darkness (or Evil), which has a proverb for its secondary title. This drama, written wholly in the crabbed staccato speech of the Tula peasant, has, nevertheless, an enormous tragic impulse, which places it on a level with the ancient Greek tragedies. There are certain scenes also, as that, for instance, where the reformed drunkard — the laborer, Mitritch — and the little girl, Anyutka, are talking, while the father and grandmother of the illegitimate baby are murdering it, which in their weird and gruesome suggestiveness remind one of the work of Maeterlinck or Ibsen. If this play could be translated into the Cornish or Dorset dialect, or even into the dialect of New England, it would gain immensely. But even then, while there would be increased and perhaps adequate quaintness, the conciseness of the peasant speech could not be given, and Akim's halting utterance, with its amusing repetition of *tayo* and *znatchit*, would fare but ill. Yet it is Akim, the God-fearing, simple-minded peasant, whom Tolstoï makes the moral figure of the play, and his principles triumph in the end.

In the comedy which follows and ends the volume Count Tolstoï holds up to ridicule the empirical weaknesses of medicine and such fads as hypnotism, spiritualism, and the like. As usual he contrasts the absurdities of a narrow and superficial culture with the sterling sense and unaffected reason of the man of the people living near to nature, and not worried over microbes and bacilli. The humor of the play is legitimate and characteristic; one can easily believe that it was effective when presented on the stage.

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MASTER AND MAN

(1895)

CHAPTER I

IT happened in the seventies, in winter, on the day after St. Nicholas' Day.[1] There was a holiday in the parish, and the village landowner and second-guild merchant, Vasili Andreyitch Brekhunof, could not be absent, as he had to attend church — he was a churchwarden — and receive and entertain friends and acquaintances at home.

But at last all the guests were gone, and Vasili Andreyitch began preparations for a drive over to see a neighboring landed proprietor about buying from him the forest for which they had been bargaining this long while. He was in great haste to go, so as to forestall the town merchants, who might snatch away this profitable purchase.

The youthful landowner asked ten thousand rubles for the forest, simply because Vasili Andreyitch offered seven thousand. In reality, seven thousand was but a third of the real worth of the forest. Vasili Andreyitch might, perhaps, even now make the bargain, because the forest stood in his district, and by an old standing agreement between him and the other village merchants, no one of them competed in another's territory. But Vasili Andreyitch had learned that the timber-merchants from the capital town of the province intended to bid for the Goryatchkin forest, and he decided to go at once and conclude the bargain. Accordingly, as soon as the feast was over, he took seven hundred rubles of his own

[1] Winter St. Nicholas' Day is December 6 (O.S.).

from the strong box, added to them twenty-three hundred belonging to the church, so as to make three thousand, and, after carefully counting the whole, he put the money into his pocket-book and made haste to be gone.

Nikita, the laborer, the only one of Vasili Andreyitch's men who was not drunk that day, ran to harness the horse. He was not drunk on this occasion, because he had been a drunkard, and now since the last day before the fast, when he spent his coat and leather boots in drink, he had sworn off and for two months had not tasted liquor. He was not drinking even now, in spite of the temptation arising from the universal consumption of alcohol during the first two days of the holiday.

Nikita was a fifty-year-old muzhik from a neighboring village; no manager,[1] as folk said of him, but one who lived most of his life with other people, and not at his own home. He was esteemed everywhere for his industry, dexterity, and strength, and still more for his kindliness and pleasantness. But he never lived long in one place, because twice a year, or even oftener, he took to drinking; and at such times, besides spending all he had, he became turbulent and quarrelsome. Vasili Andreyitch had dismissed him several times, and afterward engaged him again; valuing his honesty and kindness to animals, but chiefly his cheapness. The merchant did not pay Nikita eighty rubles, the worth of such a man, but forty; and even that he paid without regular account, in small instalments, and mostly not in cash, but in high-priced goods from his own shop.

Nikita's wife, Marfa, a vigorous and once beautiful woman, carried on the home, with a boy almost fully grown and two girls. She never urged Nikita to live at home: first, because she had lived for about twenty years with a cooper, a muzhik from another village, who lodged with them; and secondly, because, although she treated her husband as she pleased when he was sober, she feared him like fire when he was drinking.

Once, when drunk at home, Nikita, apparently to

[1] *Nye khozyaïn.*

revenge himself for all the submissiveness he had shown his wife when sober, broke open her box, took her best clothes, and, seizing an ax, cut to shreds all her sarafans and garments. All the wages Nikita earned went to his wife, and he made no objection to this arrangement. Thus it was that Marfa, two days before the holiday, came to Vasili Andreyitch, and got from him wheat flour, tea, sugar, and a pint of vodka, — about three rubles' worth in all, — and five rubles in cash; and she thanked him as for a special favor, although, at the lowest figure, Vasili Andreyitch owed twenty rubles.

"What agreement did I make with you?" said Vasili Andreyitch to Nikita. "If you want anything, take it; you will work it out. I am not like other folks, with their delays, and accounts, and fines. We are dealing straightforwardly. You work for me, and I'll stand by you."

Talking in this way, Vasili Andreyitch was honestly convinced of his beneficence to Nikita; and he was so plausible that all those who depended on him for their money, beginning with Nikita, confirmed him in this conviction that he was not only not cheating them, but was doing them a service.

"I understand, Vasili Andreyitch; I do my best, I try to do as I would for my own father. I understand all right," answered Nikita, though he understood very well that Vasili Andreyitch was cheating him; at the same time he felt that it was useless to try to get the accounts cleared up. While there was nowhere else to go, he must stay where he was, and take what he could get.

Now, on receiving his master's orders to put the horse in, Nikita, willingly and cheerfully as always, and with a firm and easy stride, stepped to the cart-shed, took down from the nail the heavy, tasseled leather bridle, and, jingling the rings of the bit, went to the closed stable where by himself stood the horse which Vasili Andreyitch had ordered harnessed.

"Well, silly,[1] were you lonely, lonely?" said Nikita,

[1] *Durachok*, diminutive of *dura*, a fool.

in answer to the soft, welcoming whinny which greeted him from the stallion, a fairly good dark bay of medium height, with sloping quarters, who stood solitary in his stall. "No, no! Quiet, quiet, there's plenty of time! Let me give you a drink first," he went on, addressing the horse as if he were speaking to a creature which could understand human speech. With the skirt of his coat he swept down the horse's broad, double-ridged back, rough and dusty as it was; then he put the bridle on the handsome young head, arranged his ears and mane, and, throwing off the rope, led him away to drink.

Picking his way out of the dung-cumbered stall, Mukhortui began to plunge, making play with his hind foot, pretending that he wanted to kick Nikita, who was hurrying him to the well.

"Now, then, behave yourself, you rogue," said Nikita, knowing how careful Mukhortui was that the hind foot should only just touch his greasy sheepskin coat, but do no hurt; and Nikita himself especially enjoyed this sport.

After drinking the cold water, the horse drew a deep sigh, and moved his wet, strong lips, from which transparent drops fell into the trough; then, after standing a moment as if in thought, he suddenly gave a loud neigh.

"If you want no more, you need n't take it. Well, let it be at that; but don't ask again for more," said Nikita, with perfect seriousness, emphasizing to Mukhortui the consequences of his behavior. Then he briskly ran back to the shed, pulling the rein on the gay young horse, who lashed out all the way along the yard.

No other men were about, except a stranger to the place, the husband of the cook, who had come for the holiday.

"Go and ask, there's a good fellow, which sledge is wanted, the wide one or the little one," said Nikita to him.

The cook's husband went into the high-perched, iron-roofed house, and soon returned with the answer that the small one was ordered. By this time Nikita had

put on the brass-studded saddle, and, carrying in one hand the light, painted yoke, with the other hand he led the horse toward the two sledges which stood under the shed.

"All right, the small one it is," said he, backing into the shafts the intelligent horse, which all the time pretended to bite at him; and, with the help of the cook's husband, he began to harness.

When all was nearly ready, and only the reins needed attention, Nikita sent the cook's husband to the shed for straw and to the storehouse for some sacking.

"That's capital! There, there; don't bristle up so!" said Nikita, squeezing into the sledge the freshly thrashed oat straw which the cook's husband had brought. "Now give me the sacking, while we spread it out, and put the cloth over it. That's all right, just the thing, comfortable to sit on," said he, doing that which he was talking about, and making the cloth tight over the straw all round.

"Thanks, my dear fellow," said Nikita to the cook's husband. "When two work, it's done quicker."

Then, disentangling the leather reins, the ends of which were brought together and tied on a ring, he took the driver's seat on the sledge, and shook up the good horse, who stirred himself, eager to make across the frozen refuse that littered the yard, toward the gate.

"Uncle Mikit, eh, uncle!"[1] came a shout behind him, from a seven-year-old boy in a black fur cloak, new white felt boots, and warm cap, who came hurrying out from the entrance-hall toward the yard. "Put me in?" he asked in a shrill voice, buttoning his little coat as he ran.

"All right, come, my dove," said Nikita; and, stopping the sledge, he put in the master's son, whose face grew radiant with joy, and drove out into the road.

It was three o'clock, and cold — about ten degrees of frost — gloomy and windy. Half the sky was shrouded by a low-hanging dark cloud. In the yard it seemed quiet, but in the street the wind was more noticeable.

[1] *Dyadya Mikit, dyadyushka; dyadyushka* is diminutive of *dyadya*.

The snow blew down from the roof of the barn close by, and at the corner by the baths flew whirling round. Nikita had scarcely driven out and turned round by the front door, when Vasili Andreyitch, too, with a cigarette in his mouth, wearing a sheepskin overcoat tightly fastened by a girdle placed low, came out from the entrance-hall. He strode down the trampled snow of the high steps, which creaked under his leather-trimmed felt boots, and stopped. Drawing in one final puff of smoke, he flung down his cigarette and trampled it underfoot; then, breathing out the smoke through his mustaches and critically surveying the horse, he began to turn in the corners of his overcoat collar on both sides of his ruddy face, clean-shaven, except for a mustache, so as to keep the fur clear from the moisture of his breath.

"See there! What a funny little rascal! He's all ready!" said he, as he caught sight of his little pale, thin son in the sledge. Vasili Andreyitch was excited by the wine he had taken with his guests, and was therefore more than usually satisfied with everything which belonged to him, and with everything he did. The sight of his son, whom he always in his own mind thought of as his heir, now caused him great satisfaction. He looked at him, and as he did so he smirked and showed his long teeth.

His wife, a pale and meager woman, about to become a mother, stood behind him in the entrance-hall with a woolen shawl so wrapped about her head and shoulders that only her eyes could be seen.

"Would it not be better to take Nikita with you?" she asked, timidly stepping out from the door.

Vasili Andreyitch made no reply, but merely spat, scowling angrily at her words, which evidently were disagreeable to him.

"You have money with you," the wife continued, in the same plaintive voice. "What if the weather should get worse! Be careful, for God's sake."

"Do you think I don't know the road, that I need a guide?" retorted Vasili Andreyitch, with that affected compression of the lips with which he ordinarily

addressed dealers in the market, and bringing out every syllable with extraordinary precision, as if he valued his own speech.

"Really, I would take him. I beg of you, for God's sake!" repeated his wife, folding her shawl closer.

"Just listen! She sticks to it like a leaf in the bath!.... Why, where must I take him to?"

"Well, Vasili Andreyitch, I'm ready," said Nikita, cheerfully. "If I'm away, there are only the horses to be fed," he added, turning to his mistress.

"I'll look after that, Nikitushka; I'll tell Semyon," answered the mistress.

"Well, then, shall I come, Vasili Andreyitch?" asked Nikita, waiting.

"It seems we must have some regard for the old woman. But if you come, go and put on something warmer," said Vasili Andreyitch, smiling once more, and winking at Nikita's sheepskin coat, which was torn under the arms and down the back, and soiled and patched and frayed into fringes round the skirts.

"Hey, dear soul, come and hold the horse awhile!" shouted Nikita to the cook's husband, in the yard.

"I'll hold him myself," said the little boy, taking his half-frozen red hands out of his pockets, and seizing the cold leather reins.

"Only don't be too long putting your best coat[1] on! Be quick!" shouted Vasili Andreyitch, grinning at Nikita.

"In a breath, batyushka, Vasili Andreyitch!" said Nikita, and, with his trousers stuffed into his old patched felt boots, he swiftly ran down the yard to the laborers' quarters.

"Here, Arinushka,[2] give me my khalat off the oven. I have to go with the master!" said Nikita, hastening into the room, and taking his girdle down from the nail.

The cook, who had just finished her after-dinner nap, and was about to get ready the samovar for her husband, turned cheerily to Nikita, and, catching his haste, moved

[1] He calls it a *diplomat*.

[2] Diminutive of Arina, popular form of Irina, Irene.

about quickly, just as he was doing, took the well-worn woolen khalat off the oven, where it was drying, and shook and rubbed it.

"There now, you 'll have a chance to spread and have a good time with your husband here," said Nikita to the cook; always, as part of his good-natured politeness, ready to say something to any one whom he came across.

Then, putting round himself the narrow shrunken girdle, he drew in his breath and tightened it about his spare body as much as he could.

"There," he said afterward, addressing himself, not to the cook, but to the girdle, while tucking the ends under his belt, "this way, you won't jump out." Then, working his shoulders up and down to get his arms loose, he put on the khalat, again stretching his back to free his arms, and poked up under his sleeves and took his mittens from the shelf.

"Now, we 're all right."

"You ought to change your boots," said the cook; "those boots are very bad."

Nikita stopped, as if remembering something.

"Yes, I ought..... But it will go as it is; it 's not far."

And he ran out into the yard.

"Won't you be cold, Nikitushka?" said his mistress, as he came up to the sledge.

"Why should I be cold? It is quite warm," answered Nikita, arranging the straw in the fore part of the sledge, so as to bring it over his legs, and stowing under it the whip which the good horse would not need.

Vasili Andreyitch had already taken his place in the sledge, almost filling up the whole of the curved back with the bulk of his body wrapped in two shubas; and, taking up the reins, he started at once. Nikita jumped in, seating himself in front, to the left, and hanging one leg over the side.

CHAPTER II

The good stallion took the sledge along at a brisk pace, over the smooth frozen road through the village; the runners creaking faintly as they went.

"Look at him there, hanging on! Give me the whip, Mikita," shouted Vasili Andreyitch, evidently enjoying the sight of his boy holding to the sledge-runners, behind. "I'll give it to you! Run to your mamma, you young dog!"

The boy jumped off. Mukhortui began to pace and then, getting his breath, broke into a trot.

Krestui, the village where Vasili Andreyitch lived, consisted of six houses. Scarcely had they passed the blacksmith's izba, the last in the village, when they suddenly remarked that the wind was much stronger than they had thought. The road was by this time scarcely visible. The tracks of the sledge were instantly covered with snow, and the road was to be distinguished only by the fact that it was higher than anything else. There was a whirl of snow over the fields, and the line where the earth and sky join could not be distinguished. The Telyatin forest, always plainly in sight, loomed dimly through the driving snow-dust. The wind came from the left hand, persistently blowing to one side the mane on Mukhortui's powerful neck, turning away even his knotted tail, and pressing Nikita's high collar — he sat on the windward side — against his face and nose.

"There is no chance of showing his speed, with this snow," said Vasili Andreyitch, proud of his good horse. "I once went to Pashutino with him, and we got there in half an hour."

"What?" said Nikita, who could not hear on account of his collar.

"Pashutino, I said; and he did it in half an hour," shouted Vasili Andreyitch.

"A good horse that, no question," said Nikita.

They became silent. But Vasili Andreyitch wanted to talk.

"Say, I suppose you tell your wife[1] not to give any drink to the cooper?" said Vasili Andreyitch in the same loud voice, being perfectly convinced that Nikita must feel flattered, talking with such an important and sensible man as himself, and he was so pleased with his jest that it never entered his head that the subject might be unpleasant to Nikita.

Again the man failed to catch his master's words, the voice being carried away by the wind.

Vasili Andreyitch, in his loud clear voice, repeated the jest about the cooper.

"God help them, Vasili Andreyitch, I don't meddle in these matters. I only hope that she does no harm to the lad; if she does — then God help her!"

"That is right," said Vasili Andreyitch. "Well, are you going to buy a horse in the spring?" Thus he began a new topic of conversation.

"Yes, I must buy one," answered Nikita, turning aside the collar of his kaftan, and leaning toward his master. Now the conversation became interesting to him, and he did not wish to lose a word.

"My lad is grown up, he must plow for himself, but now he is hired out all the time," said he.

"Well, then, take the horse with the thin loins; the price will not be high," shouted Vasili Andreyitch, feeling himself excited and consequently eagerly entering into his favorite business of horse-dealing, to which he gave all his intellectual powers.

"You give me fifteen rubles, and I 'll buy in the market," said Nikita, who knew that at the highest price the horse which Vasili Andreyitch called "Bezkostretchnui" and wanted to sell him, was not worth more than seven rubles, but would cost him at his master's hands twenty-five; and that meant half a year's wages gone.

"The horse is a good one. I treat you as I would myself. Conscientiously. Brekhunof injures no man. Let me stand the loss, and me only. Honestly," he shouted in the voice which he used in cheating[2] his customers, "a genuine horse."

[1] *Khozyaïka.* [2] *Zagovarivat' zubui*, "talk the teeth out."

"As you think," said Nikita, sighing, and convinced that it was useless to listen further; and he again drew the collar over his ear and face.

They drove in silence for about half an hour. The wind cut sharply into Nikita's side and arm, where his shuba was torn. He huddled himself up and breathed into his coat-collar, which covered his mouth; and so he was not wholly cold!

"What do you think; shall we go through Karamuishevo, or keep the straight road?" said Vasili Andreyitch.

The road through Karamuishevo was more frequented, and staked on both sides; but it was longer. The straight road was nearer, but it was little used, and either there were no stakes, or they were poor ones left standing covered with snow.

Nikita thought awhile.

"Through Karamuishevo is farther, but it is better going," he said.

"But straight on, we have only to be careful not to lose the road in passing the little valley, and then the way is fairly good, sheltered by the forest," said Vasili Andreyitch, who favored the direct road.

"As you wish," replied Nikita, and again he rolled up his collar.

So Vasili Andreyitch took this way, and after driving about half a verst, he came to a place where there was a long oak branch which shook in the wind, and to which a few dry leaves were clinging, and there he turned to the left.

On turning, the wind blew almost directly against them, and the snow showered from on high. Vasili Andreyitch stirred up his horse, and inflated his cheeks, blowing his breath upon his mustaches. Nikita dozed.

They drove thus silently for about ten minutes. Suddenly Vasili Andreyitch began to say something.

"What?" asked Nikita, opening his eyes.

Vasili Andreyitch did not answer, but bent himself about, looking behind them, and then ahead of the horse. The sweat had curled the animal's coat on the groin and neck, and he was going at a walk.

"I say, what's the matter?" repeated Nikita.

"What is the matter?" mocked Vasili Andreyitch, irritated. "I see no stakes. We must be off the road."

"Well, pull up then, and I will find the road," said Nikita, and lightly jumping down, he drew out the whip from the straw and started off to the left, from his own side of the sledge.

The snow was not deep that season, so that one could travel anywhere, but in places it was up to one's knee, and got into Nikita's boots. He walked about, feeling with his feet and the whip, but no road was to be found.

"Well?" said Vasili Andreyitch, when Nikita returned to the sledge.

"There is no road on this side. I must try the other."

"There's something dark there in front. Go and see what it is," said Vasili Andreyitch.

Nikita walked ahead; got near the dark patch; and found it was black earth which the wind had strewn over the snow, from some fields of winter wheat. After searching to the right also, he returned to the sledge, shook the snow off himself, cleared his boots, and took his seat.

"We must go to the right," he said decidedly. "The wind was on our left before, now it is straight in my face. To the right," he repeated, with the same decision.

Vasili Andreyitch heeded him and turned to the right. But yet no road was found. He drove on in this direction for some time. The wind did not diminish, and the snow still fell.

"We seem to be astray altogether, Vasili Andreyitch," suddenly exclaimed Nikita, as if he were announcing some pleasant news. "What is that?" he said, pointing to some black potato-leaves, which thrust themselves through the snow.

Vasili Andreyitch stopped the horse, which by this time was in a heavy perspiration and stood with its deep sides heaving.

"What can it mean?" asked he.

"It means that we are on the Zakharovsky lands. Why, we are ever so far astray!"

"You lie!" remarked Vasili Andreyitch.

"I am not lying, Vasili Andreyitch; it is the truth," said Nikita. "You can feel that the sledge is moving over a potato-field, and there are the heaps of old leaves. It is the Zakharovsky factory-land."

"What a long way we are out!" said Vasili Andreyitch. "What are we to do?"

"Go straight ahead, that's all. We shall reach some place," said Nikita. "If we do not get to Zakharovka, we shall come out at the owner's farm."

Vasili Andreyitch assented, and let the horse go as Nikita had said. They drove in this way for a long while. At times they passed over winter wheat fields all bare, and the sledge creaked over the humps of frozen soil. Sometimes they passed a stubble-field, sometimes a corn-field, where they could see the upstanding wormwood and straw beaten by the wind; sometimes they drove into deep and even white snow on all sides, with nothing visible above it.

The snow whirled down from on high, and sometimes seemed to rise up from below. The horse was evidently tiring; his coat grew crisp and white with frozen sweat, and he walked. Suddenly he stumbled in some ditch or water-course, and went down. Vasili Andreyitch wanted to halt, but Nikita cried to him:—

"Why should we stop? We have gone astray, and we must find our road. Hey, old fellow, hey," he shouted in an encouraging voice to the horse; and he jumped from the sledge, sinking into the ditch.

The horse dashed forward, and quickly landed upon a frozen heap. Obviously it was a made ditch.

"Where are we, then?" said Vasili Andreyitch.

"We shall see," answered Nikita. "Go ahead, we shall get to somewhere."

"Is not that the Goryatchkin forest?" asked Vasili Andreyitch, pointing out a dark mass which showed across the snow in front of them.

"When we get nearer, we shall see what forest it is," said Nikita.

He noticed that from the side of the dark mass, long, dry willow leaves were fluttering toward them; and so he knew that it was no forest, but a settlement; yet he chose not to say so. And, in fact, they had scarcely gone twenty-five yards beyond the ditch, when they distinctly made out the trees, and heard a new and melancholy sound. Nikita was right; it was not a forest but a row of tall willow trees, whereon a few scattered leaves still shivered. The willows were evidently ranged along the ditch of a threshing-floor. Coming up to the trees, through which the wind moaned and sighed, the horse suddenly planted his forefeet above the height of the sledge, then drew up his hind legs after him, turned to the left and leaped, sinking up to his knees in the snow. It was a road.

"Here we are," said Nikita, "but I don't know where."

The horse without erring ran along the snow-covered road, and they had not gone eighty yards when they saw the straight strip of a wattled fence, from which the snow was flying in the wind. Passing under a deeply drifted roof of a granary, the road turned in the direction of the wind, and brought them upon a snowdrift. But ahead of them was a passage between two houses; the drift was merely blown across the road, and had to be crossed. Indeed, after passing the drift, they came into a village street. In front of the end house of the village, the wind was shaking desperately the frozen linen which hung there: shirts, one red, one white, some leg-cloths, and a skirt. The white shirt especially shook frantically, tugging at the sleeves.

"Look there, either a lazy woman or a dead one left her linen out over the holiday," said Nikita, seeing the fluttering shirts.

CHAPTER III

At the beginning of the street, the wind was still fierce, and the road was snow-covered; but well within the village, it was calm, warm, and cheerful. At one house a dog was barking; at another, a woman, with a sleeveless coat over her head, came running out from somewhere, and stopped at the door of an izba to see who was driving past. In the middle of the village could be heard the sound of girls singing.

Here, in the village, the wind and the snow and the frost seemed subdued.

"Why, this is Grishkino," said Vasili Andreyitch.

"It is," said Nikita.

Grishkino it was. So they had strayed eight versts too far to the left, and traveled out of their proper direction; still, they had got somewhat nearer to their destination. From Grishkino to Goryatchkino was about five versts more.

In the middle of the village they almost ran into a tall man, walking in the center of the road.

"Who is driving?" said this man, and he held the horse. Then, recognizing Vasili Andreyitch, he took hold of the shaft, and reached the sledge, where he sat himself on the driver's seat.

It was the muzhik Isaï, well known to Vasili Andreyitch, and known throughout the district as the most notorious horse-thief.

"Ah, Vasili Andreyitch, where is God sending you?" said Isaï, from whom Nikita caught the smell of vodka.

"We are going to Goryatchkino."

"You 've come a long way round! You should have gone through Malakhovo."

"'Should have' is good, but we got astray," said Vasili Andreyitch, pulling up.

"A good horse," said Isaï, examining him, and dexterously tightening the loosened knot in his thick tail. "Are you going to stay the night here?"

"No, friend, we must go on."

"Your business must be pressing. And who is that? Ah, Nikita Stepanuich!"

"Who else?" answered Nikita. "Look here, good friend, can you tell us how not to miss the road again?"

"How can you possibly miss it? Just turn back straight along the street, and then outside the houses; keep straight ahead. Don't go to the left. When you reach the highroad, then turn to the right."

"And which turning do we take out of the highroad — the summer or the winter road?" asked Nikita.

"The winter road. As soon as you get clear of the village there are some bushes, and opposite them is a way-mark, an oaken one, all branches. There is the road."

Vasili Andreyitch turned the horse back, and drove through the village.

"You had better stay the night," Isaï shouted after them. But Vasili Andreyitch did not answer, and started up the horse; five versts of smooth road, two versts of it through the forest, was easy enough to drive over, especially as the wind seemed quieter and the snow had apparently ceased falling.

After once more passing along the street, darkened and trodden with fresh horse-tracks, and after passing the house where the linen was hung out, — the white shirt was by this time torn, and hung by one frozen sleeve, — they came to the weirdly moaning and sighing willows, and then were again in the open country.

Not only had the snow-storm not ceased, but it seemed to have gained strength. The whole road was under snow, and only the stakes proved that they were keeping right. But even these signs of the road were difficult to make out, for the wind blew straight into their faces.

Vasili Andreyitch screwed up his eyes, and bent his head, examining the way-marks; but for the most part, he left the horse alone, trusting to his sagacity. And, in fact, the creature went truly, turning now to the left, now to the right, along the windings of the road which he sensed under his feet. So that in spite of the thickening snow

and strengthening wind, the way-marks were still to be seen, now on the left, now on the right.

They had driven thus for ten minutes, when suddenly, straight in front of their horse, appeared a black object moving through the obliquely flying whirlwind of snow. It was a party of travelers. Mukhortui had overtaken them, and he struck his forefeet against the cross-bar of their sledge.

"Drive round! .... a-a-ï! .... Go ahead!" cried voices from the sledge.

Vasili Andreyitch started to go round them. In the sledge were four peasants, three men and a woman, evidently returning from a festival visit. One of the men was whipping the snow-plastered rump of their little horse with a switch, while two of them, waving their arms from the fore part of the sledge, shouted out something. The woman, muffled up and covered with snow, sat quiet and rigid at the back.

"Where are you from?" asked Vasili Andreyitch.

"A-a-a-skiye!" was all that could be heard.

"I say, where are you from?"

"A-a-a-skiye!" shouted one of the peasants, with all his strength; but nevertheless it was impossible to make out the name.

"Go on! don't give up!" cried another, the one who kept beating his poor little horse.

"So you have come from the festival, have you?"

"Get on! get on! Up, Semka! drive round! Up,up!"

The sledges struck together, almost locked their sides, then fell apart, and the peasants' sledge began to drop behind.

The shaggy, snow-covered, big-bellied pony, laboriously breathing under the duga-bow, and evidently at the end of his strength in his vain efforts to escape from the switch belaboring him, staggered along on his short legs through the deep snow, which he trod down with difficulty. With distended nostrils, and ears set back in distress, and with his lower lip stuck out like a fish's, he kept his muzzle near Nikita's shoulder for a moment; then he began to fall behind.

"See what drink does," said Nikita. "They have tired that horse to death. What heathens!"[1]

For a few minutes, the pantings of the tired-out horse could be heard, with the drunken shouts of the peasants. Then the pantings became inaudible, and the shouts, also. Again nothing could be heard round about except the wind whistling in their ears, and the occasional scrape of the sledge-runners on a bare spot of road.

This encounter enlivened and encouraged Vasili Andreyitch, and he drove more boldly, not examining the way-marks, and again trusting to his horse.

Nikita had nothing to occupy him, and dozed just as he always did in such circumstances, thus wasting much good daylight. Suddenly the horse stopped, and Nikita was jerked forward, knocking his nose against the front.

"It seems we are going wrong again," said Vasili Andreyitch.

"What is the matter?"

"The way-marks are not to be seen. We must be out of the road."

"Well, if we 've lost the road, we must look for it," said Nikita, laconically; and again stepping easily in his great bark overshoes, he started out to explore the snow.

He walked for a long time, now out of sight, now reappearing, then disappearing; at last, he returned.

"There is no road here; it may be farther on," said he, sitting down in the sledge.

It was already beginning to grow dark. The storm was neither increasing, nor did it diminish.

"I should like to hear those peasants again," said Vasili Andreyitch.

"Yes, but they won't pass near us; we must be a good distance off the road. Maybe they are astray, too," said Nikita.

"Where shall we make for, then?"

"Leave the horse to himself. He will find his way. Give me the reins."

[1] *Aziatui kak yest'*, like Asiatics.

Vasili Andreyitch handed over the reins; the more willingly because his hands, in spite of his warm gloves, were beginning to freeze.

Nikita took the reins, and held them lightly, trying to give no pressure; he was glad to prove the good sense of his favorite. And in fact, the intelligent horse, turning one ear and then the other, first in this and then in that direction, presently began to wheel round.

"He just does n't speak," said Nikita. "Look how he manages it! Go on, go on, that's good."

The wind was now at their backs; they felt warmer.

"Is he not wise?" continued Nikita, delighted with his horse. "A Kirghiz beast is strong, but stupid. But this one, — see what he does with his ears. There is no need of a telegraph-wire; he can feel through a mile."

Hardly half an hour had gone, when a forest, or a village, or something, loomed up in front; and, to their right, the way-marks again showed. Evidently they were on the road again.

"We are back at Grishkino, are we not?" exclaimed Nikita, suddenly.

Indeed, on the left hand rose the same granary, with the snow flying from it; and farther on was the same line with the frozen washing — the shirts and drawers, so fiercely shaken by the wind.

Again they drove through the street, again felt the quiet, warmth, and cheerfulness, again saw the road with the horse-tracks; heard voices, songs, the barking of a dog. It was now so dark that a few windows were lighted.

Halfway down the street, Vasili Andreyitch turned the horse toward a large two-storied brick house, and drew up at the steps.

Nikita went to the snow-dimmed window, in the light from which glittered the flitting flakes, and knocked with the handle of the whip.

"Who is there?" a voice answered to his knock.

"The Brekhunofs, from Krestui, my good man," answered Nikita. "Come out for a minute."

Some one moved from the window, and in about two

minutes the door in the entrance-hall was heard to open, the latch of the front door clicked, and holding the door against the wind, there peeped out a tall, old, white-bearded muzhik, who had thrown a sheepskin coat over his white holiday shirt. Behind him was a young fellow in a red shirt and leather boots.

"What, is it you, Andreyitch?" said the old man.

"We have lost our road, friend," said Vasili Andreyitch. "We set out for Goryatchkino, and found ourselves here. Then we went on, but lost the road again."

"Why, how you 've wandered!" answered the old man. "Petrushka, go, open the gates," he said to the young man in the red shirt.

"Of course I will," said the young fellow, cheerfully, as he ran off through the entrance-hall.

"We are not stopping for the night, friend," said Vasili Andreyitch.

"Where can you go in the night-time? You had better stop."

"Should be very glad to spend the night, but I must go on business, friend; it 's impossible!"

"Well, then, at least warm yourself a little; the samovar is just ready," said the old man.

"Warm ourselves? We can do that," said Vasili Andreyitch. "It cannot get darker, and when the moon is up, it will be still lighter. Come, Mikit, let us go in and warm up a bit."

"Why, yes, let us warm ourselves," said Nikita, who was very cold, and whose great desire was to thaw out his benumbed limbs in a well-heated room.

Vasili Andreyitch went with the old man into the house. Nikita drove through the gates opened by Petrushka, by whose advice he stood the horse under the pent-roof of the shed, the floor of which was strewn with stable-litter. The high duga-bow caught the roof-beam, and the hens and a cock, already gone to roost up there, began to cackle angrily and scratch on the wood. Some startled sheep, pattering their feet on the frozen dung-heap, huddled themselves out of the way. A dog yelped

desperately in fright, after the manner of young hounds, and barked fiercely at the stranger.

Nikita held conversation with them all. He begged pardon of the fowls, and calmed them with assurances that he would give them no more trouble; he reproved the sheep for being needlessly frightened; and while fastening up the horse, he kept on exhorting the little dog.

"That will do," said he, shaking the snow from himself. "Hear, how he is barking!" added he, for the dog's benefit. "That's quite enough for you, quite enough, stupid! That will do! Why do you bother yourself? There are no thieves or strangers about."

"It is like the tale of the Three Domestic Counselors," said the young man, thrusting the sledge under the shed with his strong arms.

"What about the counselors?"

"The tale is in P'ulson. A thief sneaks up to a house; the dog barks, — that means 'Be on your guard;' the cock crows, — that means 'Get up;' the cat washes itself, — that means 'A welcome guest is coming, be ready for him,'" said the young man, with a smile.

Petrukha could read and write, and knew, almost by heart, the only book he possessed, which was Paulson's primer; and he liked, especially when, as now, he had been drinking a little too much, to quote from the book some saying which seemed appropriate to the occasion.

"Quite true," said Nikita.

"I suppose you are cold, uncle," said Petrukha.

"Yes, something that way," said Nikita. They both crossed the yard and entered the house.

CHAPTER IV

The house at which Vasili Andreyitch had drawn up was one of the richest in the village. The family had five allotments of land, and hired still more outside. Their establishment owned six horses, three cows, two yearling heifers, and twenty head of sheep. In the

house lived twenty-two souls; four married sons, six grandchildren (of whom one, Petrukha, was married), two great-grandchildren, three orphans, and four daughters-in-law with their children. It was one of the few families, living together in one household; yet even here was that indefinable interior work of disintegration, — beginning, as usual, among the women, — infallibly bound to bring about speedy separation. Two sons were water-carriers in Moscow; one was in the army. At present, those at home were the old man, his wife, the second son who was manager[1] of the house, the oldest son who had come from Moscow on a holiday, and all the women and children. Besides the family there was a guest, a neighbor, who was an intimate friend.

Over the table in the living-room hung a shaded lamp, which threw a bright light down on the tea-service, a bottle of vodka, and some eatables, and on the brick walls, where, in the "red corner," hung the ikons with pictures on each side of them.

At the head of the table sat Vasili Andreyitch, in his black fur coat, sucking his frozen mustaches, and scrutinizing the people and the room with his bulging, hawk-like eyes. Beside him at the table sat the white-bearded, bald, old father of the house, in a white homespun shirt; next him sat the son from Moscow, with his sturdy back and shoulders, clad in a thin cotton shirt; then the other son, the broad-shouldered eldest brother, who acted as head of the house; then a lean and red-haired muzhik — the visiting neighbor.

The muzhiks, having drunk and eaten, prepared to take tea, and the samovar was already boiling as it stood on the floor near the oven. The children were to be seen on the oven and on sleeping-shelves. On the wall bench sat a woman with a cradle beside her. The aged mother of the house, whose face was covered with a network of fine wrinkles even to the lips, waited on Vasili Andreyitch.

As Nikita entered the room, she was just filling a

[1] *Khozyaïn.*

coarse glass with vodka, and handing it to Vasili Andreyitch.

"No harm done, Vasili Andreyitch, but you must wish our good health," said she. "Have a drink, dear!"

The sight and smell of vodka, especially in his cold and tired condition, greatly disturbed Nikita's mind. He frowned, and after shaking the snow from his kaftan and hat, stood before the holy images: without apparently seeing any one, he made the sign of the cross thrice, and bowed to the images; then, turning to the old man, he bowed to him first, afterward to all who sat at table, and again to the women beside the oven; and saying, "Good fortune to your feast," he began to take off his overcoat without looking at the table.

"Why, you are all over frost, uncle," said the eldest brother, looking at the snow which crowned Nikita's face, eyes, and beard.

Nikita took off his kaftan, shook it again, hung it near the oven, and came to the table. They offered him vodka also. There was a moment's bitter struggle; he came very near taking the glass and pouring the fragrant, transparent liquid into his mouth, but he looked at Vasili Andreyitch, remembered his vow, remembered the lost boots, the cooper, his son for whom he had promised to buy a horse when the spring came; he sighed, and refused.

"I don't drink, thank you humbly," he said gloomily, and sat down on the bench, near the second window.

"Why not?" asked the eldest brother.

"I don't drink, that's all," said Nikita, not daring to raise his eyes, and looking at his thin beard and mustache, and at the thawing icicles clinging to them.

"It is not good for him," said Vasili Andreyitch, munching a biscuit after emptying his glass.

"Then have some tea," said the kindly old woman. "I dare say you are quite benumbed, good soul. How lazy you women are with the samovar!"

"It is ready," answered the youngest, and wiping round the samovar with an apron, she bore it heavily to the table, and set it down with a thud.

Meanwhile, Vasili Andreyitch told how they had gone astray and worked back twice to the same village; what mistakes they had made, and how they had met the drunken peasants. Their hosts expressed surprise, showed why and where they had missed the road, told them the names of the revelers they had met, and made plain how they ought to go.

"From here to Molchanovka, a child might go; the only thing is to make sure where to turn out of the high-road; you'll see a bush there. But yet you did not get there," said the neighbor.

"You ought to stop here. The women will make up a bed," said the old woman, persuasively.

"You would make a better start in the morning; much pleasanter, that," said the old man, affirming what his wife had said.

"Impossible, friend! Business!" said Vasili Andreyitch. "If you let an hour go, you may not be able to make it up in a year," added he, remembering the forest and the dealers who might do him out of his purchase. "We shall get there, shan't we?" he said, turning to Nikita.

"We may lose ourselves again," said Nikita, gloomily. He was gloomy, because of the intense longing he felt for the vodka; and the tea, the only thing which could quench that longing, had not yet been offered to him.

"We have only to reach the turning, and there is no more danger of losing the road, as it goes straight through the forest," said Vasili Andreyitch.

"Just as you say, Vasili Andreyitch; if you want to go, let us go," said Nikita, taking the glass of tea offered to him.

"Well, let us drink up our tea, and then forward march!"

Nikita said nothing, but shook his head; and carefully pouring the tea into the saucer, began to warm his hands and his swollen fingers over the steam. Then, taking a small bite of sugar in his mouth, he turned to their hosts, said, "Your health," and drank down the warming liquid.

"Could n't some one come with us to the turning?" asked Vasili Andreyitch.

"Why not? Certainly," said the eldest son. "Petrukha will put in the horse, and go with you as far as the turning."

"Then put in your horse, and I shall be in your debt."

"My dear man," said the kindly old woman, "we are right glad to do it."

"Petrukha, go and put in the mare," said the eldest son.

"All right," said Petrukha, smiling; and, without delay, taking his cap from the nail, he hurried away to harness up.

While the harnessing was in progress, the talk turned back to the point where it stood when Vasili Andreyitch arrived. The old man had complained to his neighbor, the village-elder, about the conduct of his third son, who had sent him no present this holiday-time, though he had sent a French shawl to his wife.

"These young folk are getting worse and worse," said the old man.

"Very much worse!" said the neighbor. "They are unmanageable. They know too much. There 's Demotchkin, now, who broke his father's arm. It all comes from too much learning."

Nikita listened, watched the faces, and it was evident that he, too, would like to have a share in the conversation, had he not been so busy with his tea; as it was, he only nodded his head approvingly. He emptied glass after glass, growing warmer and warmer, and more and more comfortable. The talk continued in one strain, all about the harm that comes from family division; and it was clearly no theoretical discussion, but concerned with a rupture in this very house, arising through the second son, who sat there in his place, morosely silent. The question was a painful one, and absorbed the whole family; but out of politeness they refrained from discussing their private affairs before strangers.

At last, however, the old man could endure it no longer. In a tearful voice, he began to say that there should be no break-up of the family while he lived; that the house had much to thank God for, but if they fell apart — they must become beggars.

"Just like the Matveyefs," said the neighbor. "There was plenty among them all, but when they broke up the family, there was nothing for any of them."

"That's just what you want to do," said the old man to his son.

The son answered nothing, and there was a painful pause. The silence was broken by Petrukha, who had by this time harnessed the horse and returned to the room, where he had been standing for a few minutes, smiling all the time.

"There is a tale in P'ulson, just like this," said he. "A father gave his sons a broom to break. They could not break it while it was bound together, but they broke it easily by taking every switch by itself. That's the way here," he said, with his broad smile. "All's ready!" he added.

"Well, if we're ready, let us start," said Vasili Andreyitch. "As to this quarrel, don't you give in, grandfather. You got everything together, and you are the master. Apply to the magistrate; he will show you how to keep your authority."

"And he gives himself such airs, such airs," continued the old man, in his complaining voice. "There is no ordering him! It is as if Satan lived in him."

Meanwhile, Nikita, having drunk his fifth glass of tea, did not stand it upside down, in sign that he had finished, but laid it on its side, hoping they might fill it a sixth time. But there was no longer any water in the samovar, and the hostess did not fill up for him again, and then Vasili Andreyitch began to put on his things. There was no help; Nikita also rose, put back into the sugar-basin the little lump of sugar, which he had nibbled on all sides, wiped the moisture from his face with the skirt of his coat, and went to put on his khalat.

After getting into the garment, he sighed heavily;

then, having thanked their hosts and said good-by, he went out from the warm, bright room, and through the dark, cold entrance-hall, where the wind creaked the doors and drove the snow in at the chinks, into the dark yard.

Petrukha, in his shuba, stood in the center of the yard with the horse, and smiling recited verses from Paulson: —

Storm-clouds veil the sky with darkness,
Swiftly whirl the snowblasts wild,
Now the storm roars like a wild beast,
Now it waileth like a child. [1]

Nikita nodded appreciatively, and arranged the reins.

The old man, coming out with Vasili Andreyitch, brought a lantern into the entry, and was going to show the way; but the wind put it out at once. Even in the inclosed yard, one could see that the storm had become much more violent.

"What weather!" thought Vasili Andreyitch. "I'm afraid we shall not get there. But it must be! Business! And then, I have put our friend to the trouble of harnessing his horse. God helping, we shall get there."

Their aged host also thought it better not to go; but he had offered his arguments already, and they had not listened to him. It was useless to ask them again.

"Maybe it is old age makes me overcautious; they will get there all right," thought he. "And we can all go to bed at proper time. It will be less bother."

As for Petrukha, he had no thought of danger: he knew the way so well and the whole region, and then besides, the lines about "the snowblasts wild" encouraged him, because they were a quite true description of what was going on out-of-doors. Nikita had no wish to go at all; but he was long used to follow other people's wishes, and to give up his own. Therefore no one withheld the travelers.

[1] This is rendered in rude fashion by Petrukha. The Russian poem given in Paulson is by Pushkin.

CHAPTER V

Vasili Andreyitch went over to his sledge, found it with some difficulty in the darkness, got in, and took the reins.

"Go ahead!" he shouted.

Petrukha, kneeling in his sledge, started the horse. Mukhortui, who had before been whinnying, aware of the mare's nearness, now dashed after her, and they drove out into the street. They rode once more through the village, down the same road, past the space where the frozen linen had hung, but was no longer to be seen; past the same barn, now snowed-up almost as high as the roof, from which the snow flew incessantly; past the moaning, whistling, and bending willows; and again they came to where the sea of snow raged from above and below. The wind was so violent that, taking the travelers sidewise when they were crossing its direction, it heeled the sledge over and pushed the horse aside. Petrukha drove his good mare in front, at an easy trot, giving her an occasional lively shout of encouragement. Mukhortui pressed after her.

After driving thus for about ten minutes, Petrukha turned around and called out something. But neither Vasili Andreyitch nor Nikita could hear for the wind, but they guessed that they had reached the turning. In fact, Petrukha had turned to the right; the wind which had been at their side again blew in their faces, and to the right, through the snow, loomed something black. It was the bush beside the turning.

"Well, good-by to you!"

"Thanks, Petrukha!"

"'The storm-clouds veil the sky with darkness!'" shouted Petrukha, and disappeared.

"Quite a poet," said Vasili Andreyitch, and shook the reins.

"Yes, a fine young man, a genuine muzhik," said Nikita.

They drove on.

Nikita, protecting his head by crouching it down between his shoulders, so that his short beard covered up his throat, sat silent, trying not to lose the warmth which the tea had given him. Before him, he saw the straight lines of the shafts, which to his eyes looked like the ruts of the road; he saw the shifting quarters of the horse, with the knotted tail blown off in one direction by the wind; beyond, he saw the high duga-bow between the shafts, and the horse's rocking head and neck, with the floating mane. From time to time he noticed the stakes, and knew that, thus far, they had kept to the road, and he need not concern himself.

Vasili Andreyitch drove on, trusting to the horse to keep to the road. But Mukhortui, although he had rested a little in the village, went unwillingly, and seemed to shirk from the road, so that Vasili Andreyitch had to press him at times.

"Here is a stake on the right, here's another, and there's a third," reckoned Vasili Andreyitch, "and here, in front, is the forest," he thought, examining a dark patch ahead. But that which he took for a forest was only a bush. They passed the bush, drove about fifty yards farther, and there was neither the fourth stake nor the forest.

"We must reach the forest soon," thought Vasili Andreyitch; and buoyed up by the vodka and the tea, he shook the reins. The good, obedient animal responded, and now at an amble, now at an easy trot, made in the direction he was sent, although he knew it was not the way in which he should have been going. Ten minutes went by, still no forest.

"I'm afraid we are astray again!" said Vasili Andreyitch, pulling up.

Nikita silently got out from the sledge, and holding with his hand the flaps of his khalat, which now pressed against him and then flew from him as he stood and turned in the wind, began to tread the snow; first he went to one side, then to the other. Three times he went out of sight altogether. At last he returned, and took the reins from Vasili Andreyitch's hands.

"We must go to the right," he said sternly and peremptorily; and he turned the horse.

"Well, if it must be to the right, let us go to the right," said Vasili Andreyitch, passing over the reins and thrusting his frozen hands into his sleeves.

Nikita did not answer.

"Now then, old fellow, stir yourself," he called to the horse; but Mukhortui, in spite of the shake of the reins, went on only slowly. In places the snow was knee-deep, and the sledge jerked at every movement of the horse.

Nikita took the whip, which hung in front of the sledge, and struck once. The good creature, unused to the knout, sprang forward at a trot, but soon fell again to a slow amble, and then began to walk. Thus they went for five minutes. All was so dark, and so blurred with snow from above and below, that sometimes they could not make out the duga-bow. At times it seemed as if the sledge was standing, and the ground running back. Suddenly the horse stopped short, evidently perceiving something a little distance in front of him. Nikita once more lightly jumped out, throwing down the reins, and went in front to find out what was the matter. But hardly had he taken a pace clear ahead, when his feet slipped, and he went rolling down some steep place.

"Tpru, tpru, tpru!" he said to himself, falling and trying to stop his fall. There was nothing to seize hold of, and he brought up only when his feet plunged into a deep bed of snow which lay in the ravine.

The fringe of drifted snow which hung on the edge of the ravine, disturbed by Nikita's fall, showered down on him, and got into his neck.

"What a way of doing!" cried Nikita, reproachfully addressing the snow and the ravine, as he cleared out his coat-collar.

"Mikit, ha, Mikit," shouted Vasili Andreyitch, from above.

But Nikita did not answer.

He was too much occupied in shaking away the snow,

then in looking for the whip, which he lost in rolling down the bank. Having found the whip, he started to climb up the bank where he had rolled down, but it was a perfect impossibility; he slipped back every time; so that he was compelled to go along the foot of the bank to find a way up. About ten yards from the place where he fell, he managed to struggle up again on all fours, and then he turned back along the bank toward the place where the horse should have been. He could not see horse or sledge; but by going with the wind, he heard Vasili Andreyitch's voice and Mukhortui's whinny calling him, before he saw them.

"I 'm coming; I 'm coming. What are you cackling for!" he said.

Only when he had approached quite near the sledge could he make out the horse and Vasili Andreyitch, who stood close by, and looked gigantic.

"Where the devil have you been hiding? We 've got to drive back. We must get back to Grishkino anyway," the master began to rebuke him angrily.

"I should be glad to get there, Vasili Andreyitch, but how are we to do it? Here is a ravine where if we once get in, we shall never come out. I pitched in there in such a way that I could hardly get out."

"Well, assuredly we can't stay here; somewhere we must go," said Vasili Andreyitch.

Nikita made no answer. He sat down on the sledge with his back to the wind, took off his boots and emptied them of snow; then, with a little straw which he took from the sledge, he stopped from the inside a gap in the left boot.

Vasili Andreyitch was silent, as if leaving everything to Nikita alone. Having got his boots on, Nikita drew his feet into the sledge, put on his mittens again, took the reins, and turned the horse along the ravine. But they had not driven a hundred paces when the horse stopped again. Another ravine confronted him.

Nikita got out again and began to explore the snow. He was gone a long while. At last he reappeared on the side opposite to that on which he started.

"Andreyitch, are you alive?" he called.

"Here!" shouted Vasili Andreyitch. "What is the matter?"

"I can't make anything out, it is too dark; except some ravines. We must drive to windward again."

They set off once more; Nikita explored again, stumbling through the snow. Again he sat down, again he crept forward, and at last, out of breath, he stopped beside the sledge.

"How now?" asked Vasili Andreyitch.

"Well, I 'm quite tired out. And the horse is done up."

"What are we to do?"

"Wait a minute."

Nikita moved off again, and soon returned.

"Follow me," he said, going in front of the horse.

Vasili Andreyitch no longer gave orders, but implicitly did what Nikita told him.

"Here, this way!" shouted Nikita, stepping quickly to the right. Seizing Mukhortui by the bridle, he turned him toward a snowdrift.

At first the horse resisted; then dashed forward, hoping to leap the drift, but failed, and sank in snow up to the hams.

"Get out!" called Nikita to Vasili Andreyitch, who still sat in the sledge; and taking hold of one shaft, he tried to push the sledge after the horse.

"It 's a pretty hard job, brother," he said to Mukhortui, "but it can't be helped. Na! na! Stir yourself! Just a little!" he called out.

The horse leaped forward, once, twice, but failed to clear himself, and sat back again as if thinking out something.

"Well, friend, this is no good," urged Nikita to Mukhortui. "Now, once more!"

Nikita pulled on the shaft again; Vasili Andreyitch did the same on the opposite side. The horse lifted his head, and made a sudden dash.

"Nu! na! You won't sink; don't be afraid," shouted Nikita.

One plunge, a second, a third, and at last the horse was out from the snowdrift, and stood still, breathing heavily and shaking himself clear. Nikita wanted to lead him on farther, but Vasili Andreyitch, in his two shubas, had so lost his breath that he could walk no more, and dropped into the sledge.

"Let me get my breath a little," he said, unbinding the handkerchief with which, at the village, he had tied the collar of his coat.

"We are all right here; you might as well lie down," said Nikita. "I'll lead him along;" and with Vasili Andreyitch in the sledge, he led the horse by the head about ten paces farther, then up a slight rise, and stopped.

The place where Nikita drew up was not in a hollow, where the snow, swept from the drifts and piled up, might perfectly shelter them; but nevertheless it was partly protected from the wind by the edge of the ravine.

There were moments when the wind seemed to become quieter; but these intervals did not last long, and after them the storm, as if to make up for such a rest, rushed on with tenfold vigor, and tore and whirled the more angrily.

Such a gust of wind swept past as Vasili Andreyitch, with recovered breath, got out of the sledge, and went up to Nikita to talk over the situation. They both instinctively bowed themselves, and waited until the stress should be over. Mukhortui laid back his ears and shook his head. When the blast had abated a little, Nikita took off his mittens, stuck them in his girdle, and having breathed a little on his hands, began to undo the strap from the duga-bow.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Vasili Andreyitch.

"I'm taking out the horse. What else can we do? I'm done up," said Nikita, as if apologizing.

"But could n't we drive somewhere?"

"No, we could not. We should only do harm to the horse. The poor beast is worn out," said Nikita, pointing to the creature, who stood there, with heavily heaving sides, submissively waiting for whatever should come. "We must put up for the night here," he repeated, as if

they were at their inn. He began to undo the collar straps.

The hames fell apart.

"But we shall be frozen, shan't we?" queried Vasili Andreyitch.

"Well, if we are, we cannot help it," said Nikita.

CHAPTER VI

In his two shubas, Vasili Andreyitch was quite warm; especially after his exertion in the snowdrift. But a cold shiver ran down his back when he learned that they really had to spend the night where they were. To calm himself, he sat down in the sledge, and got out his cigarettes and matches.

Meanwhile Nikita went on taking out the horse. He undid the belly-band, took away the reins and collar-strap, and laid the duga-bow aside from the shafts; continuing to encourage the horse by speaking to him.

"Now, come out, come out," he said, leading him clear of the shafts. "We must tie you here. I'll put a bit of straw for you, and take off your bridle," he went on, doing as he said. "After a bite, you'll feel ever so much better."

But Mukhortui was not calmed by Nikita's words; uneasily, he shifted his feet, pressed against the sledge, turned his back to the wind, and rubbed his head on Nikita's sleeve.

As if not wholly to reject the treat of straw which Nikita put under his nose, Mukhortui just once seized a wisp out of the sledge, but quickly deciding that there was more important business than to eat straw, he threw it down again, and the wind instantly tore it away and hid it in the snow.

"Now we must make a signal," said Nikita, turning the front of the sledge against the wind; and having tied the shafts together with a strap, he set them on end in front of the sledge. "If the snow covers us, the good folk will see the shafts, and dig us out," said Ni-

kita, slapping his mittens together and pulling them on. "That's what old hands advise."

Vasili Andreyitch had meanwhile opened his shuba, and making a shelter with its folds, he rubbed match after match on the steel box. But his hands trembled, and the kindled matches were blown out by the wind, one after another, some when just struck, others when he thrust them to the cigarette. At last one match burned fully, and lighted up for a moment the fur of his shuba, his hand with the gold ring on the bent forefinger, and the snow-sprinkled straw which stuck out from under the sacking. The cigarette lighted. Twice he eagerly whiffed the smoke, swallowed it, blew it through his mustaches, and would have gone on, but the wind tore away the burning tobacco and sent it whirling after the straw. Even these few whiffs of tobacco-smoke cheered up Vasili Andreyitch.

"Well, we will stop here," he said authoritatively.

"Wait a minute, and I'll make a flag," he said, picking up the handkerchief which he had taken from round his collar and put down in the sledge. Drawing off his gloves, and reaching up, he tied the handkerchief tightly to the strap that held the shafts together.

The handkerchief at once began to beat about wildly; now clinging round a shaft, now streaming out, and cracking like a whip.

"That's a clever piece of work," said Vasili Andreyitch, pleased with what he had done, and getting into the sledge. "We should be warmer together, but there's not room for two," he said.

"I can find a place," said Nikita, "but the horse must be covered; he's sweating, the good fellow. Excuse me," he added, going to the sledge, and drawing the sacking from under Vasili Andreyitch. This he folded, and after taking off the saddle and breeching, covered Mukhortui with it.

"Anyway, it will be a bit warmer, silly," he said, putting the saddle and heavy breeching over the sacking.

"You won't need the cloth, will you? and give me a

little straw," said Nikita, coming back to the sledge after he had finished his work.

Taking these from beneath Vasili Andreyitch, Nikita went behind the sledge, dug there a hole in the snow, stuffed in the straw, and pulling down his hat, wrapping his kaftan well around him, and covering himself with the coarse matting, sat down on the straw, leaning against the bark back of the sledge, which kept off the wind and snow.

Vasili Andreyitch shook his head disapprovingly at what Nikita was doing, as he usually found fault with the peasants' ignorance and stupidity; and he began to make his own arrangements for the night.

He smoothed the remaining straw and heaped it thicker under his side; then he thrust his hands into his sleeves, and settled his head in the corner of the sledge sheltered from the wind in front.

He did not feel sleepy. He lay and thought; thought about one thing only, which was the aim, reason, pleasure, and pride of his life: — about how much money he had made, and might make, and how much other men whom he knew had made and possessed, and the means whereby they gained it and were gaining it; and how he, in like manner, might gain a good deal more. The purchase of the Goryatchkin forest was for him an affair of the utmost importance. He counted on making from this transaction as much as ten thousand! And he began mentally to estimate the value of the forest, which he had inspected in the autumn so carefully as to count all the trees on two desyatins.

"The oak will make sledge-runners. The small stuff will take care of itself. And there 'll be thirty cords of wood to the acre," [1] said he to himself. "At the very worst there 'll be a little less than eighty rubles an acre. There are one hundred and fifty acres."

He reckoned it up mentally and saw that it amounted to about twelve thousand rubles; but without his abacus he could not calculate it exactly.

[1] He says, "Thirty sazhen to the desyatin." A cubic sazhen is equivalent to 2.68 cords; a desyatin is 2.7 acres. In his prospective purchase there are fifty-six desyatins.

"But for all that, I won't pay ten thousand; say eight thousand; besides, one must allow for the bare spaces. I 'll oil the surveyor, — a hundred rubles will do it, — a hundred and fifty, if necessary; he 'll deduct about thirteen acres out of the forest. He is sure to sell for eight; three thousand down. Never fear; he will weaken at that," he thought, pressing his forearm on the pocket-book beneath.

"And how we lost our way after we left the turning, God only knows! The forest and the woodman's hut should be near by. I should like to hear the dogs, but they never bark when they 're wanted, the cursed brutes."

He opened his collar a little from his ear and tried to listen; all he could hear was the same whistle of the wind, the flapping and cracking of the handkerchief on the shafts, and the pelting of the falling snow on the bark matting of the sledge.

He covered himself again.

"If one had only known this beforehand, we had better have stayed where we were. But no matter, we shall get there to morrow. It is only a day lost. In this weather, the others won't get there either."

Then he remembered that on the twenty-first he had to receive the price for some gelded rams, from the butcher.

"I wanted to be there myself, for if he does n't find me, my wife won't know how to receive the money. She 's very inexperienced, she does n't know about the right way of doing things," he continued to reflect, remembering how she had failed in her behavior towards a commissary of police,[1] who had come to pay them a visit the day before, at the feast. "Just a woman, of course. What has she ever seen anywhere? In my father's time, what a house we had! Nothing out of the way, a well-to-do countryman's: a barn and an inn, and that was the whole property. And now in these fifteen years what have I done? A general store, two taverns, a flour-mill, a granary, two farms rented, a

[1] *Stanovoï.*

house and warehouse all iron-roofed," he remembered proudly. "Not as it was in father's time! Who is known over the whole place?[1] Brekhunof.

"And why is this? Because I know my business, I look after things; not like others, who idle or waste their time in foolishness. I don't sleep at night. Storm or no storm, I start out. And of course, the thing is done. People think it 's fun making money. Not at all; you work and rack your brains. You spend your night this way outdoors, and go without sleep! The thoughts whirling in your head are as good as a cushion!" he exclaimed with pride. "They think men get on through luck. Look at the Mironofs, who have their millions, now. Why? They worked. Then God gives. If God only grants me health!"

And the idea that he, also, might become a millionaire like Mironof, who began with nothing, so excited Vasili Andreyitch that he suddenly felt a need to talk to some one. But there was no one. .... If he could only have reached Goryatchkino, he might have talked with the landowner, and "put spectacles on him."

"Whew! how it blows! It will snow us up so that we can't get out in the morning," he thought, as he listened to the rush of the wind, which blew against the front of the sledge, bending it back, and lashed the snow against the bark matting. He lifted himself and looked out: in the white whirling darkness all he could see was Mukhortui's black head, and his back covered with the fluttering matting, and his thick twisted tail; all around, on every side, in front and behind, was the same monotonous white waving mist, occasionally appearing to grow a little lighter, then again growing thicker and denser.[2]

"I was foolish enough yielding to Nikita," he thought. "We ought to have driven on, we should have come out somewhere. We might have gone back to Grishkino, and stayed at Taras's. Now we must sit here all night. Well, what was I thinking about? Yes, that God gives

[1] *Kto gremit*, who thunders.

[2] *Sgushchayushchayasa*: literally, "condensing itself."

to the industrious, and not to the lazy, not to loafers and fools. It 's time for a smoke, too."

He sat up, got his cigarette-case, and stretched himself flat on his stomach, to protect the light from the wind with the flaps of his coat; but the wind got in and put out one match after another. At last he managed to get a cigarette lit, and he began to smoke. The fact that he succeeded greatly delighted him. Though the wind smoked more of his cigarette than he did, nevertheless he got about three puffs, and felt better.

He again threw himself back in the sledge, wrapped himself up, and returned to his recollections and dreams; very unexpectedly he lost himself and fell asleep.

But suddenly something touched him and woke him up. Whether it was Mukhortui pulling the straw from under him, or something within him that startled him, at all events he awoke, and his heart began to beat so quickly and violently that the sledge seemed to be shaking under him.

He opened his eyes. Everything around was the same as before; only it seemed a little lighter.

"The dawn," he said to himself; "it must be nearly morning."

But he instantly remembered that the light was only due to the rising of the moon.

He lifted himself, and looked first at the horse. Mukhortui was standing with his back to the wind, and shivering all over. The snow-covered sacking had fallen off on one side; the breeching had slipped down; the snowy head and the fluttering crest and mane, all were now clearly visible.

Vasili Andreyitch bent over the back of the sledge and looked behind. Nikita was still sitting in the old position which he had first taken. The sacking with which he had protected himself and his feet were covered with snow.

"I 'm afraid the muzhik will be frozen; his clothes are so wretched. I might be held responsible. I declare they 're such senseless people! They truly have n't the slightest forethought!" reflected Vasili Andreyitch;

and he was tempted to take the sacking from the horse, to put over Nikita; but it was cold to get out and stir around, and besides, the horse might freeze to death.

"What made me bring him? It is all her stupidity!" thought Vasili Andreyitch, remembering his unattractive wife; and he turned again to his former place in the front of the sledge.

"My uncle once sat in snow all night, like this," he reflected, "and no harm came of it. And Sevastian also was dug out," he went on, remembering another case, "but he was dead, stiff like a frozen carcass. If we had only stopped at Grishkino, nothing would have happened."

Carefully covering himself, so that the warmth of the fur might not be wasted, but might protect his neck, knees, and the soles of his feet, he shut his eyes, trying to sleep again. But however much he tried, this time he could not lose himself; on the contrary, he felt alert and excited. Again he began to count his gains and the debts due to him; again he began to boast of his success, and to feel proud of himself and his position; but he was all the while disturbed by a lurking fear, and by the unpleasant regret that he had not stopped for the night at Grishkino.

"It would have been good to lie on the bench in a warm room!" He turned from side to side several times; he curled himself up trying to find a better position, more sheltered from the wind and snow, but all the time he felt uncomfortable; he rose again and changed his position, crossed his feet, shut his eyes, and lay silent; but either his crossed feet, in their high felt boots, began to ache, or the wind blew in somewhere; and thus lying for a short time, he again began the disagreeable reflection, how comfortably he would have rested in the warm house at Grishkino. Again he rose, changed his position, wrapped himself up, and again tucked himself in.

Once Vasili Andreyitch fancied he heard a distant cock-crow. He felt glad, and threw back his shuba, and strained his ear to listen; but in spite of all his efforts he could hear nothing but the sound of the wind

whistling against the shafts, and flapping the handkerchief, and the snow lashing the bark matting of the sledge.

Nikita had been motionless all the time, just as he had sat from the first, not stirring or even answering Vasili Andreyitch, though he spoke to him twice.

"He doesn't care in the least; he must be asleep," Vasili Andreyitch thought angrily, looking behind the sledge at Nikita, deeply covered with snow.

Twenty times Vasili Andreyitch thus rose and lay down. It seemed to him this night would never end.

"It must be near morning now," he thought once as he rose and glanced round him. "Let me look at my watch. I shall freeze if I unbutton my coat; but if I only know it is near morning, I shall feel better. We could begin to harness the horse."

At the bottom of his mind, Vasili Andreyitch knew that it could not be anywhere near morning; but he began to feel more and more afraid, and he chose both to assure himself and to deceive himself. He cautiously undid the hooks of his short shuba, then putting his hand in at the bosom, he felt about until he got at the waistcoat. With great trouble, he drew out his silver watch enameled with flowers, and tried to examine it. Without a light, he could make out nothing.

Again he lay down flat on his elbows and his knees, as when he lighted the cigarette; got the matches, and proceeded to strike. This time he was more careful, and feeling for a match with the largest head, ignited it at the first stroke. When he brought the face of the watch into the light he could not believe his eyes.... It was not later than ten minutes past twelve. The whole night was still before him.

"Oh, what a long night!" thought Vasili Andreyitch, feeling the cold run down his back; and buttoning up again and wrapping his shuba round him, he snuggled into the corner of the sledge with the intention of waiting patiently.

Suddenly, above the monotonous roar of the wind, he distinctly heard a new and a living sound. It grew gradually louder, and became quite clear; then began to die

away with equal regularity. There could be no doubt it was a wolf. And this wolf was so near, that down the wind one could hear how he changed his cry by the movement of his jaws. Vasili Andreyitch turned back his collar and listened attentively. Mukhortui listened likewise, pricking up his ears, and when the wolf had ceased his chant he shifted his feet, and neighed warningly.

After this Vasili Andreyitch not only was unable to sleep, but even to keep calm. The more he tried to think of his accounts, of his business, reputation, importance, and property, more and more fear grew upon him; and above all his thoughts, one thought stood out predominantly and penetratingly: — the thought of his rashness in not stopping at Grishkino.

"The forest, — what do I care about the forest?[1] There is plenty of business without that, thank God! Ah, if we had only stayed for the night!" said he to himself. "They say drunken men soon freeze to death," he thought, "and I have had some drink."

Then testing his own sensations, he felt that he began to shiver, either from cold or fear. He tried to wrap himself up and to lie down, as before; but he could not any longer do that. He could not stay in one position, wanted to rise, to do something so as to suppress his gathering fears, against which he felt helpless. Again he got his cigarettes and matches; but only three of the latter remained, and these were bad ones. All three rubbed away without lighting.

"The devil take you, curse you!" he objurgated, himself not knowing whom or what, and he threw away the cigarette. He was about to throw away the matchbox also, but stayed his hand, and thrust it into his pocket instead. He was so agitated that he could no longer remain in his place. He got out of the sledge, and, standing with his back to the wind, set his girdle again, tightly, and low down.

"What is the use of lying down? It is only waiting for death; much better mount the horse and get away!"

[1] *Bog s nim, s lyesom:* literally, "God with it, with the forest."

the thought suddenly flashed into his mind. "The horse will not stand still with some one on his back. It 's all the same to *him*, — thinking of Nikita, — if he does die. What sort of a life has he? He does not care much even about his life, but as for me, — thank God, I have something to live for!" ....

Untying the horse from the sledge, he threw the reins over his neck, and tried to mount, but his shubas and his boots were so heavy that he failed. Then he clambered on the sledge, and tried to mount from that; but the sledge tilted under his weight, and he failed again. At last, on a third attempt, he backed the horse to the sledge, and, cautiously balancing on the edge, got his body across the horse's back. Lying thus for a moment, he pushed himself once, twice, and finally threw one leg over and seated himself, supporting his feet on the loose breeching straps in place of stirrups. The shaking of the sledge roused Nikita, and he got up; Vasili Andreyitch thought he was speaking.

"Listen to you, fool? What, must I die in this way, for nothing?" exclaimed Vasili Andreyitch. Tucking under his knees the loose skirts of his shuba, he turned the horse round, and rode away from the sledge in the direction where he expected to find the forest and the keeper's hut.

CHAPTER VII

Nikita had not stirred since he had covered himself with the matting and taken his seat behind the sledge. Like all men who live with nature, and are acquainted with poverty, he was patient, and could wait for hours, even days, without growing restless or irritated. When his master called him, he heard, but made no answer, because he did not want to stir. Although he still felt the warmth from the tea he had taken, and from the exercise of struggling through the snowdrifts, he knew the warmth would not last long, and that he could not warm himself again by moving about, for he was ex-

hausted, and felt as a horse does when, in spite of the whip, it stops, and its master perceives that it must have food before it can work again. His foot, the one in the torn boot, was numb, and he could no longer feel his great toe. And, moreover, his whole body kept growing colder and colder.

The thought that he might and in all probability would die that night came upon him, but this thought did not seem especially unpleasant or especially awful. It did not seem to him especially unpleasant, because his life had not been a perpetual festival, but rather an incessant round of toil of which he was beginning to weary. And this thought did not seem to him especially awful, because, beyond the masters whom he served here, like Vasili Andreyitch, he felt himself dependent upon the Great Master[1]; upon Him who had sent him into this life, and he knew that even after death he must remain in the power of that Master, and that that Master would not treat him badly.

"Is it a pity to leave what you are practised in, and used to? Well, what's to be done about it? You must get used to new things as well."

"Sins?" he thought, and recollected his drunkenness, the money wasted in drink, his ill-treatment of his wife, his profanity, neglect of church and of the fasts, and all things for which the priest reprimanded him at the confessional. "Of course, these are sins. But then, did I bring them on myself? Whatever I am, I suppose God made me so. Well, and about these sins? How can one help it?"

Thus ran his reflections, and after he had considered what might happen to him that night, he let it have the go-by, and gave himself up to whatever notions and memories came of their own accord into his mind. He remembered Marfa's visit, and the drunkenness among the peasants, and his own abstinence from drink; then he recalled how they had started on their present journey; Taras's izba, and the talk about the break-up of the family; that reminded him of his own lad; then he

[1] *Glavnui Khozyain*, "Master-in-chief."

thought of Mukhortui, with the sacking over him for warmth; and his master, rolling round in the sledge, and making it creak.

"I suppose he is vexed and angry because he started out," said Nikita to himself. "A man who lives such a life as his does not want to die; not like people of my kind."

And all these recollections and thoughts interwove and jumbled themselves in his brain, until he fell asleep.

When Vasili Andreyitch mounted the horse, he twisted aside the sledge, and the back of it, against which Nikita was leaning, slid away, and one of the runner-ends struck him in the side. Nikita awoke, and was compelled to change his position. Straightening his legs with difficulty, and throwing off the snow which covered them, he got up. Instantly an agonizing cold penetrated his whole frame. On making out what was happening, he wanted Vasili Andreyitch to leave him the sacking, which was no longer needed for the horse, so that he might put it round himself.

But Vasili Andreyitch did not wait, and disappeared in the mist of snow.

Thus left alone, Nikita considered what he should do. He felt that he had not strength enough to start off in search of some house; and it was no longer possible for him to sit down in his former place, for it was already covered with snow; and he knew he could not get warm in the sledge, having nothing to cover him. There seemed no warmth at all from his kaftan and shuba. It was a bitter moment. He felt as cold as if he had only his shirt on. "Our Father, who art in Heaven," he repeated; and the consciousness that he was not alone but that Some One heard him and would not desert him comforted him. He drew a deep sigh, and keeping the matting over his head, he crept into the sledge and lay down in the place where his master had lain.

But he could not possibly keep warm in the sledge. At first he shivered all over, then the shivering ceased, and, little by little, he began to lose consciousness. Whether he was dying, or falling asleep, he knew not; but he was as ready for the one as for the other.

CHAPTER VIII

Meanwhile Vasili Andreyitch, using his feet and the straps of the harness, urged the horse in the direction where he, for some cause, expected to find the forest and the forester's hut. The snow blinded his eyes, and the wind, it seemed, was bent on staying him; but with head bent forward, and all the time pulling up his shuba between him and the cold pad, on which he could not settle himself, he kept urging on the horse. The dark bay, though with difficulty, obediently ambled on in the direction to which he was turned.

For five minutes he rode on; as it seemed to him, in a straight line; seeing nothing but the horse's head and the white waste, and hearing only the whistling of the wind about the horse's ears and collar of his own shuba.

Suddenly a dark patch showed in front of him. His heart began to beat with joy, and he rode on toward the object, already seeing in it the walls of village houses. But the dark patch was not stationary, it kept moving, and it was not a village but a patch of tall mugwort, growing on a strip of land and protruding through the snow, and shaking desperately under the blast of the wind which bent their heads all in one direction and whistled through them.

The sight of this mugwort tormented by the pitiless wind somehow made Vasili Andreyitch tremble, and he started to ride away hastily; not perceiving that in approaching the patch of mugwort, he had quite turned out of his first direction, and that now he was heading the opposite way, though he still supposed that he was riding toward where the forester's hut should be. But the horse seemed always to make toward the right, and so Vasili Andreyitch had to guide it toward the left.

Again a dark patch appeared before him; again he rejoiced, believing that now surely this was a village. But once more it was a patch of tall mugwort, once more the dry grass was shaking desperately, and, as

before, frightening Vasili Andreyitch. But it could not be the same patch of grass, for near it was a horse-track, now disappearing in the snow. Vasili Andreyitch stopped, bent down, and looked carefully; a horse-track, not yet snow-covered; it could only be the hoof-prints of his own horse. He had evidently gone round in a small circle.

"And I shall perish in this way," he thought.

To overcome his terror, he urged on the horse with still greater energy, peering into the white mist of snow, wherein he saw nothing but flitting and fitful points of light which vanished the instant he looked at them. Once he thought he heard either the barking of dogs or the howling of wolves, but the sounds were so faint and indistinct, that he could not be sure whether he had heard them or imagined them; and he stopped and began to strain his ears and listen.

Suddenly a terrible, deafening cry beat upon his ears, and everything began to tremble and quake about him. Vasili Andreyitch seized the horse's neck, but that also shook, and the terrible cry grew still more frightful. For some seconds, Vasili Andreyitch could not collect himself, or understand what had happened. It was only this: Mukhortui, whether to encourage himself or to call for help, had neighed, loudly and resonantly.

"Tfu! Plague take you! You cursed brute, how you frightened me!" said Vasili Andreyitch to himself. But even when he understood the cause of his terror, he could not shake it off.

"I must consider and steady my nerves," he said to himself again, and saw at the same time he could not regain his self-control, but kept urging forward the horse without noting that he was now going with the wind, instead of against it. Especially when the horse walked slowly, his body, where it was exposed and where it touched the pad, was freezing and ached. His hands and legs shook and he was short of breath. He could see that he was likely to perish in the midst of this horrible snowy waste, and he could see no way of rescue. He forgot all about the forester's hut, and desired one thing

only,—to get back to the sledge, that he might not perish alone, like that mugwort in the midst of the terrible waste of snow.

Suddenly the horse stumbled under him, caught in a snowdrift, and began to plunge, and fell on his side. Vasili Andreyitch jumped off as he did so, dragging with him the breeching on which his foot was supported, and turned the pad round by holding to it as he jumped.

As soon as Vasili Andreyitch was off his back, the horse struggled to his feet, plunged forward one leap and then another, and neighing again, with the sacking and breeching trailing after him, disappeared, leaving Vasili Andreyitch alone in the snowdrift.

He pressed on in pursuit of the horse, but the snow was so deep, and his shubas were so heavy, that after he had gone not more than twenty paces, sinking over the knee at each step, he was out of breath, and stopped.

"The forest, the sheep, the farms, the shop, the taverns, the iron-roofed house and granary, my son!" thought he, "how can I leave them all? What does this really mean! It cannot be!"

These words flashed through his mind. Then somehow or other he recalled the wind-shaken mugwort which he had ridden past twice, and such a panic seized him that he lost all sense of the reality of what was happening. He asked himself, "Is not this all a dream?"—and tried to wake up. But there was nothing to wake up from! It was actual snow lashing his face and covering him and benumbing his right hand, from which he had dropped the glove; and it was a real desert in which he was now alone, like that mugwort, waiting for inevitable, speedy, and incomprehensible death.

"Queen in heaven, St. Nicholas,[1] teacher of temperance!"

He recalled the Te Deums of the day; the shrine with the black image in a golden chasuble; the tapers

[1] *Svyatitelyu otche Mikolaye.* A semi-Slavonic form; literally, "Bishop Father Nikolaï."

which he sold for the shrine, and which, when they were at once returned to him hardly touched by the flame, he used to put back into the store-chest.[1] And he began to implore that same Nicholas — the miracle-worker — to save him, vowing to the saint a Te Deum and tapers.

But in some way, here, he clearly and without a doubt realized that the image, chasuble, tapers, priests, masses, though they were all very important and necessary in their place, in the church, were of no service to him now; and that between those tapers and Te Deums, and his present disastrous plight, there could be no possible connection.

"I must not give up," he said to himself, "I must follow the horse's tracks, or they, too, will be snowed over." This idea struck him, and he made on. "He 'll get away if I don't overtake him. But I must n't hurry or else I shall be worse off and perish still more miserably."

But notwithstanding his resolution to walk quietly, he kept hurrying on, running, falling down every minute, rising and falling again. The hoof-prints were already almost indistinguishable where the snow was not deep. "I am lost!" thought Vasili Andreyitch, "if I lose this track and don't overtake the horse."

But at that instant, casting a glance in front, he saw something dark. It was Mukhortui, and not merely Mukhortui, but the sledge, and the shafts with the handkerchief.

Mukhortui, with the pad twisted round to one side, and the trailed breeching and sacking, was standing, not in his former place, but nearer to the shafts; and was shaking his head, which was drawn down by the bridle beneath his feet.

It turned out that Vasili Andreyitch had stuck in the same ravine into which he and Nikita had previously

[1] It was a part of Vasili Andreyitch's duties as *tserkovnui starosta* to sell the candles which are abundantly used in the Russian service and which, after the mass, are returned and often resold, thus providing no small revenue. — Ed.

plunged; that the horse had led him back to the sledge, and that he had dismounted at not more than fifty paces from the place where the sledge lay.

CHAPTER IX

Vasili Andreyitch struggled back to the sledge, and clutched hold of it, and stood so, motionless for a long time, trying to calm himself and to get back his breath. There was no sign of Nikita in his former place, but something covered with snow was lying in the sledge, and Vasili Andreyitch conjectured that it was Nikita. Vasili Andreyitch's terror had now altogether disappeared; if he felt any fear, it was of that state of terror which he had experienced when on the horse, and especially when he was alone in the snowdrift. By any and every means, he must keep away that terror; and in order to keep it away it was necessary for him to do something, to occupy himself with something.

Accordingly, the first thing he did was to turn his back to the wind and throw open his shuba. As soon as he felt a little rested, he shook out the snow from his boots and from his left-hand glove, — the right-hand glove was lost beyond recovery and was undoubtedly already buried somewhere deep in the snow. — then he bound up his girdle again, tight and low-down, as he always did when he was going out of his shop to buy grain from the peasants' carts. He tightened his belt and prepared for action. The first thing which appeared to him necessary to do was to free the horse's leg. So Vasili Andreyitch did this; then, clearing the bridle, he tied Mukhortui to the iron cramp in front of the sledge, as before, and walking round the horse's quarters, he adjusted the pad, the breeching, and the sacking.

But as he did this, he perceived a movement in the sledge, and Nikita's head rose out of the snow that covered it. Obviously with great difficulty, the half-frozen peasant rose and sat up; and in a strange fashion, as

if he were driving away flies, waved his hand before his face. He waved his hand and said something which Vasili Andreyitch interpreted as a call to himself.

Vasili Andreyitch left the sack unadjusted, and went to the sledge.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "What are you saying?"

"I am dy-y-ing, that's what's the matter," said Nikita, brokenly, struggling for speech. "Give what I have earned to the lad. Or to the wife; it's all the same."

"What, are you really frozen?" asked Vasili Andreyitch.

"I can feel I've got my death. Forgive.... for Christ's sake...." said Nikita, in a sobbing voice, continuing to wave his hand before his face, as if driving away flies.

Vasili Andreyitch stood for half a minute silent and motionless; then suddenly, with the same resolution with which he used to strike hands over a good bargain, he took a step back, turned up the sleeves of his shuba, and using both hands, began to rake the snow from off Nikita and the sledge. When he had brushed out, Vasili Andreyitch quickly took off his girdle, opened out his shuba, and moving Nikita with a push, he lay down on him, covering him not only with the fur coat, but with the full length of his own body, which glowed with warmth.

Adjusting with his hands the skirts of his coat, so as to come between Nikita and the bark matting of the sledge, and tucking the tail of the coat between his knees, Vasili Andreyitch lay flat, with his head against the bark matting in the sledge-front; and now he no longer could hear either the stirring of the horse or the whistling of the wind; all he could hear was Nikita's breathing. At first, and for a long time, Nikita lay without a sign; then he gave a loud sigh, and moved.

"Ah, there you are! And yet you say 'die.' Lie still, get warm, and somehow we shall...." began Vasili Andreyitch.

But, to his own surprise, he could not speak: because

his eyes were filled with tears, and his lower jaw began to quiver violently. He said no more — only gulped down something which rose in his throat.

"I was well scared, that is clear, and how weak I feel!" he thought of himself. But this weakness not only was not unpleasant to him, but rather gave him a peculiar and hitherto unknown delight.

"That's what we are!" he said to himself, experiencing a strange triumph and emotion. He lay quiet for some time, wiping his eyes with the fur of his shuba and tucking under his knees the right skirt, which the wind kept turning up.

He felt a passionate desire to let some one else know of his happy condition.

"Mikita!" he said.

"It's comfortable, it's warm," came an answer from below.

"So it is, friend! I was nearly lost. And you would have been frozen, and I should have...."

But here again his face began to quiver, and his eyes once more filled with tears, and he could say no more.

"Well, never mind," he thought, "I know well enough about myself, what I know."

And he kept quiet. Thus he lay for a long time.

Nikita warmed him from below, and the fur coat warmed him from above; but his hands, with which he held the coat-skirts down on both sides of Nikita, and his feet, from which the wind kept lifting the shuba, began to freeze. Especially cold was his right hand, unprotected by a glove. But he did not think either of his legs or of his hands. He thought only of how to warm the muzhik who lay beneath him.

Several times he looked at the horse, and saw that his back was uncovered, and the sacking and breeching were hanging down nearly to the snow. He ought to get up and cover the horse; but he could not bring himself to leave Nikita for even a moment, and so disturb that happy situation in which he felt himself; he now no longer had any sense of terror.

"Never fear, we shan't lose him this time," he said

to himself, about his way of warming Nikita, and with the same boastfulness as he used to speak of his buying and selling.

Thus Vasili Andreyitch continued lying an hour and then another and then a third, but he was unconscious of the passage of time.

At first his thoughts were filled with impressions of the snow-storm, the shafts of the sledge, the horse under the duga-bow, all in confusion before his eyes; he remembered Nikita, lying under him; then mingling with these recollections rose others, of the festival, his wife, the commissary of police, the taper-box; then again of Nikita, this time lying under the taper-box. Then came apparitions of peasants selling and buying, and white walls, the iron-roofed houses, with Nikita lying underneath; then all was confused, one thing blending with another; and, like the colors in the rainbow, uniting in one white light, all the different impressions fused into one nothing; and he fell asleep.

For a long time he slept dreamlessly; but before daybreak visions visited him again. It seemed to him that he was once more standing beside the taper-box, and Tikhon's wife was asking him for a five-kopek candle for the festival-day; he wanted to take the taper and give it to her, but he could not move his hands, which hung down, thrust tightly into his pockets. He wanted to walk round the box, but his feet would not move; his goloshes, new and shiny, had grown to the stone floor, and he could neither move them, nor take out his feet.

All at once the box ceased to be a taper-box, and turned into a bed; and Vasili Andreyitch sees himself lying, face downward, on the taper-box, and yet it is his own bed in his own house. And thus he lies and is unable to get up; and yet he must get up, because Ivan Matveyitch, the commissary of police, will soon come for him, and he must go with Ivan Matveyitch either to bargain for the forest, or to set the breeching right on Mukhortui.

He asks his wife: —

"Well, Mikolavna,[1] has he not come yet?"

"No," she says, "he has not."

He hears some one drive up to the front steps. It must be he. No, he has gone past.

"Mikolavna, Mikolavna! what, has he not come yet?"

"No."

And he lies on the bed and is still unable to rise, and is still waiting. And this waiting is painful, and yet pleasant.

All at once, his joy is fulfilled: the expected one has come; not Ivan Matveyitch, the stanovoï, but some one else, and yet the one for whom he has been waiting. He has come, and he calls to him; and he that called is he who had bidden him lie down on Nikita.

And Vasili Andreyitch is glad because that one has visited him.

"I am coming," he cries joyfully. And the cry awakens him!

He wakes; but wakes an entirely different person from what he had been when he fell asleep. He wants to rise, and cannot; to move his arm, and cannot, — his leg, and he cannot do that. He wants to turn his head, and cannot do even so much. He is surprised but not at all disturbed by this. He divines that this is death, and is not at all disturbed even by that. And he remembers that Nikita is lying under him, and that he has got warm, and is alive; and it seems to him that he is Nikita, and Nikita is he; that his life is not in himself, but in Nikita. He makes an effort to listen, and hears Nikita's breathing, even his slight snoring.

"Nikita is alive, and therefore I also am alive!" he says to himself, triumphantly.

He remembers his money, his shop, his house, his purchases and sales, the Mironofs' millions; and it is hard for him to understand why that man called Vasili Brekhunof had troubled himself with all those things with which he had troubled himself.

"Well, he did not know what it was all about," he

[1] Mikolavna, rustic form of Nikolayevna, "daughter of Nikolaï"; the patronymic used familiarly without the given name.

thinks, concerning this Vasili Brekhunof. "I did not know; but now I do know. No mistake this time; *now I know.*"

And again he hears the summons of that one who had before called him.

"I am coming, I am coming," he says with his whole joy-thrilled being. And he feels himself free, with nothing to encumber him more.

And nothing more, in this world, was seen, or heard, or felt by Vasili Andreyitch.

Round about the storm still eddied. The same whirlwinds of snow covered the dead Vasili Andreyitch's shuba, and Mukhortui, all of a tremble, and the sledge, now hardly to be seen, with Nikita lying in the bottom of it, kept warm beneath his dead master.

CHAPTER X

JUST before morning Nikita awoke. He was aroused by the cold again creeping along his back. He had dreamt that he was driving from the mill with a cartload of his master's flour, and that in crossing the brook, as he went past the bridge, the cart got stuck. And he sees himself go beneath the cart, and lift it, straightening up his back. But, wonderful! — the cart does not stir, it sticks to his back, so that he can neither lift it nor get out from under it. It was crushing his loins. And how cold it was! He must get away somehow.

"There! Stop!" he cries to whoever it is that presses his back with the load. "Take the sacks out!"

But the cart still presses him, always colder and colder; and suddenly a peculiar knocking awakes him completely, and he remembers everything. The cold cart, — that was his dead and frozen master, lying upon him. The knocking was from Mukhortui, who had struck twice on the sledge with his hoofs.

"Andreyitch, eh, Andreyitch!" calls Nikita, softly, straightening his back, and already having a suspicion of the truth.

But Andreyitch does not answer, and his body and legs are hard, and cold, and heavy, like iron weights.

"He must be dead. May his be the Kingdom of Heaven!" thinks Nikita.

He turns his head, digs with his hand through the snow about him, and opens his eyes. It is daylight. The wind still whistles through the shafts, and the snow is still falling; but with a difference, not lashing upon the bark matting, as before, but silently covering the sledge and horse, ever deeper and deeper; and the horse's breathing and stirring are no more to be heard.

"He must be frozen, too," thinks Nikita.

And, in fact, those hoof-strokes on the sledge were the last struggles of Mukhortui, by that time quite benumbed, to keep on his legs.

"God, Father, it seems Thou callest me as well," says Nikita, to himself. "Let Thy holy will be done. But it is hard..... Still you can't die twice, and you must die once. If it would only come quicker!" ....

And he draws in his arm again, shutting his eyes; and he loses consciousness, with the conviction that this time he is really going to die altogether.

At dinner-time on the next day, the peasants with their shovels dug out Vasili Andreyitch and Nikita, only seventy yards from the road, and half a verst from the village. The snow had hidden the sledge, but the shafts and the handkerchief were still visible. Mukhortui, up to his belly in snow, with the breeching and sacking trailing from his back, stood all whitened, his dead head pressed in on the apple of his throat; his nostrils were fringed with icicles, his eyes filled with frost and frozen round as with tears. In that one night he had become so thin, that he was nothing but skin and bones.

Vasili Andreyitch was stiffened like a frozen carcass, and he lay with his legs spread apart, just as he was when they rolled him off Nikita. His prominent hawk-eyes were frozen, and his open mouth under his clipped mustache was filled with snow.

But Nikita, though chilled through, was alive. When he was roused, he imagined he was already dead, and

that what they were doing with him was happening, not in this world, but in another. When he heard the shouts of the peasants who were digging him out and rolling the frozen Vasili Andreyitch from him he was surprised, at first, to think that in the other world, also, peasants should be shouting so, and that they had the same kind of a body. But when he understood that he was still here, in this world, he was rather sorry than glad; especially when he realized that the toes of both his feet were frozen.

Nikita lay in the hospital for two months. They cut off three toes from him, and the others recovered, so that he was able to work. For twenty years more he went on living, first as a farm-laborer, latterly as a watchman. He died at home, just as he wished, only this year, — laid under the holy images, with a lighted wax taper in his hands.

Before his death, he asked forgiveness from his old wife, and forgave her for the cooper; he took leave of his son and the grandchildren; and went away truly pleased that, in dying, he released his son and daughter-in-law from the added burden of his keep, and that he himself was, this time, really going out of a life grown wearisome to him, into that other one which with every passing year had grown clearer and more desirable to him.

Whether he is better off, or worse off, there, in the place where he awoke after that real death, whether he was disappointed or found things there just as he expected, is what we shall all of us soon learn.

THE KREUTZER SONATA

CHAPTER I

"But I say unto you that every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." — MATT. v. 28.

"The disciples say unto him, If the case of the man is so with his wife, it is not expedient to marry. But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, but they to whom it is given." — MATT. xix. 10, 11.

IT was early spring. We had been traveling for more than twenty-four hours. Passengers with tickets for more or less distant places had been entering and leaving our carriage, but there were four of us who had been on the train from the very start: — a weary-faced lady, neither beautiful nor young, who wore a hat and a semi-masculine paletot, and smoked cigarettes; her companion, a talkative man of forty, with neat, new luggage; and thirdly a rather short and very reserved gentleman not by any means old, but with curly hair prematurely turning gray, with very nervous motions, and with extraordinarily brilliant eyes which kept roving from object to object. He wore an old paletot with a lamb's-wool collar, made by an expensive tailor, and a high lamb's-wool hat. Under his paletot, when it was thrown open, were visible a *poddyovka*, or sleeveless kaftan, and a Russian embroidered shirt. The peculiarity of this gentleman consisted in the fact that he from time to time produced strange noises like a cough or like a laugh begun and broken off. This gentleman, during the whole journey, had carefully avoided all acquaintance and intercourse with the other passengers. If any of his neighbors spoke to him, he replied briefly and stiffly, and for the most part he either read or smoked, gazing out of the window, or else, getting

his provisions out of his old sack, drank tea or ate luncheon.

It seemed to me that he was oppressed by his loneliness, and several times I was tempted to speak with him; but whenever our eyes met, as often happened, since we sat diagonally opposite each other, he turned away and devoted himself to his book or looked out of the window.

During one stop at a large station, just before the evening of our second day, this nervous gentleman left the carriage to get some hot water, and made himself some tea. The gentleman with the neat new luggage, a lawyer, as I afterward learned, went out also with the cigarette-smoking lady in the semi-masculine paletot, to drink tea in the station. During the absence of the gentleman and lady several new persons entered our carriage, and among them a tall, closely shaven, wrinkled old man, evidently a merchant, in a shuba of American polecat fur and a cloth cap with a huge vizor. This merchant sat down opposite the lawyer, and immediately entered into conversation with a young man, apparently a merchant's *prikashchik*, or manager, who entered the carriage at the same station.

I was sitting diagonally opposite, and while the train was stationary and no one was passing between us, I could hear snatches of their conversation.

The merchant at first explained that he was on his way to an estate of his which was situated only one station distant. Then, as usual, they began to talk about prices, about trade, and how Moscow does business at the present time; and then they discussed the Fair at Nizhni-Novgorod.

The merchant's clerk began to tell about the merrymaking at the Fair, of some rich merchant whom both of them knew; but the old man did not let him finish: he began to tell about the merrymakings which had taken place in former times at Kunavino, and which he himself had enjoyed. He was evidently proud of the share which he had taken in them, and with manifest delight he related how he and this same common acquain-

tance had once got drunk at Kunavino, and played such tricks that he had to tell about it in a whisper, whereat the clerk burst out in a hearty fit of laughter which filled the whole carriage, and the old man also laughed, displaying two yellow teeth.

Not expecting to hear anything interesting, I got up to go out on the platform till the train should start. At the door I met the lawyer and his lady, talking in a very animated manner as they walked.

"You won't have time," said the sociable lawyer. "The second bell will ring in a moment."

And in fact I had not even time to walk to the end of the carriage before the bell rang. When I got back to my place the lively conversation was still going on. The old merchant sat silent in front of them, sternly looking straight ahead, and occasionally expressing his disapprobation by chewing on his teeth.

"Whereupon she explained to her husband up and down" — the lawyer was saying with a smile as I passed them — "that she could not and, moreover, she would not live with him since...."

And he proceeded to tell something more which I could not hear. Behind me came still other passengers, then came the conductor, followed by a guard on the run, and there was considerable noise for a time, so that I could not hear what they were talking about.

When it grew quieter the lawyer's voice was heard again; but the conversation had evidently gone over from a particular instance to general considerations. The lawyer was saying that the question of divorce was now occupying general attention in Europe, and that with us in Russia the phenomenon was appearing more and more frequently.

Noticing that his voice alone was heard, the lawyer cut his words short, and addressed himself to the old man.

"It didn't use to be so in old times; isn't that so?" he remarked, smiling pleasantly.

The old man was about to make some answer; but at this moment the train started, and, taking off his cap, he

began to cross himself and to whisper a prayer. The lawyer, turning his eyes away, waited politely. Having finished his prayer and crossed himself thrice, the old man put on his cap and pulled it down, settling it in its place, and he began to speak.

"The same thing took place, sir, in old times, only less frequently," said he. "At the present time it can't help happening. People have grown cultured!"

The train, moving along more and more rapidly, thundered over the sleepers, and it was hard for me to hear; but it was interesting, and I took a seat nearer. My neighbor, the nervous, bright-eyed gentleman, was also evidently much interested, and listened, but without moving from his place.

"In what respect are we ill-educated?" asked the lady, with a scarcely perceptible smile. "Do you mean that it would be better for men and women to get married as they used to do in old times, when the bride and bridegroom never even saw each other?" she went on asking, replying after the fashion of many women, not to her neighbor's words, but to the words which she thought he would say.

"People did not know whether they would be able to love each other or not, but married whoever fell to their lot; yes, and often they were tortured their whole lives long! So you think that our old way was the best, do you?" she went on, addressing her discourse to me, and to the lawyer, and least of all to the old man with whom she was talking.

"We have already become very cultured," repeated the merchant, looking scornfully at the lady, and leaving her question unanswered.

"I should like to know how you explain the connection between culture and matrimonial quarrels," said the lawyer, with a scarcely perceptible smile.

The merchant was about to say something, but the lady interrupted him.

"No, that time has already passed," said she. But the lawyer checked her: —

"No, permit him to express his thought." ...

"The absurdities of culture," said the old man, resolutely.

"People who do not love each other marry, and then they wonder that they get along inharmoniously," said the lady, hastily, glancing at the lawyer and then at me, and even at the clerk, who had got up in his seat and was standing with his elbow leaning on the back of the chair, and listening to the conversation with a smile. "You see animals only can be paired off in this way as the master may desire, but men and women have their own individual preferences and attachments," said the lady, evidently wishing to say something severe to the old merchant.

"When you speak thus, you speak to no purpose, madame," said the old man. "Animals are brutes, but man has a law."

"Well, how can one live with a man when there is no love?" insisted the lady, eager to express her opinion, which apparently seemed to her very novel.

"In former times they did not discuss this," said the old man, in a magisterial tone; "it is only a recent development. At any pretext the wife cries out: 'I will leave you.' Even among the peasantry this new method has come into fashion. 'Na,' says the muzhik's wife, 'here are your shirts and drawers, but I am going off with Vanka; his hair is curlier than yours.' Argument is no good. For a woman the first thing needed is fear."

The clerk looked at the lawyer and at the lady and at me, evidently repressing a smile, and ready either to laugh or to approve of the merchant's argument according as it was received by the company.

"Fear of what?" asked the lady.

"Why, of course, fear of her hu-us-band. .... That kind of fear."

"But, batyushka, the day for that sort of thing has gone by," said the lady, with no little asperity.

"No, madame, the time for that can never go by. As Eve the woman was created out of the man's rib, so it will remain till the end of time," said the old man,

and he nodded his head so sternly and triumphantly that the clerk instantly decided that the victory was on the merchant's side, and he burst out into a loud laugh.

"Yes, that is the way you men decide," said the lady, not yielding, and looking at us. "They give themselves full liberty, but you want to keep the woman in the terem.[1] To you, of course, all things are permitted."

"No one gives any such permission, but it is a fact man does not make his family increase, but woman[2] is a fragile vessel," suggested the merchant. The dictatorialness of the merchant's tone evidently impressed his hearers, and even the lady felt crushed, but still she would not give in.

"Yes, but I think you will agree that a woman is a human being, and has feelings as well as a man. Well, then, what is she going to do if she does not love her husband?"

"Not love her husband?" exclaimed the merchant, repeating her words in a savage tone, making a grimace with his lips and his eyebrows. "Never fear, she should come to love him."

This unexpected argument especially pleased the clerk, and he gave vent to a grunt of approbation.

"But that is not so, she may not come to love him," insisted the lady; "and if there is no love, then they ought not to be compelled to this."

"But if a woman is false to her husband, what then?" asked the lawyer.

"That is not to be supposed," said the old man; "he must look out for that."

"But if it does happen, what then? It has occurred." ....

"Yes, there are cases, but not among us," said the old man.

All were silent. The clerk changed his position, leaned forward a little more, and evidently wishing not to be left out of the conversation, began with a smile: —

[1] The women's quarters in the ancient Russian *ménage*, which was thoroughly Oriental.

[2] *Zenshchina-zhena*; literally, woman-wife.

"Well, there was a scandal arose in the house of a fine young fellow in our place. It was very hard to decide about it. It happened that the woman was very fond of amusements, and she began to play the devil; but her husband was a reasonable and progressive man. At first she flirted with a counting-house clerk. Her husband argued kindly with her; she would not stop. She did all sorts of dirty tricks and even stole his money. And he flogged her. What good did that do? She only acted worse. Then she had an intrigue with an unchristened Jew, if I may say so. What could he do? He turned her off entirely, and so he lives like a bachelor, and she has become a gadabout."

"That was because he was a fool," said the old man. "If at the very beginning he had not given her her head, but had given her a good sound berating, she would have been all right, I tell you. She must not have her own way at first. Don't trust a horse in the field, or your wife in your house."

At this moment the conductor came along to take up the tickets for the next station. The old man surrendered his.

"Yes," said he, "we've got to restrain the female sex betimes, or else everything will go to ruin."

"Yes, but you were just telling how you married men enjoyed yourselves at the fair at Kunavino," said I, unable to restrain myself.

"That was a personal matter," said the merchant, and he relapsed into silence.

When the whistle sounded the merchant got up, took his bag from under the seat, wrapped his shuba round him, and, lifting his cap, went out to the platform.

CHAPTER II

As soon as the old man had gone out, several voices spoke up at once.

"An old Testament patriarch," exclaimed the clerk.

"The 'Domostroï'[1] come to life," said the lady. "What savage notions of woman and marriage."

"Yes, indeed, we are still far from the European notions of marriage," said the lawyer.

"Well, the principal thing these men cannot understand," said the lady, "is that marriage without love is not marriage, that love alone consecrates marriage, and that the only true marriage is that which love consecrates."

The clerk listened and smiled, desiring to remember for future use as much as he could of the clever conversation.

In the midst of the lady's sentence, there was heard a sound just behind me like an interrupted laugh or a sob, and looking around we saw my neighbor, the bright-eyed, gray-haired, solitary gentleman, who during the conversation, which had evidently interested him, had unobtrusively drawn near us. He was standing with his hand resting on the back of the seat, and was evidently very much agitated; his face was red and the muscles of his cheek twitched.

"What is that love .... that love .... which consecrates marriage?" he asked, in a stammering voice.

The lady, seeing the agitated state of the speaker, tried to answer him as gently and circumstantially as possible.

"True love. It is that love between a man and a woman which makes marriage possible," said the lady.

"Yes, but what do you mean by true love," said the bright-eyed gentleman, smiling awkwardly and timidly.

"Every one knows what true love is," said the lady, evidently wishing to cut short her speech with him.

"But I don't know," said the gentleman. "You must define what you mean by it."

"Why?.... It is very simple," said the lady, but she hesitated. "Love .... love is the, is the exclusive pref-

[1] The "Domostroï" was the famous code of household manners and customs, compiled probably from earlier treatises by Monk Sylvester, who lived during the reign of Tsar Ivan IV. about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was rediscovered and published in 1849. — Ed.

erence which a man or woman feels for one person out of all the rest in the world," said she.

"A preference for how long a time? For a month or two months or half an hour?" asked the gray-haired man, and laughed.

"No, but excuse me, you are evidently not talking about the same thing."

"Yes, I am talking about the same thing."

"She says," interrupted the lawyer, and indicating the lady, "that marriage ought to result in the first place from an attachment, from love, if you will, and that if such a love actually exists, then only marriage furnishes of itself, so to speak, some consecration. Therefore, every marriage where there is no genuine attachment as a foundation — love, if you say so — has no moral obligation. Do I express your idea correctly?" said he, addressing the lady.

The lady by an inclination of her head expressed her concurrence with his interpretation of her idea.

"Therefore ...." the lawyer was about to continue, but the nervous gentleman, with his eyes all on fire, evidently restraining himself with difficulty, began, without allowing the lawyer to proceed:—

"No, I *am* speaking about the same thing, about the preference that one man or one woman has for one person above all others, and I simply ask, 'How long is this preference to last?'"

"How long? why, sometimes it lasts a whole lifetime," said the lady, shrugging her shoulders.

"Yes, but that is true only in novels, but never in real life. In real life this preference for one person rather than another may occasionally last for a year, more frequently it is measured by months, or even by weeks or days or hours," said he, evidently knowing that he was surprising every one by his opinion, and well satisfied with it.

"Oh, what are you saying?" .... "No, excuse me!" .... "Oh, no!" three of us exclaimed with one voice. Even the clerk uttered a disapproving grunt.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the gray-haired gentleman

"You are speaking of what is supposed to exist, but I am speaking of what does exist. Every man feels for every pretty woman what you call love."

"Oh, what you say is awful. Surely there exists among human beings that feeling which is called love, and which lasts not merely for months and years, but for whole lives!"

"No, I don't admit it. If it is granted even that a man may keep his preference for a given woman all his life, the woman in all probability will prefer some one else, and so it always has been in the world and always will be," said he; and, taking out a cigarette-case, he began to smoke.

"But it may be reciprocal," said the lawyer.

"No, it is impossible," he insisted, "just as impossible as that in a load of peas there should be two peas exactly alike, side by side. And over and above this improbability there is also the likelihood of satiety. That one or the other should love the same person a whole life long is as to say that a single candle would burn forever," said he, eagerly drawing in the smoke of his cigarette.

"But you are talking about carnal love; don't you admit that there is a love based on a unity of ideals, on a spiritual affinity?" asked the lady.

"Spiritual affinity! Unity of ideals!" repeated he, emitting his peculiar sound. "But in that case there is no reason why we should not sleep together, — excuse my brutality, — why, it is the very consequence of this unity of ideals that people go to bed together," said he, and he laughed nervously.

"But pardon me," said the lawyer, "what you say is contradicted by the facts. ....We see that marriage exists, that all the human race, or the majority of it, lives a married life, and many live honorably all their days under the marriage relation."

The gray-haired gentleman again laughed.

"You were just saying that marriage is founded on love, but when I expressed my doubt of the existence of love except the sentimental kind, you try to prove the

existence of love by the fact that marriages exist. But marriages in our day are all falsehood."

"Oh, no, excuse me," exclaimed the lawyer; "I only say that marriages have always existed and still exist."

"Exist? Yes, but why do they exist? They have existed and exist for people who see in marriage something sacred — a sacrament which is entered into before God — for such people it exists. Among us, people get married, seeing nothing in marriage except copulation, and the result is either deception or violence. When it is deception it is easy to endure. Husband and wife only deceive people into believing that they are living a monogamous marriage, but they are really practising polygamy and polyandry. It is filthy, but still it is the fashion; but when, as happens oftener than otherwise, men take on themselves an external obligation to live together all their lives long, — and even from the second month they hate each other, desire to separate, and yet they go on living, — then results that terrible hell from which they try to escape by intoxication, by fighting duels, by killing and poisoning themselves and others," said he, talking more and more rapidly, and growing more and more excited. It was embarrassing.

"Yes, without doubt there are critical episodes in married life," said the lawyer, wishing to cut short this unseemly and exciting conversation.

"I imagine you have guessed who I am," said the gray-haired gentleman, quietly and with a certain appearance of calmness.

"No, I have not that pleasure."

"The pleasure will not be great. My name is Pozdnuishef; I am the man in whose life happened that critical episode to which you just hinted — the episode of a man killing his wife," said he, swiftly glancing at each one of us.

No one found anything to say, and we all kept silence.

"Well, it is immaterial," said he, emitting his peculiar grunt. "However, excuse me, I will not trouble you any more."

"Don't mention it," said the lawyer, himself not knowing exactly what he was saying.

But Pozdnuishef, not heeding him, quickly turned round and went back to his place. The gentleman talked in whispers with the lady. I sat down with Pozdnuishef and said nothing, as I was unable to think of anything to say to him. It was too dark to read, and so I shut my eyes and pretended that I was going to sleep.

Thus we rode in silence till we reached the next station. At that station the gentleman and lady were transferred to another carriage, concerning which they had arranged beforehand with the conductor. The merchant's superintendent got into a comfortable position on his sofa and went to sleep. Pozdnuishef kept smoking, and drank his tea, which he got boiling hot at the station.

When I opened my eyes and looked at him, he suddenly turned to me with an expression of resolution and exasperation: —

"Maybe it is disagreeable for you to be sitting with me, now that you know who I am. If that is so, I will leave you."

"Oh, not at all, I beg of you."

"Well, then, would n't you like some? Only it is rather strong."

And he poured me out some tea.

"They say .... but then they all lie ...." said he.

"What are you speaking about?" I asked.

"Always about the same thing — about 'love' — and what people mean by it. Don't you want to sleep?"

"Not at all."

"Then, if you would like, I will relate to you how I was led by this very same kind of love to do what I did."

"I should indeed, unless it would be painful for you."

"No, it is hard for me to hold my tongue. You drink your tea — or is it too strong for you?"

The tea was really like beer, but I drank a glass of it.

At this moment the conductor came along. Pozdnuishef silently followed him with angry eyes, and did not begin until he had left the car.

CHAPTER III

"Well, then, I will tell you. But are you sure you would like to have me?"

I assured him that I was very eager to hear him. He remained silent, rubbed his face with his hands, and began: —

"If I tell you, I must begin at the very beginning, I must tell you how and why I got married, and what I was before I married.

"Up to the time of my marriage I lived as all men live; that is, all the men in my circle. I am a landed proprietor and a university graduate, and I have been marshal of the nobility. Up to the time of my marriage I lived as all men live, — a dissipated life; and, like all the young men of our circle, though living a dissipated life, I was persuaded that I was living as I ought. Regarding myself, I thought that I was a charming person, that I was a perfectly moral man. I was no vulgar seducer, I had no unnatural tastes, I did not make this sort of thing my chief object in life, as did many of my intimates; I indulged in dissipation only moderately, decently, for my health's sake; I avoided such women as might, by the birth of a child, or by the force of attachment to me, entangle me. However, there may have been children and there may have been attachments; but I acted as if there was nothing of the sort, I not only considered this sort of thing moral, but I was proud of it."

He paused, emitted his peculiar sound, as he apparently always did when a new thought occurred to him.

"And precisely here is the chief viciousness of it all," he cried. "Depravity does not lie in anything physical; depravity does not imply any physical deformity; depravity, genuine depravity, consists in freeing oneself

from the moral relations to women with whom you enter into physical relations. And this emancipation I arrogated to myself as a virtue. I remember how one time I tormented myself because I had not paid a woman, who apparently loved me and had given herself to me, and I was only rendered happy again when I sent her the money, so as to show her thereby that I did not consider myself morally bound to her. Do not shake your head as if you agreed with me," he suddenly cried. "You see I know that kind of trick. All of you, in the best circumstances, unless you are a rare exception, have just such views as I had then. Well, no matter, please excuse me," he went on. "But this is the whole trouble and it is awful! awful! awful!"

"What is awful?" I asked.

"The abyss of error in which we live in relation to women, and our relations to them. It is true I cannot talk with any calmness in regard to this, and the reason I cannot is that episode which took place in my life. But ever since that episode occurred, my eyes have been opened, and I have seen everything in an entirely different light — exactly the opposite — exactly the opposite."

He smoked his cigarette, and, leaning his elbows on his knees, went on talking again. In the darkness I could not see his face, but above the rattle and rumble of the train I could hear his suggestive, pleasant voice.

CHAPTER IV

"Yes, only by tormenting myself as I have, only by means of this have I learned where the root of the whole trouble is; have I learned what must be, and therefore have come to see the whole horror of what is.

"Now be kind enough to see, just here, how and when began that which led me to that episode of which I have spoken. It began when I was not quite sixteen years old. It happened when I was still in the gymna-

sium, and my oldest brother was a student in the first class. I had not known women at that time, but like all the unfortunate boys of our circle, I was by no means an innocent child. Two years before I had been corrupted by coarse boys; already woman, not any particular woman, but woman as a sweet something, woman, any woman — woman in her nakedness — had already begun to torment me. My solitudes were unchaste. I was tormented as ninety-nine per cent of our boys are tormented. I was horror-struck, I struggled, I prayed, and — I fell! My imagination was already corrupt. I, myself, was corrupt, but the final step had not yet been taken. I was ruined by myself, even before I had put my hands on another human being. But here a comrade of my brother, a gay young student, a so-called 'good fellow,' — in other words the greatest good-for-nothing possible, — who had already taught us to drink and to play cards, persuaded us after a drinking-bout to go *there*.

"We went. My brother also had been innocent, and he fell the same night; and I, a boy of fifteen, polluted myself and accomplished the pollution of a woman, not at all understanding the enormity of what I was doing. You see I had never heard from any of my elders that what I was doing was wrong. And even now no one ever hears so. To be sure it is contained in the Ten Commandments, but the Ten Commandments seem to be used only in order to pass the priest's examination, and even then are not regarded as very important, not nearly so much so as the rule for the use of *ut* in conditional sentences.

"Thus I had never heard a single one of my elders, whom I respected, say that this was wrong. On the contrary, I heard men whom I respected declare that it was a good thing. I heard them say that my struggles and sufferings would be relieved after that. I heard it, and I read it, and heard my elders say that it was good for the health; from my comrades I heard that there was merit, that there was gallantry, in such conduct. So that, as a rule, there is nothing to be

anticipated from it except beneficial effects. Danger of disease? But even that you see is taken care of. A solicitous government looks out for that. It looks after and regulates the activity of houses of 'indulgence,' and makes lewdness safe for gymnasium students. And doctors for a consideration do the same. Thus it comes about. They affirm that lewdness is good for the health, they make a regular institution of lewdness. I know of mothers who see to it that their sons' health is regulated in this way. And Science follows them into the houses of 'indulgence.'"

"Why Science?" I asked.

"What are doctors? The priests of Science. Who corrupt young men, declaring that this thing is necessary for the health? They do.

"But it is certain that if one per cent of the energy that is employed in the cure of syphilis were expended in the eradication of lewdness, syphilis would long ago have become only a memory. But instead the energy is expended, not in the eradication of lewdness, but in the guaranteeing the safety of lewdness. Well, that is not the trouble. The trouble consists in this, that with me, as with nine out of ten, if not even more, not only of our class, but of all, even of the peasantry, the horrible fact exists that I fell, not by reason of yielding to a single temptation of the charm of any special woman — no, no special woman led me astray; but I fell because those immediately around me saw, in what was really a fall, some a lawful act, a regulator advantageous for the health, others, a most natural and not only simple, but even innocent, diversion for a young man.

"I did not even realize that this was a fall; I simply began to give myself up to those pleasures, to those necessities, which, as it was suggested to me, were peculiar to a certain degree of lewdness, — gave myself up to this form of dissipation just as I had begun to drink and to smoke. And yet there was something peculiar and pathetic in this first fall. I well remember how immediately, even before I left that room, a feeling

of sadness, of deep sadness, came over me, so that I felt like weeping, weeping the loss of my innocence, for a forever sullied relationship to womanhood. Yes, the natural, simple relationship that I had enjoyed with women was for evermore impossible. Purity of relationship with any woman was at an end, and could never be again. I had become what is called a libertine. And to be a libertine is to be in a physical condition like that of a morphiomaniac, a drunkard, or a smoker. As the morphiomaniac, the drunkard, the smoker, is no longer a normal man, so a man who uses women for his own pleasure is no longer normal, but is a man forever spoiled — is a libertine. As the drunkard and the morphiomaniac can be instantly recognized by his face, by his actions, so it is with the rake. The libertine may restrain himself, may struggle with his inclinations, but his simple, pure, frank, and fraternal relations with woman are no longer possible. By the very way in which he looks at a young woman, and stares at her, the libertine is to be recognized. And I became a libertine, and I remained one, and that was my ruin.

CHAPTER V

"Yes, so it was. So it went farther and farther, and every kind of depravity ensued. My God! When I remember all my abominable actions in this particular, I am overwhelmed with horror. I also remember how my comrades used to laugh at my so-called innocence. And when you hear about our gilded youth, our officers, our young Parisians ....

"And all these gentlemen, and I, when we, libertines of thirty, having on our souls hundreds of the most varied and horrible crimes against woman, when we, rakes of thirty, come into the drawing-room or the ball-room, freshly washed, cleanly shaven, well-perfumed, in immaculate linen, in evening dress or uniform — what emblems of purity, how charming we are! ....

"Just think what ought to be and what is! It ought

to be that when such a gentleman comes into the society of my sister, or my daughter, I, knowing about his life, what it is, should go to him, draw him quietly to one side, and say in a confidential whisper: —

"'Galubchik, you see I know exactly how you are living, how you are spending your nights and with whom. This is no place for you. Here are pure, innocent women and girls. Please go.'

"So it ought to be; but in reality, when such a gentleman makes his appearance, or when he dances with my sister or my daughter, clasping her in his arms, we rejoice if he is rich and well connected. Perhaps he honors my daughter after Rigolbozh. Even if traces of his disease still remain, it is of no consequence, the cure is easy nowadays. I know that some girls of the highest society have been given by their parents with enthusiasm to men affected with certain diseases. Oh, what rottenness! But the time is coming when this rottenness and falsehood will be cured."

Several times he emitted his strange noises and sipped his tea. His tea was terribly strong. There was no water at hand to weaken it. I was conscious that the two glasses which I had drunk had greatly excited my nerves. The tea also must have had a great effect on him, because he kept growing more and more excited. His voice kept growing louder and more energetic. He kept changing his position; at one moment he would pick up his hat, then he would put it on again; and his face kept strangely changing in the twilight in which we were sitting.

"Well, that was the way I lived until I was thirty years of age, never for a moment abandoning my intention of getting married and arranging for myself the most lofty and unsullied existence, and with this end in view I looked at every girl who came under observation," he continued. "I was soiled with the rottenness of lewdness, and at the same time I was looking round for a girl who by her purity might meet my demands. Many of them I instantly rejected on the ground that they were not sufficiently pure for me; at last I found

one whom I thought worthy of me. She was one of the two daughters of a man in the government of Penza, who had formerly been very rich, but was at that time ruined. One evening, after we had been somewhere in a boat and were returning home by moonlight, and I was sitting next her and admiring her well-proportioned figure, clad in a jersey, and her curly locks, I suddenly made up my mind that she was the one. It seemed to me that evening that she understood everything I felt and thought, and I thought the most elevated thoughts. In reality it was simply the fact that her jersey was especially becoming to her and so were her curls, and that after I had spent a day in her immediate presence I wanted to be still closer to her.

"It is a marvelous thing how full of illusion is the notion that beauty is an advantage. A beautiful woman says all sorts of foolishness, you listen and you do not hear any foolishness, but what you hear seems to you wisdom itself. She says and does vulgar things, and to you it seems lovely. Even when she does not say stupid or vulgar things, but is simply beautiful, you are convinced that she is miraculously wise and moral.

"I returned home enthusiastic, and resolved that she was high above all moral perfection, and that she was therefore fit to be my wife; and the next day I made my proposal.

"See what an entanglement it was. Out of a thousand married men, not only in our rank, but unfortunately also in the people, there is scarcely one who, like Don Juan, would not have been married already not merely ten times, but even a hundred or a thousand times, before the marriage ceremony.

"It is true there are now, so I hear, and I believe it, some young men who live pure lives, feeling and knowing that this is no joke, but a serious matter.

"God help them! But in my time there was not one such out of ten thousand. And all know this and pretend that they do not know it. In all novels the feelings of the heroes, the ponds, the bushes around which they wander, are described in detail; but though their mighty

love to some particular maiden is described, nothing is said about what the interesting hero was doing before, not a word about his frequenting 'houses of indulgence,' about his relations with chambermaids, cooks, and other women. .... Improper novels of this kind — if there are any — are not put into the hands of those who most of all need to know about these things — that is, young women.

"At first they pretend before young women that this form of dissipation, which fills half of the life of our cities, and of our villages also, does not exist at all.

"Afterward they become so accustomed to this hypocrisy that at last they come actually to believe that all of us are moral men and live in a moral world! Girls, poor things, really believe in this with perfect seriousness.

"Thus did my unhappy wife believe. I remember how, after I became engaged to her, I showed her my diary, in which she might learn as much as she would like, even though it were very little, of my past, and especially regarding the last intrigue in which I had been engaged; for she might hear about this from others, and so I felt it necessary to tell her. I remember her horror, her despair, and disillusionment when she knew it all and realized what it meant. I saw that she was tempted to throw me over then. And why did n't she do it?" ....

He emitted his peculiar sound, took another swallow of tea, and paused.

CHAPTER VI

"No, on the whole it is much better, ever so much better so," he cried. "I deserved it. But that is not the point. I mean that in this business the only persons deceived are the poor unfortunate girls.

"Their mothers certainly know this, their mothers know it as well as any one, because they have been told by their husbands. And they pretend that they believe in the purity of men, though in reality they do not at all. They know by what bait to catch men for themselves

and for their daughters. But you see we men don't know, and we don't know because we don't want to know; but women know perfectly well that the loftiest, and as we call it the most poetic, love depends, not on moral qualities, but on physical proximity and then on the way of doing up the hair, the complexion, the cut of the gown. Ask an experienced coquette who has set herself the task of entrapping a man, which she would prefer to risk: being detected in falsehood, cruelty, even immorality, in the presence of the one whom she is trying to entice, or to appear before him in a badly made or unbecoming gown, — and every time she would choose the first. She knows that man merely lies when he talks about lofty feelings — all he wants is the body — and so he pardons all vulgarities, but he would never pardon an ugly, unbecoming, unfashionable costume.

"The coquette knows this consciously; every innocent girl knows this unconsciously, just as animals know it.

"Hence these abominable jerseys, these tournures, these naked shoulders, arms, and almost bosoms. Women, especially those that have been through the school of marriage, know very well that talk on the highest topics is all talk; but what man wants is the body, and everything which displays it in a deceptive but captivating light, and they act accordingly. If we should once forget that we are accustomed to this indecency which has become second nature, and look at the life of our upper classes as it really is, in all its shamelessness, it would appear like one luxurious 'house of indulgence.'

"Don't you agree with me? Excuse me, I will prove it to you," he repeated, not allowing me a chance to speak.

"You say that the women in our society live for other aims than the women in the 'houses of indulgence,' but I say that it is not so, and I will prove it to you. If people differ by their aims, by the internal contents of their lives, then this difference will be shown, also, externally, and externally they will be different. But look at these unhappy, these despised women, and then on the ladies of our highest social circles; the same decorations, the same fashions, the same perfumes, the same bare shoul-

ders, arms, and bosoms, the same extravagant exhibition of the tournure, the same passion for precious stones, for costly, brilliant things, the same gayeties, dances and music and singing. The methods of allurement used by the ones are used by the others.

CHAPTER VII

"Yes, and I was captured by these jerseys and locks of hair and tournures.

"And it was very easy to capture me, because I had been brought up in those conditions in which young people, like cucumbers under glass, are turned out in love. You see our too abundant and exciting food, coupled with a perfectly idle existence, is nothing else than a systematic incitement to lust. You may be surprised or not, but it is so. I myself have seen nothing of this sort of thing until recently, but now I have seen it. This is the very thing that troubles me, that no one recognizes this, but every one says stupid things like the woman who just got out.

"Yes; not far from where I live some muzhiks were working this spring on the railway. The ordinary fare of the peasantry is meager, — bread, kvas, onions; the muzhik is lively, healthy, and sound. He goes to work on the railway, and his rations consist of kasha and one pound of meat. But in repayment of this he gives back sixteen hours' work, amounting to thirty puds, carried on a wheelbarrow. And it is always so with him.

"But we who eat daily two pounds of meat and game and fish and all kinds of stimulating foods and drinks — how does that go? In sensual excesses. If it goes that way, the safety-valve is open and all is satisfactory; but cut off the safety-valve, — as I kept it covered temporarily, — and immediately there will be an excitement which, coming through the prism of our artificial life, is expressed in a love of the first water, and is sometimes even platonic. And I fell in love as all young men do.

"And everything followed its course: transports and emotions and poetry. In reality, this love of mine was the result, on the one side, of the activity of the mamasha and the dressmakers; on the other, of the superfluity of stimulating food eaten by me in idleness. Had there not been, on the one hand, excursions in boats, had there not been dressmakers with close-fitting gowns, and the like, and had my wife been dressed in some unbecoming capote, and stayed at home, and had I, on the other hand, been a man in normal conditions, eating only as much food as I needed for my work, and had my safety-valve been open, — but then it chanced to be temporarily closed, — I should not have fallen in love, and there would not have been any trouble.

CHAPTER VIII

"Well, so it went on. My rank and fortune and good clothes and excursions in boats did the business. Twenty times it does not succeed, but this time it succeeded like a trap. I am not jesting. You see, nowadays marriages are always arranged like traps. Do you see how natural it is? The girl has arrived at maturity, and must be married. What could be more simple when the girl is not a monster, and there are men who wish to get married? This is the way it used to be done. The girl has reached the right age; her parents arrange a marriage. Thus it has been done, thus it is done throughout the world; among the Chinese, the Hindus, the Mahometans, and among the common Russian people; thus it is managed among at least ninety-nine per cent of the human race. It is only among a small one per cent, among us libertines and debauchees, that this custom has been found to be bad, and we have invented another. Now, what is this new way? It is this: the girls sit round, and the men come as at a bazaar and take their choice. And the girls wait and wonder, and have their own ideas, but they dare not say: 'Batyushka, take me, — no, me —

not her, but me; look, what shoulders and all the rest.'

"And we, the men, walk by and stare at them and are satisfied. 'I know a thing or two, I am not caught.' They go by, they look, they are satisfied that this is all arranged for their special benefit. 'Look, don't get taken in — here 's your chance!'"

"What is to be done, then?" I asked. "You would not have the young women make the offers, would you?"

"Well, I can't exactly say how; only if there is to be equality, then let it be equality. If it is discovered that the system of the go-between [1] is humiliating, still this is a thousand times more so. Then the rights and chances were equal, but in our method the woman is either a slave in a bazaar, or the bait in the trap. You tell any mother or the girl herself the truth, that she is only occupied in husband-catching, — my God, what an insult! But the truth is they do this, and they have nothing else to do. And what is really dreadful is to see poor, and perfectly innocent, young girls engaged in doing this very thing. And again, it would not be so bad if it were only done openly, but it is all deception.

"'Ah, the origin of species, how interesting it is! Ah, Lily is greatly interested in painting.' — And shall you be at the exhibition? How instructive! And the troïka rides and the theater and the symphony. Oh, how remarkable — 'My Lily is crazy over music!' 'And why don't you share these views?' And then the boat rides. And always one thought: — 'Take me, take my Lily. No, me!' 'Just try your luck!' Oh, vileness, oh, falsehood!" he concluded; and, swallowing the last of his tea, proceeded to gather together his cups and utensils.

[1] *Svatovstvo*, whereby in early Russian custom some relative or friend acted as the *svakha*, or match-maker, to arrange the marriage.

CHAPTER IX

"Do you know," he began, while he was packing up his tea and sugar in his bag, "the domination of women, which is the cause of the sufferings of the world, all proceeds from this?"

"How the domination of women?" I asked. "All rights, the majority of rights, belong to men."

"Yes, yes, that is the very thing," he exclaimed, interrupting me. "That is the very thing I wanted to say to you, and that is just what explains the extraordinary phenomenon that on the one side it is perfectly true that woman is reduced to the lowest degree of humiliation; on the other, she is the queen. Just exactly as the Jews, by their pecuniary power, avenge themselves for their humiliation, so it is with women. 'Ah, you want us to be merely merchants; very well, we as merchants will get you under our feet,' say the Jews. 'Ah, you wish us to be merely the objects of sensuality; very well, we as objects of sensual pleasure will make you our slaves,' say the women. A woman's lack of rights does not consist in the fact that she cannot vote or sit as judge, — for rights are not embraced in any such activities, — but in the fact that in sexual intercourse she is not the equal of the man: she must have the right to enjoy the man or to keep him at a distance according to her fancy, she must be able to choose her husband according to her own desire, instead of being the one chosen.

"You say that this would be unbecoming; very good, then let the man cease to have these rights. Now the woman lacks the right which the man possesses. And now, in order to get back this right, she acts on the passions of man; by means of his passions, she subdues him so that, while ostensibly he chooses, she is really the one. And having once got hold of this means, she abuses it, and acquires a terrible power over men."

"Yes, but where is this special power?" I asked.

"Where? Everywhere, in everything. Go in any

large city among the shops. Millions there. You could estimate the amount of human labor expended in them, but in ninety per cent of these shops what will you find intended for men? All the luxury of life is demanded and maintained by women. Reckon up all the factories. The vast proportion of them are manufacturing unprofitable adornments, such as carriages, furniture, trinkets, for women. Millions of men, generations of slaves, perish in the galley-slave work in factories merely for the caprice of women. Women, like tsaritsas, hold as prisoners in slavery and hard labor about ninety per cent of the human race. And all this because they have been kept down, deprived of their equal rights with men. And so they avenge themselves by acting on our passions, by ensnaring us in their nets. Yes, everything comes from that.

"Women have made of themselves such a weapon for attacking the senses of men, that a man cannot with any calmness be in a woman's company. As soon as a man approaches a woman, he falls under the influence of her deviltry, and grows foolish.[1] And there always used to be something awkward and painful, when I saw a lady dressed in a ball-gown; but now it is simply terrible. I regard it as something dangerous for men and contrary to law, and I feel the impulse to call for the police, to summon protection from the peril, to demand that the dangerous object be removed and put out of sight.

"Yes, you are laughing," he cried, "but this is no joke at all. I am convinced that the time is coming and perhaps very soon when men will recognize this and will be amazed that a society could exist in which actions so subversive to social quietude were permitted as those adornments of their body, permitted to women of our circle and meant to appeal to the passions. It is exactly the same as if all kinds of traps should be placed

[1] Literally, "Fall under her *durman*," thorn-apple, stramonium: a word which contains the root *dur*, foolish. The popular question, "*Durmanu chto li tui obyelsa?* — Why have you gormandized on a thorn-apple?" means that you are regarded as crazy. — Tr.

along our promenades and roads — it is worse than that. Why should games of chance be forbidden, and women not be forbidden to dress in a way to appeal to the passions? It is a thousand times more dangerous.

CHAPTER X

"Now, then, you understand me. I was what is called 'in love.' I not only imagined her as absolute perfection, I also imagined myself at the time of my marriage as absolute perfection. You see there is no scoundrel who is not able by searching to find a scoundrel in some respects worse than himself, and who therefore would not find an excuse for pride and self-satisfaction. So it was with me: I was not marrying for money, it was not a question of advantage with me as it was with the majority of my acquaintances, who married either for money or connections: I was rich, she was poor. That is one thing. Another thing which afforded me reason for pride was the fact that, while other men married with the intention of continuing to live in the same polygamy as they had enjoyed up to the time of their marriage, I had firmly resolved to live after my marriage as a monogamist, and my pride had no bounds in consequence of this resolution. Yes, I was a frightful hog, but I imagined that I was an angel!

"The time between my betrothal and my marriage was not very long. But I cannot remember that period of my engagement without shame. How vile it was! You see love is represented as spiritual and not sensual. Well, if it is love, it is spiritual; if it is a spiritual communion, then this spiritual intercourse ought to be expressed in words, in conversations, in colloquies. There was nothing of this. It used to be awfully hard to talk when we were alone together. What a labor of Sisyphus it used to be! No sooner had we thought of something to say and said it, than we would have to be silent and it would be necessary to think of something else. There was nothing to talk about. Everything

that might be said of the life awaiting us, our arrangements, our plans, had been said, and what was there more? You see, if we had been animals then we should have known that it was not expected of us to talk; but here, on the contrary, it was necessary to talk, but there was nothing to say because what really interested us could not be expressed in words.

"And, moreover, there was that abominable custom of eating bonbons, that coarse gluttony, that gormandizing on sweets, and all those vile preparations for marriage; discussions about rooms, apartments, beds, night-gowns, khalats, linen, and toilets. Now you will admit that, if marriages were arranged in accordance with the 'Domostroï,' as that old man said, then the cushions, the dowry, the bed, and all that sort of thing would be merely particulars corresponding with the sacrament. But among us, when out of ten men who go to the altar probably scarcely nine believe, not merely in the sacrament, but do not even believe that what they are doing is anything binding; when out of a hundred men there is scarcely one who has not been practically married before, and out of fifty not more than one who is not ready to deceive his wife on any convenient pretext; when the majority regard the going to the church as merely a special condition for the possession of a certain woman, — think what a terrible significance, in view of all this, all these details must have! It comes to be something in the nature of a sale. They sell the libertine the innocent girl, and they surround the sale with certain formalities.

CHAPTER XI

"That is the way all get married, and that is the way I got married, and the much-vaunted honeymoon began. What a vile name that is in itself!" he hissed spitefully. "I was making a tour of all the sights of Paris, and I went in to see the bearded woman and a water-dog. It seemed that the one was only a man *décolleté*, in a

woman's gown, and the other was a dog fastened into a walrus-skin and swimming in a bath-tub full of water. The whole thing was very far from interesting; but when I left the place the showman conducted me out very obsequiously, and, addressing the public collected around the entrance, he pointed to me, and said: —

"'Here, ask this gentleman if it is not worth looking at. Come in, come in, one franc apiece.'

"I was ashamed to say that it was not worth looking at, and the showman evidently counted on that. So is it, undoubtedly, with those that have experienced all the vileness of the honeymoon, and do not dispel the illusions of others. I also refrained from dispelling any one's illusions. But now I do not see why one should not tell the truth. It even seems to me that it is essential to tell the truth about this. It was awkward, shameful, vile, pitiable, and, above all, it was wearisome, unspeakably wearisome. It was something analogous to what I experienced when I was learning to smoke, when I was sick at my stomach and salivated, and I swallowed it down and pretended that it was very pleasant. Just as from that, the delights of marriage, if there are any, will be subsequent; the husband must educate his wife in this vice, in order to procure any pleasure from it."

"Vice? What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, you are talking about one of the most natural of human functions!"

"Natural?" he exclaimed. "Natural? No, I will tell you that I have come to the conviction that it is not natural. Nay, it is perfectly unnatural. Ask children, ask an innocent young girl.

"You said 'natural.'

"It is natural to eat. And it is agreeable, easy, and jolly, and not at all shameful, to eat; but this is vile and shameful and painful. No, it is not natural. And the pure maiden, I am convinced, will always hate it."

"But how," I asked, "how would the human race be perpetuated?"

"Well, why should not the human race perish?" he asked, with a touch of savage irony, as if he were expect-

ing this unfair reply, as if he had heard it before. "Preach abstinence from procreation in the name of making it always possible for English lords to gormandize, and it will go! Preach abstinence from procreation in the name of giving a greater pleasure, it will go! But try to persuade people to refrain from procreation in the name of morality — ye fathers![1] what an outcry! The human race would not be extinguished, because an attempt was made to keep men from being swine. However, excuse me! this light is disagreeable to me; may I shade it?" he asked, pointing to the lamp.

I said that it was immaterial to me, and then — hastily, as in everything he did — he got up on the seat, and pulled down the woolen shade to the lamp.

"Nevertheless," said I, "if all men should adopt this for a law, the human race would be annihilated."

He did not immediately reply.

"You ask: 'How would the human race be perpetuated?'" said he, again taking his seat opposite me, and spreading his legs wide apart, and resting his elbows on his knees. "Why should it be continued — this human race of ours?" he exclaimed.

"Why do you ask such a question? Otherwise there would be no more of us."

"Well, why should there be?"

"What a question — why, to live, of course."

"But why should we live? If here is no other aim, if life was given only to perpetuate life, then there is no reason why we should live. And if this is so, then the Schopenhauers and Hartmanns, and all the Buddhists as well, are perfectly right. Now, if there is a purpose in life, then it is clear that life ought to come to an end when that purpose is attained. This is the logic of it," said he, with evident agitation, and seeming to set a high value on his thought. "This is the logic of it. Observe: if the aim of mankind is happiness, goodness, love if you prefer; if the aim of mankind is what is said in the prophecies that all men are to unite themselves in universal love, that the spears are to be

[1] *Batyushki!*

beaten into pruning-hooks and the like, then what stands in the way of the attainment of this aim? Human passions do! Of all passions, the most powerful and vicious and obstinate is sexual, carnal love; and so if passions are annihilated and with them the last and most powerful, carnal love, then the prophecy will be fulfilled, men will be united together, the aim of mankind will have been attained, and there would be no longer any reason for existence. As long as humanity exists, this ideal will be before it, and of course this is not the ideal of rabbits or of pigs, which is to propagate as rapidly as possible, and it is not the ideal of monkeys or of Parisians, which is to enjoy all the refinements of sexual passion, but it is the ideal of goodness attained by self-restraint and chastity. Toward this men are now striving, and always have striven. And see what results.

"It results that sexual love is the safety-valve. If the human race does not as yet attain this aim, it is simply because there are passions, and the strongest of them the sexual. But since there is sexual passion, a new generation comes along, and of course there is always the possibility that the aim may be attained by some succeeding generation. But as long as it is not attained, then there will be other generations until the aim is attained, until the prophecies are fulfilled, until all men are joined in unity. And then what would be the result?

"If it be granted that God created men for the attainment of a certain end, then He must have created them mortal, without sexual passion, or immortal. If they were mortal, but without sexual passion, then what would be the result? — this: that they would live without attaining their aim, and then would die, so that, to attain the aim, God would have to create new men. But if they were immortal, then let us suppose — although it is harder for those men to correct mistakes and approach perfection than it is for the new generations — let us suppose, I say, that they reached their goal after many thousand years; but then, why should they? What good would the rest of their lives be to them? It is better as it is! ....

"But perhaps you do not approve this form of expres-

sion, perhaps you are an evolutionist. Even then it comes to the same thing. The highest genus of animals, men, in order to get the advantage in the conflict with other creatures, must band together, like a hive of bees, and not propagate irregularly; must also, like the bees, nourish the sexless ones; in other words, must struggle toward continence, and never allow the kindling of the carnal lusts to which the whole arrangement of our life is directed."

He paused.

"Will the human race come to an end? Can any one who looks at the world as it is have the slightest doubt of it? Why, it is just as certain as death is certain. We find the end of the world inculcated in all the teachings of the Church, and in all the teachings of Science it is likewise shown to be inevitable.

CHAPTER XII

"In our society it is just exactly reversed: if a man has felt it incumbent on him to be continent during his bachelorhood, then always after he is married he feels it no longer necessary to restrain himself. You see, the wedding journeys, this retirement to solitude which young people with the sanction of their parents practise, are nothing else than a sanction for lewdness. But the moral law when it is broken brings its own punishment.

"In spite of all my endeavors to make my honeymoon a success, it was a failure. The whole time was merely vile, shameful, and tiresome. But very soon it became also painfully oppressive. This state of things began almost at the first. I think it was on the third or fourth day, I found my wife depressed, and I began to inquire what was the matter, began to put my arms around her, which I supposed was all she could possibly desire; but she pushed away my arm and burst into tears.

"What was it? She could not tell me. But she

was depressed and down-hearted. Probably her highly wrought nerves whispered to her the truth as to the ignominy of our relations, but she could not tell me. I began to question her; she said something about being homesick for her mother. It seemed to me that this was not the truth. I tried to console her, but said nothing about her mother. I did not realize that she was simply bored, and that her mother was merely a pretext.

"But she immediately complained because I said nothing about her mother, as if I did not believe her. She told me that she could see I did not love her. I accused her of caprice, and immediately her face changed; in place of melancholy appeared exasperation, and she began in the bitterest terms to charge me with egotism and cruelty.

"I looked at her. Her whole face expressed the utmost coldness and hostility, almost hatred of me. I remember how alarmed I was on seeing this.

"'How is this? What does it mean?' I asked myself; 'love is the union of souls, and instead of this what have we here? Why, it cannot be, this is not she.'

"I did my best to soothe her, but I came up against such an insuperable wall of cold, venomous hostility that, before I had time to think, something like exasperation took possession of me also, and we said to each other a quantity of disagreeable words. The impression of this first quarrel was horrible. I called it a quarrel, but it was not a quarrel; it was really only the discovery of the gulf which was in reality between us. Our passionate love had worn itself out in the satisfaction of the senses, and therefore we remained facing each other as we really were, in other words, two egotists alien to each other, desirous each of getting the greatest possible pleasure out of the other!

"I called what took place between us a quarrel, but it was not a quarrel; it was only the consequence of the cessation of our sensuality, disclosing our actual relation to each other. I did not realize that this cold and hostile relationship was our normal relation. I did not understand this because this hostility, in the first

weeks of our marriage, was very quickly hidden again from us by the rising of a newly distilled sensuality, that is to say, passionate love.

"And so I thought that we had quarreled and become reconciled, and that this would be the end of it. But in the very first month, during our honeymoon, very quickly came another period of satiety, and again we ceased to be necessary to each other, and another quarrel ensued. The second quarrel surprised me even more than the first. I said to myself: —

"'Of course the first could not have been the result of chance, but had to be the result of necessity, and so with this, and there will be others.'

"The second quarrel surprised me the more because it proceeded from the most trivial cause — something pecuniary; but I never grudged money, and certainly could never have grudged any to my wife. I only remember that she made some remark of mine seem to be the expression of my desire to control her through money to which I claimed an exclusive right — something impossible, stupid, cowardly, and natural neither to her nor to me.

"I grew angry, and began to reproach her for her lack of delicacy; she returned the charge, and so it went on as before. And I perceived in her words, and in the expression of her face and her eyes, the same harsh, cold hostility as had surprised me the first time. I remember having quarreled with my brother, my friend, even my father; but never did there arise between us such a peculiar venomous anger as was manifested now. But after a short time our mutual reciprocal hatred concealed itself again under our passionate love, that is, our sensuality, and I once more cherished the notion that these two quarrels had been mistakes which might be rectified.

"But when the third and the fourth quarrel ensued, I came to believe that it was not a mere chance, but that it had to be, and that it would still be so, and I was horror-struck at what was before me. In this connection I was tormented by the horrible idea that I was the only person who had this misfortune, and that no other

couple had any such experiences as I was having with my wife. I had not then found out that this is a common lot — that all men think, just as I did, that it is a misfortune exclusively peculiar to them, and so conceal this exclusive and shameful misfortune, not only from others but also from themselves, and are unwilling to acknowledge it.

"It began with us at the very first and kept on all the time, and grew more severe and more bitter. In the depths of my soul I from the very first felt that I was lost, that marriage had not turned out at all as I had expected, that it was not only not a happiness, but was something very oppressive; but, like all other men, I was not willing to acknowledge this — and I should not acknowledge it even now, had it not been for the sequel — and I concealed it not only from others, but even from myself.

"Now I am amazed that I did not recognize my real position. It might have been seen in the fact that our quarrels sprang from causes so trivial that afterward, when they were ended, it was impossible to remember what brought them about. Reason was not quick enough to sophisticate sufficient pretexts for the hostility that constantly existed between us.

"But still more amazing was the insufficiency of the pretexts for reconciliation. Occasionally it was a word, or an explanation, even tears, but sometimes .... oh, how shameful it is to remember it now! after the bitterest words exchanged, suddenly would come silence, glances, smiles, kisses, embraces! .... Fu! abomination. Why was it that I failed to see all the vileness of this even then?" ....

CHAPTER XIII

Two passengers entered and began to settle themselves at the end of the carriage. He ceased speaking while they were taking their places, but as soon as they became quiet he went on with his story, never for an instant losing the thread of his thoughts.

"What is chiefly vile about this," he went on to say, "is that it is taken for granted in theory that love is something ideal and elevated; whereas, in practice, love is something low and swinish, which it is shameful and disgusting to speak of or remember. You see, it was not without reason that nature made it shameful and disgusting. But if it is shameful and disgusting, then it ought to be so much the more to be made known. But with us, on the contrary, people pretend that what is low and shameful and disgusting is beautiful and elevated.

"What were the first symptoms of my love? Why, these — that I gave myself up to animal excesses, not only not feeling any shame at it, but feeling a certain pride at the possibility of these animal excesses, not thinking either of her spiritual life or even of her physical life. I wondered what was the cause of our animosity to each other, but the thing was perfectly clear: this animosity was nothing else than the protest of human nature against the animal which was crushing it. I was amazed at our hatred of each other. But you see it could not have been otherwise. This hatred was nothing else than identical with the hatred felt by the accomplices in a crime, both for the instigation and for the accomplishment of the deed. What else was it than a crime, when she, poor thing, became pregnant within the first month and our swinish relations continued.

"You think that I am wandering from my story? Not at all. I am all the time relating to you *how* I killed my wife. .... At my trial I was asked why and how I killed her. .... Fools! they think that I killed her with a dagger on the seventeenth of October. I did not kill her then, but long before. In exactly the same way they are all killing their wives now, all, all." ....

"How so?" I asked.

"It is something amazing that no one wishes to know what is so clear and evident — what doctors ought to know and to proclaim, but they hold their tongues. You see, it is really awfully simple! Men and women are like animals, and they are so created that after sexual

union pregnancy begins, then suckling — a condition of things during which sexual union is dangerous both for the woman and for the child. The number of women and of men is about even: what does that signify? Of course it is clear. It does not require great wisdom to draw from these things the conclusion which animals also draw — that continence is necessary. But no! Science has gone so far as to discover certain corpuscles which run about in the blood, and all sorts of useless stupidities, but it cannot comprehend this yet. At least it is not rumored about that Science is saying this.

"And now for women there are only two methods of escape: one is by making monsters of themselves, by destroying or annihilating in themselves, according to the requirements of the case, the faculty of being women, that is to say, mothers, so that men may have no interruption of their enjoyment. The second escape is not an escape at all, but a simple, brutal, direct violation of the laws of nature. Such is constantly taking place in all so-called virtuous families, and it is this: the woman, in direct opposition to her nature, is obliged while bearing and nursing a child to be at the same time her husband's mistress, is obliged to be what no other animal ever permits. And she can't have the strength for it.

"Hence in our social sphere hysteria and nerves, and among the people women possessed. You have observed among girls, pure girls I mean, there is no such thing as 'possession'; it is only among peasant women and among women who live with their husbands. So it is with us. And it is exactly the same in Europe. All the hospitals are full of hysterical women, who have broken the laws of nature. And these possessed women and the patients of Charcot are perfect cripples, and the world is full of half-crippled women. Only to think, what a mighty thing is taking place in a woman when she has conceived, or when she is nursing a baby. That which is growing is to continue ourselves, is to take our place. And this holy function is violated — for what? It is terrible to think about it. And yet they talk about

the freedom, the rights, of women! It is just the same as if cannibals should feed up their prisoners for food, and at the same time talk, assert, that they were working for their freedom and rights."

All this was new, and surprised me.

"But what would you do?" I exclaimed. "If this came about, then a husband could have intercourse with his wife only once in two years; but a man ...."

"Yes, yes, a man must have it," said he, taking the words out of my mouth. "Again, the priests of Science support you in your views. Suggest to a man that vodka, tobacco, opium, are indispensable to him, and all that sort of thing will become indispensable to him. It means that God did not understand what was needful, and that therefore, as He did not ask advice of the magi, he arranged things badly. Pray observe, the thing does not hang together. It is needful, it is indispensable, for a man to satisfy his carnal desires — so they decide; but here comes in the question of conception and nursing babies, which prevents the satisfaction of this necessity. How is the difficulty to be overcome? How manage it? Why! go to the magi; they will arrange it. They have thought it all out. Oh! when shall these magi be dethroned from their deceptions? It is time! You see how far things have already gone; men become mad and shoot themselves, and all from this one cause. And how could it be otherwise? Animals seem to know that their progeny perpetuate their kind, and they observe a certain law in this respect. Only man has not the wisdom to know this, and does not wish to know it. All he cares for is to have the greatest possible pleasure. And who is he? he is the tsar of nature, he is man!

"Pray observe, animals enjoy intercourse only when there is to be progeny, but the vile tsar of nature does it only for pleasure's sake, and at any time; and, moreover, he idealizes this monkey-like business, and calls it the pearl of creation, love! And in the name of this love, that is to say, this vileness, he destroys — what? one-half of the human race! In the name of his grati-

fications he makes of all women, who ought to be his coadjutors in the progress of humanity toward truth and happiness, enemies instead! Look around and tell me who everywhere acts as a hindrance to the progress of humanity — women. And what makes them so? Nothing but this!

"Yes, yes," he repeated several times, and he began to shift his position, to get out his cigarettes and to smoke, evidently desiring to calm himself a little.

CHAPTER XIV

"Thus I lived like a pig," he continued, in his former tone. "The worst of it was that, while I was living this vile life, I imagined that because I did not commit adultery with other women, therefore I was leading a perfectly virtuous family life, that I was a moral man, that I was in no manner to blame, but that if we had our quarrels she was to blame — her character!

"She was not to blame, of course. She was like all other women, like the majority. She had been educated in the way demanded by the position of women in our circle, and therefore as all women, without exception, belonging to the leisurely classes are educated and as they have to be educated.

"They talk nowadays about some new-fangled method of female education. All idle words: the training of women is exactly what it must be in view of the existent, sincere, and genuine notion of women universally held.

"And the education of women will always correspond to the notion of her held by men. Now we all know what that is, how men look on women: *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, and so it goes in the verses of the poets. Take all poetry, all painting, all sculpture, beginning with erotic verse and naked Venuses and Phrynes, and you will see that woman is an instrument of pleasure; such she is at Truba and at Grachevka and at the finest ball. And mark the devil's subtlety:

pleasure, satisfaction .... then let it be understood that it is merely pleasure, that woman is a sweet morsel. In the early days, knights boasted that they made divinities of women — apotheosized them, and at the same time they looked on them as the instruments of their pleasure. But nowadays men declare that they respect women, some relinquish their places to them, or pick up their handkerchiefs, others admit their rights to occupy all responsibilities, to take part in government and the like. They do all this, but their view of them is always the same, she is still the instrument of enjoyment, her body is the means of enjoyment. And she knows all that. It is just the same as slavery.

"Slavery is nothing else than the enjoyment by the few of the compulsory labor of the many. And in order that slavery may come to an end, people must cease desiring to take advantage of the compulsory labor of others, must consider it sinful or shameful. But while they take away, while they abolish, the external form of slavery, while they so arrange it that it is no longer possible to buy and sell slaves in the market, and they believe and persuade themselves that slavery is abolished, they do not see and they do not wish to see that slavery still exists, for the reason that people, just the same as ever, like to profit by the labors of others, and consider it fair and honorable to do so. And as long as they consider this to be fair, there will always be men who will be stronger and keener than others, and will be able to do so.

"So it is with the emancipation of women. The slavery of woman consists in precisely this, that men desire to take advantage of her as an instrument of enjoyment, and consider it right to do so.

"Well, and now they emancipate woman, they give her all rights the same as to men, but they still continue to look on her as an instrument of enjoyment, and so they educate her with this end in view, both in childhood and by public opinion. But all the time she is just the same kind of a dissolute slave as before, and her husband is just the same kind of a dissolute slave-owner.

"They emancipate women in the colleges and in the law courts, but they look on her still as an object of enjoyment. Train her as she is trained among us, to regard herself in this light, and she will always remain a lower creature. Either she will, with the assistance of villainous doctors, prevent the birth of her offspring, — in other words, she will be a kind of prostitute, degrading herself, not to the level of a beast, but to the level of a thing; or she will be what she is, in the majority of cases, heart-sick, hysterical, unhappy, without the possibility of spiritual development.

"Gymnasia and universities cannot change this. It can be changed only by a change in the way men regard women, and the way women regard themselves. It can be changed only by woman coming to regard virginity as the highest condition, and not as it is now regarded, as a reproach and disgrace. Until this comes about, the ideal of every girl, whatever her education, will still remain that of attracting to herself as many men as possible, as many males as she can, in order that she may have a possibility of choice.

"The fact that one girl understands mathematics, and another can play on the harp, does not change this in the least. A woman is fortunate and attains all that she can desire when she obtains a husband, and therefore the chief task of woman is to learn how to bewitch him. So it has been, and so it will be. Just as this was characteristic of the maiden's life in our circle, so it continues to be even after she is married. In the maiden's life this was necessary for a choice; in the married woman's life it is needed for her ascendancy over her husband.

"The only thing which destroys this — curtails it for the time being — is the birth of children, and this is when she is not a monster; in other words, when she nurses her children. But here again the doctors interfere. In the case of my wife, although she wanted to suckle her first baby, and though she suckled the next five, the state of her health seemed precarious, and these doctors, who cynically undressed her and felt of

her all over, — for which service I was obliged to be grateful to them and to pay money, — these gentle doctors found that she ought not to nurse her child; and so she, this first time, was deprived of the sole means of saving herself from coquetry. She hired a wet-nurse; in other words, we took advantage of the poverty, needs, ignorance of another woman, decoyed her away from her own child to ours, and, in payment for this, gave her a head-dress with laces. But that is not the point. The point is that during this period of emancipation from bearing and nursing babies, the female coquetry, which had hitherto lain dormant, manifested itself in her with greater strength, while correspondingly in me there appeared with especial violence the pangs of jealousy, which unceasingly tore me during all my married life, as they cannot fail to tear all husbands who live with their wives as I lived with mine — that is to say, unnaturally.

CHAPTER XV

"During the whole course of my married life I never ceased to experience the pangs of jealousy, but there were periods when I suffered from them with especial acuteness; and one of these periods was after the birth of my first child, when the doctors forbade her to suckle it. I was especially jealous at this time; in the first place, because my wife suffered from that uneasiness characteristic of mothers, which is calculated to make an unreasonable interruption of the regular course of life; secondly, because when I saw how easily she renounced the moral responsibilities of a mother I naturally, even though unconsciously, concluded that it would be equally easy for her to renounce the duties of a wife; the more so because she was perfectly healthy, and, notwithstanding the prohibition of the dear doctors, she nursed the other children, and nursed them excellently."

"But you don't seem to like doctors?" said I, for I

had noticed a particularly bitter tone in his voice every time he mentioned them.

"This is not a matter of love or of hate. They ruined my life, as they have ruined, and will still continue to ruin, the lives of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of people; and I cannot help connecting cause and effect. I understand that they, like lawyers and others, must earn money to live on, and I would willingly give them a half of my income; and, if it were only realized what they were doing, every one else would also, I am convinced, give a half of his property on condition that they would not meddle with our family lives, and would never come near us. I have never collected any statistics, still I know of a dozen cases — a multitude of them — in which they have killed the unborn child, declaring that the mother would not live if the child were born; and yet afterward the mother was admirably fortunate in childbearing; and again they have killed the mother under the pretext of some operation or other. You see, no one reckons up these murders, just as no one ever reckoned the murders of the Inquisition, because it has been supposed that this was done for the benefit of humanity. It is impossible to count the crimes committed by them. But all these crimes are nothing compared to the moral corruption of materialism which they introduced into the world, especially through women.

"I say nothing about the fact that, if we should follow their prescription, then, thanks to the infection everywhere, in everything, people would have to separate instead of drawing closer together; they would have, according to the teachings of the doctors, to sit apart, and never let the atomizer, with carbolic acid, out of their mouths. .... Lately, however, they have discovered that even this is of no special use.

"But this is not to the point. The principal poison lies in the demoralization of the people, women especially.

"To-day, it is no longer enough to say, 'You are living a bad life; live better.' You can't say that to yourself or to another man. But if you are living a bad life, then the cause for it lies in the abnormal state of the ner-

vous functions, and the like. And you have to consult the doctors, and they prescribe for thirty-five kopeks' worth of medicine at the apothecaries, and you take it.

"You will grow even worse, then have to take new drugs and consult other doctors. An excellent dodge!

"But that is not to the point. I only say that she suckled the children admirably, and that the only thing that saved me from the pangs of jealousy was her bearing and nursing her children.

"If it had not been for that, the inevitable end would have come about earlier.

"The children saved me and her. During eight years she gave birth to five children, and all except the first she nursed herself."

"Where are your children now?" I asked.

"My children?" he repeated, with a startled look.

"Forgive me! perhaps this question caused you painful memories."

"No, it 's of no consequence. My sister-in-law and her brother took charge of my children. They would not give them to me. You see I am a kind of insane man. I am going away from them now. I have seen them, but they won't give them to me. For if they did, I should educate them so that they should not be like their parents. But it is necessary that they should be the same. Well, what is to be done? I can understand why they should not give them to me, or trust me. And besides, I don't know as I should have the strength to bring them up. I think not. I am a ruin, a cripple! One thing I have.... I know. Yes, it is manifest that I know what it will be a long time before the rest of the world know.

"Yes, my children are alive, and are growing up to be just such savages as all the rest around them are. I have seen them — three times I have seen them. I can't do anything for them — not a thing. I am going now to my own place in the south; I have a little house and a little garden there.

"Yes, it will not be soon that people will know what I know. It will soon be easy to find out how much iron

and what other metals there are in the sun and the stars; but what shall cure our swinishness, that is hard, awfully hard!

"You have listened to me, and even for that I am grateful.

CHAPTER XVI

"You just mentioned the children. There, again, what terrible lying goes on concerning children. Children are a divine benediction. Children are a delight. Now this is all a lie. All this used to be so, but now there is nothing of the sort, nothing at all. Children are a torment, and that is all. The majority of mothers feel so, and some of them do not hesitate to say so, up and down. Ask the greater number of the mothers of our circle, — people of means, — and they will tell you that from terror lest their children should sicken and die they do not wish to have children; if they are born, they do not wish to suckle them, lest they should grow too much attached to them and cause them sorrow. The delight which the child affords them by its beauty, its tiny little arms, its little feet, its whole body, — the satisfaction afforded is less than the agony of apprehension which they experience, I do not say from illness or the loss of the child, but from the mere apprehension of the possibility of illnesses and death. Having weighed the advantages and disadvantages, it seems to be disadvantageous, and therefore that it is not desirable, to have children. They say this openly, boldly, imagining that these sentiments grow out of their love to their children, good, praiseworthy feelings in which they take pride. They do not notice this: that by this reasoning they directly renounce love and assert their egoism. For them there is less pleasure from the charm of a child than suffering from apprehension for it, and therefore they don't desire a child which they would come to love. They do not sacrifice themselves for the beloved creature, but they sacrifice for themselves the beloved creature that is to be.

"It is clear that this is not love, but egoism. But it is not for me to criticize these mothers of well-to-do families for their egoism, when you think of all they endure from the health of their children in our modern fashionable life, thanks again to these same doctors. How well I remember even now our life and the conditions of our life during the first period of our marriage, when we had three or four young children, and she was absorbed with them! It fills me even now with horror.

"It was no kind of a life. It was a perpetual peril, rescue from it followed by new peril; then new and desperate endeavors, and then a new rescue — all the time as if we were on board a sinking ship. It sometimes seemed to me that this was done on purpose; that she was pretending to be troubled about her children so as to get the upper hand of me, so alluringly, so simply all questions were decided for her advantage. It seemed to me sometimes that all that she said and did in these circumstances was done on purpose. But no, she herself suffered terribly and kept tormenting herself about the children, and about the care of their health and about their illnesses. It was a torture for her and for me also. And it was impossible for her not to torment herself.

"You see her attachment to her children, — the animal instinct to nurse them, to fondle them, to protect them was in her as it is in the majority of women; but she had not what animals have — a freedom from imagination and reason. The hen has no fear of what may befall her chick, she knows nothing about the diseases which may come upon it, knows nothing of all those remedies which men imagine they can employ to keep away sickness and death. And for the hen the young ones are no torment. She does for her chicks what is natural and pleasant for her to do, and her young are a delight to her. When the chicken shows signs of sickness her duties are distinctly determined: she warms and nourishes it. And in doing this she knows that she is doing her duty. If the chicken dies, she does not ask herself why it died, where it has gone to, she cackles for a while, then stops and goes on living as before.

"But for our unhappy women and for my wife there was nothing of the kind. Then, besides the question of diseases and how to cure them, of how to educate them, how to develop them, she had heard from all sides and had read endlessly varied and contradictory rules: you must feed it this way, no not this way, but so; how to dress it, what to give it to drink, when to bathe it, when to put it to sleep, when to take it out to walk, ventilation, — in regard to all this, we — and she especially — learned new rules every week. Just as if children began to be born only yesterday! Why! some child was not fed quite properly, or was n't bathed at the right time, and it fell ill, and it showed that we were to blame — that we had not done what we should have done. Even when children are well, they are a torment. But when they fall ill, why then, of course, it is a perfect hell. It is presupposed that sickness may be cured and that there is such a science and there are such men — doctors, and that they know. Not that all know, but that the best of them do. And here is a sick child and it is requisite to get hold of this man, the very best of his profession, who can cure, and the child is saved; and if you don't get hold of this doctor, or if you don't live where this doctor lives, then the child is lost. And this belief was not exclusively confined to my wife, but it is the belief of all the women of her sphere, and on all sides she hears such talk as this:—

"'Two of Yekaterina Semyonovna's children died because they did not call Ivan Zakharuitch in time, but Ivan Zakharuitch saved the life of Marya Ivanovna's oldest daughter; and here the Petrovitch children were sent in time to different hotels by this doctor's advice, and so their lives were saved; but those that had not been isolated, died. And such and such a woman had a feeble child, and by the doctor's advice they took it South, and it lived. ....'

"How can one fail to torment oneself and grow excited all one's life long, when the life of her children, to whom she is devotedly attached, depends on her knowing in time what Ivan Zakharuitch will say about it?

But no one knows what Ivan Zakharuitch will say — least of all himself, because he knows very well that he knows nothing at all and cannot give any help, and he only tergiversates at haphazard merely in order that people may not cease to believe in his knowledge.

"You see, if she had been simply an animal, she would not have tormented herself so; while if she had been a normal human being, then she would have had faith in God, she would have thought and spoken as true believers say: —

"'God gave and God has taken and one can't escape from God.'

"So our whole life with our children was no joy but a torment for her, and, therefore, for me also. How could we help tormenting ourselves? And she constantly did torment herself. It used to be that just as we were calming down from any scene of jealousy or a simple quarrel, and were planning to begin a new life, to read something and to do something, and had only got fairly started, word would suddenly be brought that Vasya was vomiting, that Masha had the dysentery, or that Andryusha had a rash — and the end of it was that we had no kind of a life. Where should we send, what doctor should we get, in which room should we isolate the patient? And then began klysters, the taking of temperatures, the medicines, and the doctors. And this would scarcely be done with before something else would begin. There was no regular family life. But, as I have told you, there was a constant apprehension from real or fancied dangers. And that is the way it is in most families. In my family it was especially pronounced. My wife was affectionate and superstitious.

"Thus it was that the presence of children not only did not improve our life, but poisoned it. Moreover, the children gave us a new pretext for quarreling. From the time we began to have children, and the more in proportion as they grew up, the more frequently our children became the very means and object of our quarrels, not only the subject, but the very instrument

of dissension; we, as it were, fought each other with our own children as weapons. Each of us had his own favorite child as a weapon of attack. I made more use of Vasya the eldest, and she of Liza. Later, when the children had begun to grow up, and their characters formed, it came about that they took sides with us according as we were able to attract them. They suffered terribly from this state of affairs, poor little things, but we in our incessant warfare had no time to think of them. The little girl was my special ally; the oldest boy, who resembled his mother and was her favorite, often seemed hateful to me.

CHAPTER XVII

"Well, thus we lived. Our relations grew more and more hostile, and at last it went so far that difference of views no longer produced enmity, but that enmity produced difference of views. Whatever she said I was ready in advance to disagree with her, and so it was with her.

"In the fourth year it was fairly admitted by both of us, though tacitly, that we could not understand each other — that we could not agree. We ceased to make any attempt to talk anything over to the end. In regard to the simplest things, especially the children, we each kept our own opinion unchangeably. As I now remember, the opinions which I advocated were not so precious in my sight that I could not give them up; but she had opposing notions, and to yield to them meant to yield to her. And this I could not do. Nor could she yield to me. She evidently counted herself always perfectly right toward me, and as for me, I was always a saint in my own eyes compared to her. When we were together we were almost reduced to silence, or to such conversations as I am convinced the beasts may carry on together: — 'What time is it?' — 'Is it bedtime?' — 'What will you have for dinner to-day?' — 'Where will you

drive?' — 'What is the news?' — 'We must send for the doctor; Masha has a sore throat.'

"It required only to step a hair's width beyond this unendurably narrowing circle of conventional sentences in order to inspire a dissension, — skirmishes and expressions of hatred regarding the coffee, the table-cloth, the drive, the course of the game at whist, — in fact, over trifles which could not have had the slightest importance for either of us. In me, at least, hatred of her boiled terribly. I often looked at her when she was drinking tea, waving her foot, or conveying her spoon to her mouth, sipping from it and swallowing the liquid, and I hated her for this very trifle as if it were the worst of crimes. I did not notice that these periods broke out in me with perfect regularity and uniformity, corresponding to the periods of what we called 'love.' A period of 'love' — then a period of hatred; an energetic period of passion, then a long period of hatred; a feebler manifestation of passion, then a briefer outbreak of hatred.

"We did not then comprehend that this love and hatred were one and the same animal passion, only with opposite poles. It would have been horrible to live in this way if we had realized our situation; but we did not realize it and did not see it. In this lie the salvation as well as the punishment of a man is that when he is living irregularly he may blind himself so as not to see the wretchedness of his situation.

"Thus it was with us. She endeavored to forget herself in strenuous and ever absorbing occupations, — her housekeeping, the arrangement of the furniture, dressing herself and the family, and the education and health of the children. I had my own affairs to attend to, — drinking, hunting, playing cards, going to my office. We were both busy all the time. We both felt that the busier we were the more annoyed we might be with each other.

"'It is very well for you to make up such grimaces,' I would think, mentally addressing her. 'How you tormented me all night with your scenes. But I have a meeting to attend.'

"'It is all very well for you,' she would not only think, but even say aloud, 'but the baby kept me awake all night long.'

"These new theories of hypnotism, mental diseases, hysteria, are all an absurdity — not a simple absurdity, but a vile and pernicious one. In regard to my wife, Charcot would have infallibly said that she was a victim of hysteria, and he would have said of me that I was abnormal, and probably he would have tried to cure us. But there was no disease to cure.

"Thus we lived in a continual mist, not cognizant of the situation in which we found ourselves. And if the catastrophy which overtook us had not occurred, I should have continued to live on till old age in the same way, and on my death-bed I should have even thought that I had lived a good life, — not remarkably good, but not at all a bad life, — like that of all other men. I should never have understood that abyss of unhappiness and that abominable falsehood in which I was floundering.

"We were like two convicts, fastened to one chain and hating each other, each poisoning the life of the other and striving not to recognize the fact. I did not then realize that ninety-nine per cent of married people live in the same hell as mine, and that it must infallibly be so. I did not then realize that it was true of others or true of myself.

"It is amazing what coincidences may be found in a regular and even in an irregular life. Thus when parents are beginning to find that they are making each other's lives unendurable, it becomes imperative that they go to the city for the better education of their children. And so it was we found it necessary to move to the city."

He stopped speaking, and twice gave vent to those strange sounds which this time were quite like repressed sobs. We were approaching a station.

"What time is it?" he asked.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock.

"Are n't you tired?" he asked.

"No; but are you not tired?"

"I am suffocating. Permit me, I will go out and get a drink of water."

And he got up and went staggering through the carriage.

I sat alone, cogitating over what he had told me, and I fell into such a brown study that I did not notice him when he returned through the other door.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Yes, I all the time wander from my story," he began; "I have pondered over it a good deal. I look on many things in a different way from what most do, and I want to talk it all out.

"Well, we began to live in the city. There a man may live a century and never dream that he has long ago died and rotted. One has no time to study himself — his time is wholly occupied: business, social relations, his health, art, the health of his children, and their education. Now he must receive calls from such and such people and must return them; now he must see this woman and hear some famous man or woman talk. You see, at any given moment there will be in the city surely one celebrity, and generally several, whom it is impossible for you to miss. Now you have to consult a doctor for yourself or for this one or that, then you have to see one of the tutors or the governess, and life is frittered away. Well, so it was we lived and suffered less from our life together. Moreover, we had at first the charming occupation of getting settled in a new city, in new quarters, and then again in traveling back and forth between the city and the country.

"Thus we lived one winter, and during the second winter the circumstance which I am going to relate took place, and though it seemed a trifling thing and attracted no attention, still it brought about all that succeeded.

"She became delicate in health, and the doctors for

bade her to have any more children, and they taught her how to prevent it. This was repulsive to me. I had no patience with such an idea, but she with frivolous obstinacy insisted on having her own way, and I had to yield. The last justification of the swinish life — children — was taken away, and our life became viler than ever.

"To the muzhik, to the laboring man, children are a necessity; although it is hard for him to feed them, still he must have them and there the marital relations are justified. But to us, who already have children, more children are not a desideratum; they cause extra work, expense, further division of property — they are a burden.

"And therefore there is no justification for us of the swinish life. Either we artificially prevent the birth of children or we regard children as a misfortune, — as the consequence of carelessness, which is worse.

"There is no justification. But we have fallen morally so low that we do not see the need of any justification. The majority of men now belonging to the cultivated classes give themselves up to this form of debauchery without the slightest twinge of conscience.

"No one feels any conscientious scruples, because conscience is a non-existent quality except — if we may so say — the conscience of public opinion and of the criminal law. And in this respect neither the one nor the other is violated; no one has to bear the brunt of public scorn, for all do the same thing: both Marya Pavlovna and Ivan Zakharuitch. Why breed beggars or deprive oneself of the possibility of social life?.... or is there any reason to stand in awe of the criminal law or to fear it. Ugly peasant girls and soldiers' wives may throw their babies into ponds and wells, and they of course must go to prison, but all that sort of thing is done by us opportunely and neatly!

"Thus we lived two years. The means employed by the rascally doctors evidently began to take effect: physically she improved and she grew more beautiful, like the last beauty of the summer. She was conscious

of this, and began to take care of herself. Her beauty became fascinating and disturbing to men. As she was in the prime of a woman of thirty and was no longer bearing children, she grew plump — stirring the passions. Even the sight of her made one uneasy. When she came among men she attracted all eyes. She was like a well-fed and bridled horse which had not been driven for some time and from which the bridle was taken off. There was no longer any restraint, as with ninety-nine per cent of our women. Even I felt this, and it was terrible to me."

CHAPTER XIX

He suddenly got up and sat down close by the window.

"Excuse me," he exclaimed, and looking out intently sat there for as much as three minutes. Then he sighed deeply and again sat down opposite me. His face had undergone a complete change, there came a piteous look into his eyes, and a strange sort of smile curved his lips.

"I had grown a little tired, but I will go on with my story. There is plenty of time left; it has not begun to grow light yet. Yes," he began again, after he had lighted a cigarette. "She grew plumper after she ceased to bear children, and her malady — the constant worriment over the children — began to disappear; it did not really disappear, but she, as it were, awoke from a drunken stupor; she began to remember, and she saw that there was a whole world, a divine world, with its joys about which she had entirely forgotten, but in which she did not know how to live — a divine world which she did not understand at all.

"'How keep it from being wasted. Time is fleeting — it will not return.'

"Thus I imagined she thought or rather felt, and indeed it would have been impossible for it to be other-

wise; she had been educated to believe that in this world there is only one thing worthy of any one's attention — love. She had become married, she had got some notion of what this love was, but it was very far from being what had been promised, from what she expected; she had undergone the loss of many illusions; she had borne many sufferings, and then that unexpected torment — so many children! This agony had worn her out. And now, thanks to the obliging doctors, she had found out that it was possible to avoid having children. She was glad of that, made the experiment, and began to live for the one thing which she knew about — for the sake of love. But the enjoyment of love with a husband who was consumed with the fiery passions of wrath and jealousy was not the kind she wanted. She began to picture to herself another, a more genuine, a newer kind of connection — at least that is what I imagine was the case. And so she began to look around, as if she were expecting something.

"I noticed it, and was correspondingly troubled. It kept all the time happening that she, talking as her habit was with me through the medium of others, that is to say, talking with strangers, but making her remarks for my ears, expressed herself boldly, never at all dreaming that she, an hour before, had said diametrically the opposite, and expressed herself half seriously to the effect that that maternal solicitude was a delusion, that there was no sense in sacrificing her life for her children, that she was still young and could still enjoy life. She really occupied herself less with her children, certainly with less of desperate solicitude; but she gave more and more attention to herself, occupied herself with her external appearance, although she tried to keep it secret; also with her pleasures and with her accomplishments. She once more enthusiastically took up her piano practice which hitherto she had entirely neglected. That was the beginning of the end."

He once more turned to the window his weary-looking eyes, but straightway, evidently making an effort to control himself, he proceeded: —

"Yes, that man appeared."

He hesitated, and twice produced through his nose his peculiar sounds. I saw that it was trying for him to mention that man, to recall him, even to allude to him. But he made an effort, and as it were breaking through the barrier which hindered him, he resolutely went on: —

"A vile fellow he was in my eyes, in my estimation. And not because he played an important part in my life, but because he was really vile. However, the fact that he was bad serves merely as a proof of how irresponsible she was. If it had not been he, it would have surely been some one else."

He again ceased speaking.

"Yes, he was a musician, a fiddler — not a professional musician, but half professional, half society man. His father was a landed proprietor, a neighbor of my father's. His father went to ruin, and his children — three of them were boys — all managed to make their way; only this one, the youngest, was intrusted to his godmother and sent to Paris. There he was sent to the Conservatoire, because he had a talent for music, and he was graduated as a fiddler and played in concerts. He was the man." ....

It was evident that he wished to say something harsh about him, but he restrained himself, and said, speaking rapidly: —

"Well, I don't know how he had lived up to that time, but that year he appeared in Russia and came to my house. .... He had almond-shaped, humid eyes, handsome, smiling lips, little waxed mustaches, the latest and most fashionable method of dressing his hair, an insipidly handsome face, such as women call 'not bad,' a slender build, though not ill-shaped, and with a largely developed behind such as they say characterize Hottentot women. This it is said is musical! Slipping into familiarity, as far as was permitted him, but sensitive and always ready to stop short at the slightest resistance, with a regard to external appearances, and with that peculiar touch of Parisian elegance, caused by buttoned boots and bright-colored neckties and everything

else which foreigners acquire in Paris, and which by their character of novelty always attract women. In his manners there was a factitious external gayety. A way, as you may know, of speaking about everything by means of hints and fragmentary allusions, as if the person with whom he was speaking knew all about it, and could fill out the missing links.

"Well, then, this man with his music was the cause of all the trouble. You see at the trial the whole affair was represented as having been caused by my jealousy. This was not so at all, that is to say, it was not exactly so; it was, and it was not. At the trial it was decided that I had been deceived and that I had committed the murder in defending my outraged honor, — so they called it in their language, — and on this ground I was acquitted. At the trial I did my best to explain my idea of it, but they understood that I had wished to rehabilitate my wife's honor.

"Her relations with that musician, whatever they were, did not have in my eyes that significance, nor in hers either. It simply had the significance I have already mentioned, that of my swinishness. All came from the fact that between us existed that terrible gulf, of which I have told you, that terrible tension of mutual hatred, whereby the first impulse was sufficient to precipitate the crisis. The quarrels between us, as time went on, became something awful and were remarkably striking, being mingled with intense animal passion.

"If he had not appeared, surely some one else would. If there had not been one pretext for jealousy, there would have been another. I insist upon it that all husbands living as I lived must either live wanton lives, or separate, or kill themselves or their wives as I did. If this does not occur in any given case, it is a rare exception. Why, before the end came, as I made it come, I was several times on the brink of suicide, and even she poisoned herself.

CHAPTER XX

"YES, this happened not long before the crisis.

"We had been living in a sort of armistice, and there was no reason for it to be broken. Suddenly a conversation began, in which I remarked that a certain dog had received a medal at an exhibition. She said: —

"'Not a medal, but honorable mention.'

"A dispute began. We began to reproach each other, skipping from subject to subject.

"'Well, I knew that long ago; it was always so.'

"'You said so and so.'

"'No, I said thus and so.'

"'Do you mean to say I lie?'

"There is a feeling that you are on the edge of a frightful quarrel, and that you will be tempted to kill yourself or her. You know that it will begin in an instant and you dread it like fire and you want to control yourself, but anger seizes on your whole being. She is in the same or in an even worse condition, and she deliberately puts a wrong construction on every word you say, giving it a false signification, and every word she speaks is steeped in poison; wherever she knows I am most sensitive, there she strikes. The farther it goes, the more portentous it grows. I cry: —

"'Silence,' or the like.

"She rushes from the room and takes refuge in the nursery. I try to detain her so that I may say out my say and prove my position, and I seize her by the arm. She pretends that I hurt her and screams: —

"'Children, your father is striking me.'

"I cry: —

"'Don't you lie!'

"'And this is not the first time either,' she cries, or something to that effect.

"The children rush to her. She tries to calm them I say, —

"'Don't pretend.'

"She says: —

"'For you everything is pretense. You strike a woman and then say that she is pretending. Now I understand you. This is the very thing you want.'

"I shout: —

"'Oh, if you were only dead!'[1]

"I remember how horror-struck I was at those terrible words. I would never have believed myself capable of uttering such coarse, terrible words, and I am amazed that they leap forth from my mouth. I shout out those terrible words and rush into my library, sit down and smoke. I hear her go into the vestibule, preparing to go out. I ask: —

"'Where are you going?'

"She makes no reply.

"'Well, the devil go with her!' I say to myself, as I return to the library and again sit down and smoke. A thousand different plans of how to avenge myself on her and how to get rid of her, how to set everything to rights again and how to act as if nothing had taken place, go rushing through my brain.

"And as I sit and think, I smoke, smoke, smoke! I conceive the plan of running away from her, of hiding myself, of going to America. I actually go as far as to dream of getting rid of her, and I think how delightful it would be as soon as this is accomplished to make new ties with some beautiful woman, entirely new. I dream of getting rid of her by her dying or by securing a divorce, and I cogitate how this may be brought about. I see that my mind is wandering, that I am not thinking consecutively; but in order that I may not see that I am thinking the wrong kind of thoughts and am entirely at sea, I smoke.

"But life at home goes on. The governess comes and asks: —

"'Where is madame? when will she be back?'

"The lackey asks: —

"'Shall I serve tea?'

"I go into the dining-room. The children, especially the oldest one, Liza, who is already old enough to under-

[1] *Izdokhla*, dead; a word applied to beasts.

stand, look at me questioningly, disapprovingly. We silently drink our tea. Of her there is no sign. The whole evening passes; she does not come, and two thoughts mingle in my soul: wrath against her because she is tormenting me and all the children by her absence, — and yet, she will return in the end, — and fear that she will not come back, but will lay violent hands on herself.

"I should go out in search of her. But where to find her? At her sister's? But it would be stupid to go there with such an inquiry. Well, then, God go with her! if she wants to torment us, let her torment herself also. That is the very thing she would like. And next time she will be worse.

"But supposing she is not at her sister's, but has done something else — has even already laid hands on herself?

"Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock.... I will not go into the sleeping-room — it would be stupid to lie down there and wait alone, but I will lie down where I am. I try to occupy myself with some work, to write letters, to read; but I can't do anything. I sit alone in my library, I torment myself with apprehensions, I am full of anger, I listen. Three o'clock, four — no sign of her. I fall asleep just before morning. When I wake up, there is no sign of her.

"Everything in the house goes on as usual; but all are in a state of dubiety, and look questioningly and reproachfully at me, supposing that it is all my fault. And within me is still the same struggle — anger because she torments me, and anxiety about her.

"About eleven o'clock in the morning her sister comes as her envoy; and she begins in the usual way: —

"'She is in a terrible state of mind. Now what does it all mean? Something must have happened.'

"I speak about the incompatibility of her temper, and I asseverate that I have done nothing.

"'But you see that things cannot be allowed to go on in this way,' says she.

"'It is all her affair, not mine,' I say. 'I shall not

take the first step. If it be a separation, then let it be a separation.'

"My sister-in-law goes away without getting any satisfaction. I have spoken boldly that I would not take the first step; but as soon as she has gone, and I see the poor, frightened children, I am already prepared to take the first step. I should even be glad to do so, but I don't know how. Again I walk up and down and smoke, and after breakfast fortify myself with vodka and wine, and attain what I was unconsciously desirous of: I do not see the stupidity, the cowardice of my position.

"About three she returns. She meets me, but has nothing to say. I imagine that she has come to seek for a reconciliation, and I begin to tell her how I had been led on by her reproaches. She, with the same harsh, terribly harassed face, replies that she has not come to indulge in explanations, but to take the children away — that we cannot possibly live together.

"I begin to explain that I was not the one to blame, that it was she who had driven me out of my senses.

"She looks at me sternly, triumphantly, and then says: —

"'Say no more, you will be sorry enough.'

"I reply that I cannot endure any comedy.

"Then she screams out something which I cannot comprehend and flees to her room. And she turns the key behind her; she has locked herself in. I knock; no answer, and full of wrath, I wait.

"At the end of half an hour Liza comes running in with tears in her eyes.

"'What has happened?'

"'I cannot hear mamma.'

"We go to her room. I press against the door with all my might. The bolt happens to be not wholly pushed in, and both halves of the door yield. I hasten to the bed. She is lying on it in an uncomfortable position in her petticoats and boots. On the table is an empty opium bottle. We bring her to consciousness. Tears and ultimate reconciliation. But it is no reconcili-

ation; in the soul of each of us is the same old anger against each other, and an additional sense of exasperation for the pain which this quarrel has caused and which each blames the other for. But this trouble must be somehow ended, and life goes on in its old grooves. But in the same way such quarrels and even worse ones take place regularly all the time — now with a week's interval, now a month's interval, now every day, and it is always the same thing.

"One time I even applied for a foreign passport — the quarrel had lasted two days. But there ensued a semi-explanation, a semi-reconciliation, and I stayed.

CHAPTER XXI

"Such then were our relations when that man appeared. He came to Moscow — his name was Trukhachevsky — and he came to my house. It was in the morning. I received him. In former times we had been on familiar terms.[1] He endeavored, sometimes using the more formal, sometimes the more familiar, form of address, to keep on his old footing of thee and thou, but I quickly settled the question by using the formal 'you' and he immediately took the hint. Even at the first glance he impressed me unfavorably. But strangely enough some peculiar fatal power impelled me not to keep him at a distance, to send him away, but rather to draw him nearer to me. Why, what could have been simpler than to have talked coolly with him a few minutes, and to have said 'good morning' without introducing him to my wife?

"But no, I talked with him deliberately about his playing, and remarked that we had been told that he had given up playing the fiddle. He replied that on the contrary he was playing now more than ever before. He recalled the fact that I, too, had once played. I said that I had given up playing, but that my wife played very well. Wonderful thing! My relations to him that

[1] *Mui buili na tui* — that is, we used the second person singular.

very first day, that very first hour of my meeting with him, were such as they could have been only after all that occurred subsequently. There was something strained in my relations with him; I noticed every word, every expression, said by him or myself, and attributed importance to them.

"I presented him to my wife. Immediately a conversation on music began between them, and he offered his services to practise with her. My wife, as was always the case with her at that later period of her life, was very elegant and fascinating, captivatingly beautiful. He evidently pleased her at first sight. Moreover, she was delighted with the prospect of having the gratification of playing with violin and piano, which she liked so much that she had once hired a fiddler from the theater, and her face expressed this pleasure. But as soon as she saw me, she instantly understood how I felt about it, and her expression changed, and our game of mutual deceit began. I smiled pleasantly, pretending it was very agreeable to me. He, looking at my wife as all immoral men look at pretty women, pretended that he was interested in nothing else but the topic of conversation, especially that part which did not interest him at all. She tried to seem indifferent, but my falsely smiling expression of jealousy, so well known to her, and his lecherous look evidently disturbed her. I saw that from his very first glance her eyes shone with peculiar brilliancy, and apparently as a consequence of my jealousy there passed between him and her something like an electrical shock, calling forth something like a uniformity in the expression of their eyes and their smiles. She blushed, he reddened. She smiled, he smiled. They talked about music, about Paris, about all sorts of trifles. He rose to take his leave, and stood smiling with his hat resting against his quivering thigh, and looked now at her, now at me, apparently waiting to see what we would do.

"I remember that moment especially because at that moment I might have refrained from inviting him to call again, and if I had, the trouble would not have happened. But I looked at him and her.

"'Do not think for an instant that I am jealous of you,' said I, mentally, to her, 'or that I am afraid of you,' said I, mentally, to him, and I invited him to come some evening and bring his fiddle and play with my wife. She looked at me in surprise, blushed, and as if startled, began to plead off, declaring that she did not play well enough. This refusal of hers irritated me still more, and I insisted on it with all the more vehemence. I remember the strange feeling I had as I looked at the back of his head and his white neck, strongly contrasting with his black hair which was combed back on both sides, as he left us with a springy gait like that of a bird. I cannot help acknowledging to myself that this man's presence was a torture to me.

"'It depends on me,' I said to myself, 'to act in such a way as never to see him again. But so to act would be equivalent to a confession that I fear him. No, I do not fear him; it would be too humiliating,' I said to myself. And there in the anteroom, knowing that my wife was listening to me, I insisted that he should come back that very evening and bring his fiddle with him. He promised that he would and took his departure.

"In the evening he came with his fiddle, and they played together. But for a long time the music did not go very well; we had not the pieces that he wanted, and those he had my wife could not play without preparation. I was very fond of music and sympathized with their playing, arranging the music-stand for him and turning over the leaves. They managed to play something — a few songs without words and a sonata by Mozart. He played excellently, and he had to the highest degree what is called 'temperament' — moreover, a delicate, noble art, entirely out of keeping with his character.

"He was, of course, far stronger than my wife, and he helped her and at the same time politely praised her playing. He behaved very well. My wife seemed interested only in the music, and was very simple and natural. Though I also pretended to be interested in

the music, still, all the evening, I did not cease to be tortured by jealousy. From the first moment when his eyes fell on my wife I saw that the wild beast existing in them both, out of the reach of all the conditions of their position and the society in which they lived, was asking, 'Is it possible?' and answering its own question with a 'Yes, certainly it is.' I saw that he had never expected to find in my wife, in a society lady of Moscow, such a fascinating creature, and that he was delighted. Therefore there could be no doubt in his mind that she was harmonious with him. The whole question consisted in how the insufferable husband should not interfere with them. If I myself had been pure, I should not have understood this, but I, like the majority of men, had indulged in the same notions of women, until I was married, and therefore I could read his soul like a book.

"I was especially tormented by the fact that I could remark that her feelings and mine were in a state of constant irritation only occasionally interrupted by our habitual sensuality; while this man, both by his external elegance and by his novelty, by the fact that he was a stranger, but chiefly because of his indubitably great musical talent, by the proximity due to their playing together, by the influence produced by music, especially by a fiddle, on a very impressionable nature — all this, I say, made it inevitable that this man should please her, and more than that, that he should get a complete ascendancy over her, without the least hesitation, conquer, overwhelm, fascinate, enchain, and do with her whatever he willed. I could not help seeing that, and I suffered awfully. But in spite of this, or possibly in consequence of it, some force, against my will, compelled me to be especially polite and even affectionate to him. Whether I did this to show my wife, to show him, that I was not afraid of it, or whether I did it to deceive myself, I do not know; only I could not from the very first be natural with him. In order not to yield to my desire to kill him on the spot, I had to be friendly toward him. At dinner I treated him to expensive

wines, I praised him for his playing and talked with him with a peculiarly affectionate smile, and invited him to dinner on the following Sunday, and to play again with my wife. I said I would ask some of my musical friends to hear him. And so it came to an end."

And Pozdnuishef, under the influence of powerful emotion, changed his position and emitted his peculiar sounds.

"It is strange what an effect the presence of that man had on me," he began once more, evidently making an effort to become calm.

"Two or three days after this I came home from an exhibition, and as I entered the vestibule I became conscious of a sudden feeling of oppression, exactly as if a stone had been rolled on my heart, and I could not explain it to myself. It was due to the fact that as I was passing through the vestibule I noticed something which reminded me of him. Only when I reached my library was I able to explain what it was, and I returned to the vestibule to verify it. Yes, I had not been mistaken, it was his cloak. A fashionable cloak, you know. Everything relating to him, although I could not explain the why and wherefore, I remarked with extraordinary attention. I asked if he was there, and the servant said 'yes.' I passed through the recitation-room, not the drawing-room, into the 'hall.' Liza, my daughter, was sitting with her book, and the nurse with the little girl was sitting at the table spinning a cover. The door into the 'hall' was closed, but I could hear the monotonous arpeggios and the sound of her voice and his. I listened, but could not decide what to do. Evidently the notes of the piano were played on purpose to drown out their words, perhaps their kisses. My God, what a storm arose in me! The mere thought of the wild beast which then awoke in me fills me with horror. My heart suddenly contracted, then stopped beating, and then it began to throb like a sledge-hammer.

"The chief feeling, as always in any outburst of anger, was pity for myself. 'Before the children, before the nurse,' I exclaimed inwardly. I must have

been terrible to look at, because even Liza looked at me with frightened eyes.

"'What is there for me to do?' I asked myself. 'Shall I go in? I cannot, for God knows what I should do. But neither can I go away. The nurse is looking at me as if she understood my position. But I cannot go in.' I said this to myself and hurriedly opened the door.

"He was sitting at the piano and was playing those arpeggios with his large white fingers bent back. She was standing at one corner of the grand bending over an opened score. She was the first to see me or hear me and she looked at me. I know not whether she was startled or pretended not to be startled or really was not startled — at any rate, she did not show any agitation or even move, but merely blushed, but that was afterward.

"'How glad I am that you have come. We can't decide what to play next Sunday,' said she, in a tone which she would never have employed in addressing me when we were alone. That and the fact that she said 'we,' connecting herself and him, exasperated me. I silently bowed to him. He pressed my hand, and instantly, with a smile which seemed to me derisive, began to explain that he had brought some music for Sunday, but that they could not agree what to play; whether something difficult and classical, such as a Beethoven violin sonata, or some easy trifles. All this was so natural and simple that it was impossible to find any fault with it, and yet I was convinced that it was all a falsehood, that they had been planning how to deceive me.

"One of the most torturing conditions for jealous men — and all of us are jealous in our fashionable society — are certain social conventions whereby the greatest and most dangerous proximity is permitted to a man and a woman. People would simply make themselves ridiculous if they tried to prevent this proximity at balls, between doctors and their female patients, between artists, and especially musicians. Two people occupy themselves with the noblest of arts — music; in order to accomplish this a certain proximity is required, and this

proximity has nothing reprehensible in it, and only a stupid, jealous husband could find anything undesirable in it. But meantime all know that precisely by means of these very occupations, especially by music, the largest part of the adultery committed in the ranks of our society is committed.

"I especially confused them by the confusion which I myself showed; it was long before I could speak a word. I was like an upturned bottle from which the water will not flow because it is too full. I wanted to heap abuses on him, to drive him away; but I felt that it was my duty to be friendly and affectionate to him again, and so I was. I pretended that I approved of everything, and once more I felt that strange impulse which compelled me to treat him with a friendliness proportioned to the torment which his presence caused me.

"I told him that I had great confidence in his taste and I advised her to do the same. He stayed just as long as it was required to do away with the disagreeable impression made by my sudden appearance with such a scared face, and after a silence he took his departure, pretending that they had now determined what they would play the next day. I was perfectly convinced that in comparison with what was really occupying them, the question as to what they should play was perfectly immaterial.

"I accompanied him with more than ordinary courtesy to the vestibule — how could one fail to treat courteously a man who had come on purpose to disturb my peace of mind and destroy the happiness of a whole family? — and I pressed his soft white hand with especial affection.

CHAPTER XXII

"That whole day I did not speak to her — I could not. Her proximity produced in me such hatred of her that I feared for myself. At dinner she asked me in the presence of the children when I was going away. My duties called me the following week to a meeting in my

district. I told her when. She asked me if I needed anything for my journey. I did not say anything, and I sat in silence at the table, and silently went to my library. Of late she had got out of the habit of coming to my library, especially at that time of day. I was lying down in my library, and was angry enough. Suddenly her well-known steps were heard coming, and the terrible, ugly thought leaped to my brain that she, like Uriah's wife, had already committed the sin and wanted to hide it, and that was why she was coming to me at such an unseasonable hour.

"'Can it be that she is really coming to me?' I asked myself as I heard her approaching step.

"'If she is coming to me, then it means I am right.'

"And in my soul arose an ineffable hatred of her. Nearer, nearer came her steps.

"'Can it be that she is going by into the hall?'

"No, the door creaked and her tall, handsome figure appeared, and her face, her eyes, expressed timidity, and a desire to win my good-will, as I could easily see, and the significance of it I understood perfectly. I almost suffocated, so long I held my breath, and continuing to stare at her, I grasped my cigarette-case and began to smoke.

"'Now how can you? Some one comes to sit with you and you go to smoking;' and she sat down near me on the divan, and leaned up against me. I moved away, so as not to be in contact with her.

"'I see that you are vexed because I am going to play on Sunday,' said she.

"'Not in the least,' said I.

"'But can't I see that you are?'

"'Well, I congratulate you on your perspicacity. I see nothing except the fact that you behave like a coquette. To you all such kinds of vulgarity are pleasant, but to me they are horrible.'

"'There, now, if you are going to abuse me like an izvoshchik, then I will go.'

"'Go, then; but know that the honor of your family

is not dear to you, neither are you dear to me — the devil take you — but the honor of the family is — '

"'Now, what do you mean?'

"'Get out of my sight! for God's sake, get out.'

"I know not whether she pretended that she did not comprehend, or really did not comprehend; but she only took offense, grew angry, and instead of leaving stood in the middle of the room.

"'You have become positively unendurable,' she began. 'You have such a disposition that not even an angel could get along with you.' And, as always, trying to wound me as keenly as possible, she reminded me of the way I had treated my sister. It had happened that one time I forgot myself and spoke some very harsh words to my sister; she knew about it and that it tormented me, and so she wounded me in that place.

"After that, nothing that you could do would surprise me,' said she.

"'Yes, insult me, humiliate me, disgrace me, and make me out to blame,' said I, to myself, and suddenly a terrible anger against her seized me, such as I had never before experienced. For the first time I felt the impulse to express this anger with physical force. I leaped up and moved toward her; but at the instant that I sprang to my feet, I became conscious of my anger and asked myself, 'Is it well to give way to this impulse?' and immediately the answer came that it was, that this would serve to frighten her; and on the spot, instead of withstanding my wrath, I began to fan it to a greater heat, and to rejoice because it grew more and more intense in me.

"'Get out of here, or I will kill you,' I screamed, going closer to her and seizing her by the arm. In saying this I was conscious of raising my voice to a higher pitch, and I must have become terrible, because she became so frightened that she had not the strength to go, but merely stammered: —

"'Vasya, what is it, what is the matter with you?'

"'Go,' I cried, in a still louder tone. 'No one but you can drive me to madness. I won't be responsible for what I may do!'

"Having given free course to my madness I intoxicated myself with it, and I felt the impulse to do something extraordinary which should show the high-water mark of this madness of mine. I felt a terrible impulse to strike her, to kill her; but I knew that it was an impossibility, and therefore in order to give free course to my madness, I snatched up a paper-weight from the table, and shouting once more, 'Go!' I flung it down on the floor, near her. I aimed it carefully, so as to strike near her. Then she left the room, but remained standing in the doorway. And then while she was still looking — I did it so that she might see — I began to snatch up from the table various objects — the candlestick, the inkstand — and hurled them on the floor, still continuing to shout, —

"'Go, get out of my sight! I won't be responsible for what I may do.'

"She went, and I immediately ceased.

"In the course of an hour the nurse came and told me that my wife was suffering from hysterics. I went to her; she was sobbing and laughing, and could not speak a word and was trembling all over. She was not pretending, but was really ill. Toward morning she grew calm, and we had a reconciliation under the influence of that passion which we call 'love.'

"In the morning, after our reconciliation I confessed to her that I was jealous of Trukhachevsky. She was not in the least confused, and laughed in the most natural manner. So strange even to her seemed, as she said, the possibility of being drawn to such a man.

"'Is it possible that a respectable woman could feel anything for such a man beyond the pleasure which his music might afford? But if you wish, I am ready not to see him again. Even though all the guests are invited for Sunday, write him that I am ill, and that will be the end of it. Only one thing makes me indignant, and that is that any one could imagine, and especially he himself, that he is dangerous. I am too proud to permit myself to think of such a thing.'

"And evidently she was not prevaricating; she believed

in what she was saying; she hoped by these words to evoke in herself scorn for him and to defend herself from him, but she did not succeed in this. Everything went against her, especially that cursed music.

"Thus the episode ended, and on Sunday the guests gathered and they played together again.

CHAPTER XXIII

"I THINK it is superfluous to remark that I was very ostentatious; there would not be any living in our general society if it were not for ostentation. Thus on that Sunday I took the greatest pains to arrange for our dinner and for the evening musicale. I myself ordered the things for dinner and invited the guests.

"At six o'clock the guests had arrived, and he also, in evening dress with diamonds shirt studs of bad taste. He was free and easy, made haste to answer all questions with a smile of sympathy and appreciation — you know what I mean, with that peculiar expression that signifies that everything you say or do is exactly what he expected. I remarked now with especial satisfaction everything about him calculated to give an unfavorable impression, because all this served to calm me, and prove that he stood in my wife's eyes on such a low level that, as she said, she could not possibly descend to it. I did not allow myself to be jealous. In the first place, I had already been through the pangs of that torment and needed rest; in the second place, I wanted to have faith in my wife's asseverations, and I did believe in them. But in spite of the fact that I was not jealous, still I was not at my ease with either of them, and during the dinner and the first half of the evening before the music began, I kept watching their motions and glances all the time.

"The dinner was like any dinner — dull and conventional. The music began rather early. Oh, how well I remember all the details of that evening. I remember how he brought his fiddle, opened the box, took off the

covering which had been embroidered for him by some lady, took out the instrument and began to tune it. I remember how my wife sat with a pretendedly indifferent face under which I saw that she was hiding great diffidence, — the diffidence caused chiefly by distrust of her own ability, — how she took her seat at the grand piano with the same affected look and struck the usual *a*, which was followed by the pizzicato of the fiddle and the getting into tune. I remember how, then, they looked at each other, glanced at the audience, and then made some remark, and the music began. He struck the first chords. His face grew grave, stern, and sympathetic, and as he bent his head to listen to the sounds he produced, he placed his fingers cautiously on the strings. The piano replied. And it began." ....

Pozdnuishef paused and several times emitted his peculiar sounds. He started to speak again but snuffed through his nose and again paused.

"They played Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata," he finally went on to say. "Do you know the first *presto* — You know it?" he cried. "U! U! U!.... That sonata is a terrible thing. And especially that movement. And music in general is a terrible thing. I cannot comprehend it. What is music? What does it do? And why does it have the effect it has? They say music has the effect of elevating the soul — rubbish! falsehood! It has its effect, it has a terrible effect, — I am speaking about its effect on me, — but not at all by elevating the soul. Its effect is neither to elevate nor to degrade, but to excite. How can I explain it to you? Music makes me forget myself, my actual position; it transports me into another state not my natural one; under the influence of music it seems to me that I feel what I do not really feel, that I understand what I do not really understand, that I can do what I can't do. I explain this by the fact that music acts like gaping or laughing; I am not sleepy but I gape, looking at any one else who is gaping; I have nothing to laugh at, but I laugh when I hear others laugh.

"Music instantaneously transports me into that mental

condition in which he who composed it found himself. I blend my soul with his, and together with him am transported from one mood to another; but why this is so I cannot tell. For instance, he who composed the Kreutzer Sonata — Beethoven — he knew why he was in that mood. That mood impelled him to do certain things, and therefore that mood meant something for him, but it means nothing for me. And that is why music excites and does not bring to any conclusion. Now they play a military march; the soldiers move forward under its strains, and the music accomplishes something; they play dance music and I dance, and the music accomplishes something; they perform a mass, I take the sacrament, again the music accomplishes its purpose. But in other cases there is only excitement, and it is impossible to tell what to do in this state of mind. And that is why music is so terrible, why it sometimes has such an awful effect. In China, music is regulated by government, and this is as it should be. Is it permissible that any one whatever shall hypnotize another person, or many persons, and then do with them what he pleases? And especially if this hypnotizer happens to be the first immoral man that comes along.

"And indeed it is a terrible means to place in any one's hands. For example, how could any one play this Kreutzer Sonata, the first *presto*, in a drawing-room before ladies dressed *décolletées?* To play that *presto* and then to applaud it, and then to eat ices and talk over the last bit of scandal? These things should be played only in certain grave, significant conditions, and only then when certain deeds corresponding to such music are to be accomplished: first play the music and perform that which this music was composed for. But to call forth an energy which is not consonant with the place or the time, and an impulse which does not manifest itself in anything, cannot fail to have a baneful effect. On me, at least, it had a horrible effect. It seemed to me that entirely new impulses, new possibilities, were revealed to me in myself, such as I had never dreamed of before

"'This is the way I should live and think — not at all as I have lived and thought hitherto,' seemed to be whispered into my soul. What this new thing was I now knew I could not explain even to myself, but the consciousness of this new state of mind was very delightful. All those faces — his and my wife's among them — presented themselves in a new light.

"After the *allegro* they played the beautiful but rather commonplace and far from original *andante*, with the cheap variations and the weak *finale*. Then at the request of the guests they played other things, first an elegy by Ernst and then various other trifles. All this was very good, but it did not produce on me a hundredth part of the impression which the first did. But all the music had the same background as the impression which the first produced.

"I felt gay and happy all the evening. I never saw my wife look as she did that evening: her gleaming eyes, her gravity and serenity of expression while she was playing, her perfectly melting mood, her tender, pathetic, and blissful smile, after they had finished playing; I saw it all, but attributed to it no other significance other than that she was experiencing the same thing as I was; that before her, as before me, new and hitherto unexampled feelings were revealed, dimly rising in her consciousness. The evening was pronounced a great success, and when it was over the guests took their departure.

"Knowing that I was to be going to the district meeting in two days, Trukhachevsky, on bidding me farewell, said that he hoped that when he next came to Moscow he should have another pleasant evening like that. From this remark I was able to conclude that he did not deem it possible to visit my house during my absence, and that was agreeable to me. It seemed clear that as I should not return before his departure we should not meet again.

"For the first time I shook hands with him with genuine pleasure, and I thanked him for the gratification he had afforded us. He also bade my wife a final farewell,

and their final farewell seemed to me most natural and proper. Everything was admirable. Both my wife and I were very well satisfied with the evening.

CHAPTER XXIV

"Two days later I started for my district, taking leave of my wife in the happiest and calmest frame of mind.

"In the district there was always a pile of work and a special life, a special little world. For two days I worked ten hours a day in my office. On the third day a letter from my wife was brought to me in the office. I read it then and there.

"She wrote about the children, about her uncle, about the nurse-girl, about the things she had bought, and mentioned as something perfectly commonplace the fact that Trukhachevsky had been to call, and had brought the music he had promised, and that he had offered to come and play again, but that she had declined.

"I did not remember that he had promised to bring any music. I had supposed that he had taken his final leave at that time, and so this gave me an unpleasant surprise. But I was so deeply engrossed in business that I could not stop to think it over, and it was not until evening, when I returned to my room, that I reread her letter.

"Besides the fact that Trukhachevsky had called again in my absence, the whole tone of the letter seemed to me unnatural. The frantic wild beast of jealousy roared in his cage and wanted to break forth; but I was afraid of this beast and I made haste to shut him up.

"'What a vile feeling this jealousy is,' I said to myself. 'What can be more natural than what she has written?'

"And I lay on my bed and tried to think of the business which I should have to attend to the next day. I never go to sleep very quickly during these sessions in a new place, but this time I dropped asleep almost im-

mediately. But as you know it often happens, I suddenly felt something like an electric shock, and started up wide awake. As I woke, I woke with a thought of her, of my carnal love for her, and of Trukhachevsky, and how all had been accomplished between him and her. Horror and rage crushed my heart. But I tried to reason myself out of it.

"'What rubbish!' I exclaimed. 'There is not the slightest basis for any such suspicions. And how can I humiliate myself and her by harboring such horrible thoughts? Here is some one in the nature of a hired fiddler, with a reputation of being disreputable, and could a respectable woman, the mother of a family, *my wife*, suddenly fall a victim to such a man? What an absurdity.'

"That is what I argued on one side, but on the other, came these thoughts: —

"'How could it fail to be so? Why is it not the simplest and most comprehensible thing? Was it not for that I married her? Was it not for that I lived with her? Was it not that which makes me necessary to her? And would not therefore another man, this musician, be likewise necessary to her? He is an unmarried man, healthy, — I remember how lustily he crunched the gristle in the cutlet, and put the glass of wine to his red lips, — he is well-fed, sleek, and not only without principles, but evidently guided by the theory that it is best to take advantage of whatever pleasures present themselves. And between them is the tie of music; the subtle lust of the senses. What can restrain him? She? Yes, but who is she? She is as much of a riddle as she ever has been. I don't know her. I know her only as an animal; and nothing can restrain an animal, or is likely to.'

"Only at that instant I recalled their faces that evening after they had played the Kreutzer Sonata, and while they were performing some passionate piece, — I have forgotten what it was, — something sentimental to the degree of obscenity.

"'How could I have come away?' I asked myself, as I recalled their faces. 'Was it not perfectly evident

that the fatal step was taken by them that evening, and was it not evident that even from that evening on, not only was there no bar between them, but that both of them — she especially — felt some sense of shame after what happened to them? I recalled with what a soft, pathetic, and blissful smile she wiped away the perspiration from her heated face, as I approached the piano. Even then they avoided looking at each other, and only at dinner when he poured her out some water did they look at each other, and timidly smile. I remembered with horror that glance which I had intercepted, and that almost imperceptible smile.

"'Yes, the fatal step has been taken,' said a voice within me; and instantly another voice seemed to say quite the contrary. 'You are crazy; this cannot be,' said this second voice.

"It was painful for me to lie there in the darkness. I lighted a match, and then it seemed to me terrible to be in that little room with its yellow wall-paper. I began to smoke a cigarette, and, as is always the case when one turns round in the same circle of irresolvable contradictions, I smoked; and I smoked one cigarette after another, for the purpose of befogging my mind and not seeing the contradictions.

"I did not sleep all night, and at five o'clock, having made up my mind that I could remain no longer in such a state of tension, but would instantly go back, I got up, wakened the bell-boy who waited on me, and sent him after horses. I sent a note to the Session stating that I had been called back to Moscow on extraordinary business, and therefore begged them to let another member take my place. At eight o'clock I took my seat in the tarantas and started."

CHAPTER XXV

The conductor came through the train, and noticing that our candle was almost burned out, extinguished it instead of putting in another. Out-of-doors it was

beginning to grow light. Pozdnuishef ceased speaking and sighed heavily all the time the conductor was in the carriage. He proceeded with his story only when the conductor had taken his departure, and the only sound we could hear in the semi-darkness of the carriage was the rattle of the windows and regular snore of the merchant's clerk. In the twilight of the dawn I could not make out Pozdnuishef's face at all. I could only hear his passionate voice growing ever more and more excited : —

" I had to travel thirty-five versts by tarantas and eight hours by rail. It was splendid traveling with horses. It was frosty autumnal weather with a brilliant sun, — you know that kind of weather when the tires leave their print on the slippery road. The roads were smooth, the light was dazzling, and the atmosphere was exhilarating. Yes, it was jolly traveling by tarantas. As soon as it grew light, and I was fairly on my way, my heart felt lighter.

" As I looked at the horses, at the fields, at the persons I met, I forgot what my errand was. It sometimes seemed to me that I was simply out for a drive, and that there was nothing whatever to stir me so. And I felt particularly happy at thus forgetting myself. If by chance it occurred to me where I was bound, I said to myself : —

" ' Wait and see what will be ; don't think about it now.'

" About half-way an event happened which delayed me, and still more tended to distract my attention ; the tarantas broke down, and it was necessary to mend it. This break-down had a great significance because it caused me to reach Moscow at midnight instead of at five o'clock as we had expected, and home at one o'clock, for I missed the express, and was obliged to take a way train. The search for a telyega, the mending of the tarantas, the settlement of the bill, tea at an inn, the conversation with the hostler, — all this served to divert me more and more. By twilight everything was ready, and I was on my way once more, and during

the evening it was still pleasanter traveling than by day. There was a young moon, a slight touch of frost, the roads were still excellent, and so were the horses, the postilion was jolly, and so I traveled on and enjoyed myself, scarce thinking at all of what was awaiting me; or perhaps I enjoyed myself especially because I knew what was awaiting me, and I was having my last taste of the joys of life.

"But this calm state of mind, the power of controlling my feelings, came to an end as soon as I ceased traveling with the horses. As soon as I entered the railway carriage an entirely different state of things began. This eight-hour journey by rail was something horrible to me, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. Either because, as soon as I entered the carriage I vividly imagined myself as having already reached the end, or because railway travel has an exciting effect on people. As soon as I took my seat I had no longer any control over my imagination, which ceaselessly, with extraordinary vividness, began to bring up before me pictures kindling my jealousy; one after another they arose and always to the same effect: what had taken place during my absence, and how she had deceived me! I was on fire with indignation, wrath, and a peculiar sense of frenzy, caused by my humiliation, as I contemplated these pictures, and I could not tear myself away from them, could not help gazing at them, could not rub them out, could not help evoking them. And then the more I contemplated these imaginary pictures the more I was convinced of their reality. The vividness with which these pictures presented themselves before me seemed to serve as a proof of the actuality of what I imagined. A kind of a devil, perfectly against my will, suggested and stimulated the most horrible suggestions. A conversation I had once with Trukhachevsky's brother occurred to me, and with a sort of enthusiasm I lacerated my heart with this conversation, applying it to Trukhachevsky and my wife.

"It had taken place long before, but it came back clearly to me. I remember that once, Trukhachevsky's

brother, in reply to a question whether he ever went to certain houses, stated that no decent man would ever go to such places, where there was danger of contracting disease, and that it was vile and disgusting; one could always find some society woman to serve his purpose. And now here was his brother and he had found my wife!

"'To be sure she is no longer young; she has a tooth missing on one side of her mouth, her face is somewhat swollen,' I said, trying to look from his standpoint. 'But what difference does that make? One must take what one can get. Yes, he is conferring a favor on her to take her as his mistress,' said I, to myself. 'Then besides, there is no danger with her. .... No, it is impossible!' I exclaimed in horror. 'There is no possibility of it, not the least, and there is not the slightest basis for any such conjectures. Has she not told me that to her it was a humiliating thought that I could be jealous of him. ....Yes, but she is a liar, always a liar,' I would cry, and then begin the same thing over again.

"There were only two passengers in my carriage; an old woman with her husband, both of them very silent, and they got out at the first stop, and I was left alone. I was like a wild beast in a cage; now I would jump up and rush to the window, then staggering I would walk back and forth through the aisle trying to make the train go faster; but the carriage, with all its seats and its window-panes, shook just exactly as ours is doing now." ....

And Pozdnuishef sprang to his feet and took a few steps and then sat down again.

"Oh, I dread, I dread these railway carriages — they fill me with horror — yes, I dread them awfully," he went on saying. "I said to myself, 'I must think of something else. All right, let me think of the landlord of the inn where I took tea. Well! Then before my eyes would arise the long-bearded dvornik and his grandson, a boy about as old as my Vasya.

"'My Vasya! He will see a musician kissing his mother. What will happen to his poor soul at the sight? But what will she care? She is in love.'

"'And again would arise the same visions.

"'No, no! Well I will think about the inspection of the hospital. Yesterday that sick man complained of the doctor. A doctor with mustaches just like Trukhachevsky's. .... And how brazenly he — they both deceived me, when he said that he was going away.' ....

"And again it would begin. Everything I thought of had some connection with them. I suffered awfully. My chief suffering lay in my ignorance, in the uncertainty of it all, in my question whether I ought to love her or hate her. These sufferings were so intense that I remember the temptation came into my mind with great fascination to go out on the track and throw myself under the train on the rails, and so end it. Then, at least, there would be no further doubt. The one thing that prevented me from doing so was my self-pity which was the immediate source of my hatred of her. Toward him, also, I had a strange feeling of hatred, and a consciousness of my humiliation and of his victory, but toward her my hatred was awful.

"'It is impossible to put an end to myself and to leave her behind. I must do something to make her suffer, so that she may appreciate that I have suffered,' I said to myself.

"I got out at all the stations in order to divert my mind. At one station I noticed that people were drinking in the buffet, and I immediately fortified myself with vodka. Next me stood a Jew and he also was drinking. He spoke to me and that I might not be alone in my carriage I went with him into his third-class compartment, though it was filthy and full of smoke and littered with the husks of seeds. There I sat down next him, and he went on chatting and relating anecdotes. I listened to him, but did not take in what he said because I kept thinking of my own affairs. He noticed this and tried to attract my attention; then I got up and went back to my own carriage.

"'I must think it all over again,' I said to myself, 'whether what I think is true and whether there is any foundation for my anguish.' I sat down, desiring calmly

to think it over, but instantly in place of calm deliberation, the same tumult of thought began; in place of argument, pictures and figments of the imagination.

"'How often have I not tortured myself so,' I said to myself, for I remembered similar paroxysms of jealousy in times gone by, 'and then there was no ground for them. And so now, possibly, nay probably, I shall find her calmly sleeping; she will wake up and be glad to see me, and I shall be conscious both in her words and in her looks that nothing has taken place and that my suspicions were groundless. Oh! how delightful that would be!'

"'But no, this has been so too frequently and now it will be so no longer' said some inner voice, and once more it would begin anew. Ah! what a punishment was here! I should not take a young man to a syphilitic hospital to cure him of his passion for women, but into my own soul, and give him a glimpse of the fiends that were rending it. You see it was horrible that I claimed an undoubted absolute right to her body just as if it had been my own body, and at the same time I was conscious that I could not control that body of hers, that it was not mine, and that she had the power to dispose of it as she chose, and that she did not choose to dispose of it as I wished. I could not even do anything to her or to him. He, like Vanka the cellarer before he was hanged, will sing a song of how he had kissed her on her sugary lips and the like. He would have the best of me. And with her I could do even less. If she had not yet done anything out of the way, but had it in mind to,—and I know that she did,—the case is still worse; it would be better to have it done with, so that I might know, so as to have this uncertainty settled.

"I could not tell what I desired. I desired her not to want what she could not help wanting. This was absolute madness.

CHAPTER XXVI

"At the next to the last station, when the conductor came along to take the tickets, I picked up my belongings and went out on the platform, and the consciousness of what was about to take place still further increased my agitation. I became cold, and my jaws trembled so that my teeth chattered. Mechanically I followed the crowd out of the station, engaged an izvoshchik, took my seat in his cab and drove away. As I drove along, glancing at the occasional pedestrians, at the dvorniks and the shadows cast by the street lamps and my cab, now in front and now behind, my mind seemed to be a blank. By the time we had driven half a verst from the station my feet became cold, and I remembered that I had removed my woolen stockings in the train and put them into my gripsack.

"'Where is my grip? Have I brought it with me?'

"Yes, I had. 'But where is my hamper?'

"Then I remembered that I had entirely forgotten about my baggage; but while I was thinking about it, I found my receipt and decided that it was not worth while to return for it, and so I drove home.

"In spite of my endeavors, I can never remember to this day what my state of mind was at that time, — what I thought, what I desired, I cannot tell. I only remember that I was conscious that something terrible and very vital in my life was in preparation. Whether this important event proceeded from the fact that I thought so or because I foreboded it, I do not know. Perhaps after what happened subsequently, all the preceding moments have taken on a gloomy shade in my recollection.

"I reached the doorstep. It was one o'clock. Several izvoshchiks were standing in front of the door waiting for fares in the light cast by the windows — the lighted windows were in our apartment, in the 'hall,' and the drawing-room. I made no attempt to explain to myself why our windows were still lighted so late

at night, but still expectant of something dreadful about to happen, I mounted the steps and rang the bell. Yegor, the lackey, a good-natured, zealous, but extremely stupid fellow, answered it. The first thing that struck my eyes in the vestibule was a cloak hanging on a peg with other outside garments. I ought to have been surprised, but I was not, because it was what I expected.

"'It is true,' I said to myself.

"When I asked Yegor who was there and he mentioned Trukhachevsky, I asked:—

"'Is there any one else with them?' and he said:—

"'No one.' I remember that in his reply, there was an intonation, as if he felt he was giving me a pleasure in dispelling my apprehension that any one else was there.

"'It is true, it is true,' I seemed to say to myself.

"'But the children?'

"'Thank God, they are well. They have been asleep for a long time.'

"I could not breathe freely, nor could I prevent the trembling of my lower jaw.

"'Yes, of course, it is not as I thought it might be; whereas formerly I imagined some misfortune and yet found everything all right, as usual, now it was not usual, now it was altogether what I had imagined and fancied that I only imagined, but it was now real. It was all....'

"I almost began to sob, but instantly a fiend suggested:—

"'Shed tears, be sentimental; but they will calmly separate; there will be no proof, and you will be forever in doubt and torment.'

"Thereupon my self-pity vanished, and in its place came a strange feeling of gladness that my torture was now at an end, that I could punish her, could get rid of her, that I could give free course to my wrath. And I gave free course to my wrath — I became a wild beast, fierce and sly.

"'No matter, no matter,' I said to Yegor, who was

about to go to the drawing-room, 'attend to this instead: take an izvoshchik, and go as quickly as you can to the station for my luggage; here is the receipt. Off with you!'

"He went into the corridor to get his paletot. Fearing that he might disturb them, I accompanied him to his little room, and waited till he had got his things on. In the drawing-room, just through the wall, I could hear the sound of voices, and the clatter of knives and dishes. They were eating, and had not heard the bell.

"'If only no one leaves the room now,' I said to myself.

"Yegor put on his paletot trimmed with astrakhan wool, and started. I let him out and shut the door behind him, and I felt a sense of dread at the idea of being left alone, of having to act instantly.

"How? I did not know as yet. All I knew was that all was ended, that there could be no longer any doubt as to her guilt, and that I should presently punish her, and put an end to my relations with her.

"Hitherto I had been troubled with vacillation, and I had said to myself: 'Maybe it is not so, maybe you are mistaken;' now this was at an end. Everything was now irrevocably decided. Clandestinely! alone with him! at night! This proved perfect forgetfulness of everything, or something even worse. Such audacity, such insolence, in crime was deliberately adopted in order that its very insolence might serve as a proof of innocence. All was clear, there could be no doubt! I was afraid of only one thing,— that they might escape, might invent some new deception, and deprive me of manifest proof, and the possibility of convincing myself. And so as to catch them as promptly as possible I went, not through the drawing-room, but through the corridor and the nursery, on my tiptoes, into the 'hall' where they were sitting.

"In the first nursery-room the boys were sound asleep; in the second nursery-room the nurse stirred, and was on the point of waking up; and I imagined to myself what she would think if she knew it all; and

then such a sense of self-pity came over me at this thought that I could not restrain my tears, and in order not to wake the children I ran out, on my tiptoes, into the corridor and into my own room, flung myself down on my divan, and sobbed.

"'I, an upright man .... I, the son of my own parents .... I, who have dreamed all my life of the delights of domestic happiness .... I, a husband who have never been unfaithful to my wife!.... And here she, the mother of five children, and she is embracing a musician because he has red lips!

"'No, she is not human. She is a bitch, a vile bitch! Next to the room where sleep her children, for whom, all her life, she has pretended to feel affection. And to write me what she wrote! And so insolently to throw herself into my arms! And how do I know? perhaps this same sort of thing has been taking place all the time! Who knows but the children whom I have always supposed to be mine may not have some lackey for their father!

"'And if I had come home to-morrow she would have met me with her hair becomingly done up, and her graceful, indolent movements.' All the time I seemed to see her fascinating, abhorrent face .... 'and this wild beast of jealousy would have taken his position forever in my heart, and torn it. What will the nurse think? .... and Yegor? .... and poor Lizotchka? She already has her suspicions. And this brazen impudence, and this falsehood! .... And this animal sensuality which I know so well?' I said to myself.

"I tried to get up, but could not. My heart throbbed so that I could not stand on my legs.

"'Yes, I shall die of a stroke. She will have killed me. That is just what she wants! What would it be to her to kill me? Indeed, it would be quite too advantageous, and I will not bestow that gratification on her. Yes, here I am sitting, and yonder they are eating and talking together, and ....

"'Yes, in spite of the fact that she is no longer in her first youth, he will not despise her .... still, she is not

bad-looking, and, what is the main thing, at least she is not dangerous for his precious health. Why, then, have I not strangled her already?' I asked myself, recalling that moment a week before when I drove her out of my library, and then smashed things. I had a vivid remembrance of the state of mind in which I was then; and not only had the remembrance, but I was conscious of the same necessity of striking, of destroying, as I had been conscious of before. I remember how I wanted to do something, and how all considerations except those that were necessary for action vanished from my mind. I came into the state of a wild animal, or rather, of a man under the influence of physical excitement in time of danger, when he acts definitely, deliberately, but without losing a single instant, and all the time with a single object in view.

"The first thing I did was to take off my boots, and then, in my stocking feet, I went to the wall, where various weapons and daggers were hung up over the divan, and I took down a curved Damascus dagger, which had never been used, and was very keen. I drew it out of its sheath. I remember the sheath slipped down behind the divan, and I remember I said to myself:—

"'I must find it afterward or else it will get lost.' Then I took off my paletot which I had all the time been wearing and, gliding along in my stockings, I went *there*.

CHAPTER XXVII

"And stepping up stealthily, I suddenly threw open the door. I remember the expression of both of their faces. I remember that expression because it afforded me a tormenting pleasure — it was an expression of horror. That was the very thing I needed! I shall never forget the expression of despairing horror which came into their faces the first second when they saw me. He was seated, it seems, at the table, but when he saw me or heard me, he leaped to his feet and stood with

his back against the sideboard. His face bore the one unmistakable expression of horror. On her face also was an expression of horror, but there was something else blended with it. If it had not been for that something else, maybe what happened would not have happened; but in the expression of her face there was, or so there seemed to me at the first instant, a look of disappointment, of annoyance that her pleasure in his love and her enjoyment with him were interrupted. It was as if she desired nothing else than to be left undisturbed in her present happiness. This expression and the other lingered but an instant on their faces. The expression of horror on his face instantly grew into a look, which asked the question: 'Is it possible to lie out of it or not? If it is possible, now is the time to begin. If not, then something else must be done — but what?'

"He looked questioningly at her. On her face the expression of annoyance and disappointment changed as it seemed to me when she looked at him into one of solicitude for him.

"I stood for an instant on the threshold holding the dagger behind my back.

"During that second he smiled, and in a voice so indifferent that it was ludicrous, he began: —

"'We have been having some music.'

"'Why! I was not expecting you,' she began at the same instant, adopting his tone.

"But neither he nor she finished their sentences. The very same madness which I had experienced a week before took possession of me. Once more I felt the necessity of destroying something, of using violence; once more I felt the ecstasy of madness and I yielded to it. Neither finished what they were saying. The something else which he was afraid of began, and it swept away instantaneously all that they had to say.

"I threw myself on her, still concealing the dagger in order that he might not prevent me from striking her in the side under the breast. I had chosen the spot at the very beginning. The instant I threw myself on her he

saw my design, and with an action which I never expected from him, he seized me by the arm and cried: —

"'Think what you .... Help!'

"I wrenched away my arm, and without saying a word rushed at him. His eyes met mine; he suddenly turned as pale as a sheet, even to the lips, his eyes glittered with a peculiar light, and most unexpectedly to me he slipped under the piano and darted out of the door. I was just starting to rush after him when I was detained by a weight on my left arm. It was she! I tried to break away. She clung all the more heavily to my arm and would not let me go. This unexpected hindrance, the weight of her and her touch which was repulsive to me, still further inflamed my anger. I was conscious of being in a perfect frenzy and that I ought to be terrible, and I exulted in it. I drew back my left arm with all my might and struck her full in the face with my elbow. She screamed and let go my arm. I started to chase him, but remembered that it would be ridiculous for a man to chase his wife's lover in his stockings, and I did not want to be ridiculous, but I desired to be terrible.

"Notwithstanding the terrible frenzy in which I found myself, I never for an instant forgot the impression which I might produce on others, and this impression, even to a certain degree, governed me. I came back to her. She had fallen on a couch, and with her hand held up to her eyes, which I had bruised, was looking at me. In her face were such terror and hatred of me, her enemy, as a rat might show when the trap in which it had been caught was held up. At all events I could see nothing else in her face except terror and hatred of me. It was precisely the same terror and hatred which love to another would naturally evoke. But possibly I should have restrained myself and not done what I did if she had held her tongue. But she suddenly began to speak, and she seized my hand which held the dagger: —

"'Come to your senses. What are you going to do?

What is the matter with you? There has been nothing no harm, I swear it.'

"I should have still delayed, but these last words, from which I drew exactly the opposite conclusion, that is, that my worst fears were realized, required an answer. And the answer had to correspond with the mood to which I had wrought myself up, which had gone on in a *crescendo* and was bound to reach its climax. Madness also has its laws.

"'Do not lie, you wretch,' I cried, and with my left hand I seized her by the arm, but she tore herself away. Then, still clutching the dagger, I grasped her by the throat, pressed her over backward and began to strangle her. What a muscular throat she had! She grasped my hands with both hers, tearing them away from her throat, and I, as if I had been waiting for this opportunity, struck her with the dagger into the side under the ribs.

"When men say that in an attack of madness they don't remember what they did, it is all false, all nonsense. I remember every detail, and not for one second did I fail to remember. The more violently I kindled within me the flames of my madness, the more brightly burned the light of consciousness, so that I could not fail to see all that I did. I knew every second what I was doing. I cannot say that I knew in advance what I was going to do, but at the instant I did anything, and perhaps a little before I knew what I was up to, as if for the purpose of being able to repent, in order that I might say to myself: 'I might have stopped.' I knew that I struck below the ribs and that the dagger would penetrate. At the moment I was doing this, I knew that I was doing something, something awful, something which I had never done before and which would have awful consequences. But this consciousness flashed through my mind like lightning and was instantly followed by the deed. The deed made itself conscious with unexampled clearness. I felt and I remember the momentary resistance of her corset and of something else, and then the sinking of the blade

into the soft parts of her body. She seized the dagger with her hands, wounding them, but she did not stop me.

"Afterward, in the prison, while a moral revolution was working itself out in me, I thought much about that moment — what I might have done, and I thought it all over. I remember that a second, only a second, before the deed was accomplished, I had the terrible consciousness that I was killing and had killed a woman — a defenseless woman — my wife. I recall the horror of this consciousness, and therefore I conclude — and indeed I dimly remember — that having plunged the dagger in, I immediately withdrew it, with the desire to remedy what I had done and to put a stop to it. I stood for a second motionless, waiting to see what would happen, — and whether I might undo what I had done.

"She sprang to her feet, and shrieked: —

"'Nurse, he has killed me.'

"The nurse had heard the disturbance and was already on the threshold. I was still standing, expectant and irresolute. But at that instant the blood gushed from under her corset.

"Then only I realized that it was impossible to remedy it, and I instantly concluded that it was not necessary, that I myself did not wish to have it remedied, and that I had done the very thing I was in duty bound to do. I lingered until she fell and the nurse, with the exclamation 'Heavens,'[1] rushed to her, and then I flung the dagger down and left the room.

"'I must not get excited, I must know what I am doing,' said I to myself, looking neither at her nor at the nurse. The nurse screamed and called to the maid. I went along the corridor, and stopping to send the maid, I went to my room.

"'What must I do now?' I asked myself, and instantly made up my mind. As soon as I reached my library I went directly to the wall and took down a revolver and contemplated it. It was loaded, and I laid it on the table. Then I picked up the sheath from behind the divan, and finally I sat down on the divan.

[1] *Batyushki*, "Fathers."

"I sat long in that attitude. My mind was without a thought, without a recollection. I heard some commotion *there*. I heard some one arrive, then some one else. Then I heard and saw Yegor bringing my luggage into my library. As if that would be useful to any one now.

"'Have you heard what has happened?' I asked. 'Tell the dvornik to inform the police.'

"He said nothing, but went out. I got up, closed the door, got my cigarettes and matches, and began to smoke. I had not finished smoking my cigarette before drowsiness seized me and overcame me. I think I must have slept two hours. I remember I dreamed that she and I were friends, that we had quarreled, but had made it up, and that some trifle stood in our way; but still we were friends.

"A knock on the door awakened me.

"'It is the police,' I thought as I woke; 'it seems I must have killed her. But maybe it is she herself and nothing has happened.'

"The knocking at the door was repeated. I did not answer, but kept trying to decide the question: —

"'Had all that really taken place or not?.... Yes, it had.' I remembered the resistance of the corset and the sinking of the dagger, and a cold chill ran down my back.

"'Yes, it is true. Yes, now I must have my turn,' said I to myself. But though I said this I knew I should not kill myself. Nevertheless, I got up and once more took the revolver into my hand. But strange as it may seem, I remember how many times before I had been near suicide, as, for instance, that very day on the railway train, and it had seemed to me very easy for the very reason that I thought that by that means I could fill her with consternation.

"Now I could not kill myself or think of such a thing. 'Why should I do it?' I asked myself; and there was no answer.

"The knocking still continued at the door.

"'Yes, first I must find out who is knocking, I shall have time enough afterward....'

"I laid the revolver down and covered it with a newspaper. Then I went to the door and drew back the bolt. It was my wife's sister, a worthy but stupid widow.

"'Vasya, what does this mean?' she asked, and her ever ready tears began to gush forth.

"'What do you want?' I asked harshly. I saw that this was entirely unnecessary and that I had no reason to be gruff with her, but I could not adopt any other tone.

"'Vasya, she is dying. Ivan Zakharuitch says so.'

"Ivan Zakharuitch was her doctor, her adviser.

"'Why, is he here?' I asked, and all my rage against her flamed up once more. 'Well, suppose she is.'

"'Vasya, go to her. Oh, how horrible this is!' she exclaimed.

"'Must I go to her?' was the question that arose in my mind, and I instantly decided that I must go, that probably when a husband had killed his wife as I had, he must always go to her, that it was the proper thing to do.

"'If it is always done, then I must surely go,' I said to myself. 'Yes, if it is necessary to, I shall; I can still kill myself,' I reasoned in regard to my intention of blowing my brains out; and I followed her.

"'Now there will be phrases and grimaces, but I will not let them affect me,' said I to myself.

"'Wait,' said I to my sister. 'It is stupid to go without my boots, let me at least put on my slippers.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Another remarkable thing: — Once more as I left my room and went through the familiar rooms, once more arose the hope that nothing had taken place, but the odor of the vile medical appliances, iodoform, the carbolic acid, struck my senses.

"Yes, all was a reality. As I went though the corridor past the nursery I caught sight of Lizanka. She

looked at me with frightened eyes. It seemed to me then that all five of the children were there and that all of them were looking at me.

"I went to the door and the chambermaid opened it from the inside and passed out. The first thing that struck my eyes was her light gray gown lying on a chair and all discolored with blood. She was lying on our double bed, on my own side of it, — for it was easier of access on that side, and her knees were raised. She was placed in a very sloping position on pillows alone, with her kofta unbuttoned. Something had been placed over the wound. The room was full of the oppressive odor of iodoform. I was more than all struck by her swollen face, black and blue, — part of her nose and under her eyes. It was the effect of the blow that I had given her with my elbow, when she was trying to hold me back. Her beauty had all vanished, and her appearance was decidedly repulsive to me. I paused on the threshold.

"'Go to her, go,' said her sister.

"'Yes, she probably wants to confess to me,' I thought. 'Shall I forgive her? Yes, she is dying and it is permissible to forgive her,' I said mentally, striving to be magnanimous.

"I went close to her. She with difficulty raised her eyes to me — one of them was blackened, and she said with difficulty, with pauses between the words: —

"'You have had your way .... you have killed me.'

"And in her face, through her physical suffering and even the proximity of death, could be seen the old expression of cold animal hatred which I knew so well.

"'The children .... anyway .... you shall not have .... She' indicating her sister 'will take them.'

"As to what was the principal thing for me — her guilt, her unfaithfulness, she did not consider it worth while to say a word.

"'Yes .... delight yourself in what you have done.' said she, glancing at the door and sobbing. On the threshold stood her sister with the children. 'Oh, what have you done?'

"I looked at the children, at her bruised and discolored face, and for the first time forgot myself, my rights, my pride, for the first time recognized the human being in her. And so petty seemed all that had offended me, all my jealousy, and so significant the deed that I had done, that I had the impulse to bow down to her hand and to say, 'Forgive me,' but I had not the courage.

"She remained silent, closing her eyes, evidently too weak to speak further.

"Then her mutilated face was distorted with a frown. She feebly pushed me away.

"'Why has all this taken place, why?'

"'Forgive me,' I cried.

"'Forgive? What nonsense! .... If only I had not to die!' she cried, raising herself up, and her deliriously flashing eyes were fastened on me.

"'Yes, you have wreaked your will. I hate you. Ai! Oh,' she screamed, evidently out of her head, evidently afraid of something. 'Shoot, I am not afraid. .... Only kill us all. .... He has gone. .... He has gone.'

"The delirium continued to the very end. She did not recognize any one. On the same day at noon she died. Before that, at eight o'clock in the morning, I was arrested and taken to prison. And there, while I was confined for eleven months waiting for my trial, I had a chance to meditate on myself and my past life, and I came to understand it. On the third day I began to comprehend. On the third day they took me *there*."

He wanted to say something more, but not having the strength to hold back his sobs, he paused. Collecting his strength, he continued: —

"I began to comprehend only when I beheld her in her coffin." He sobbed, but immediately continued hastily: —

"Only when I beheld her dead face did I understand what I had done. I comprehended that I, *I* had killed her, that it was through me that she, who had been living, moving, warm, was now motionless, wax-like, and cold, and that there was no way of ever again making it right, — never, never again. He who has not lived

through this cannot comprehend, U! U! U!" he cried several times, and said no more.

We sat a long time in silence. He sobbed and trembled before me. His face became pinched and long, and his mouth widened to its fullest extent.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "if I had known what I know now, then everything would have been entirely different. I would not have married her for .... I would not have married at all."

Again we were long silent.

"Well, good-by — Prostite."

He turned from me and lay down on the seat, covering himself with his plaid.

At the station where I was to leave the train — it was eight o'clock in the morning - - I went up to him to bid him farewell. Either he was asleep or was pretending to be sleeping; he did not move. I touched his hand. He uncovered himself, and it was plain that he had not been asleep.

"Proshchaïte — Farewell," said I, offering him my hand. He took it and almost smiled, but so piteously that I felt like weeping.

"Yes, good-by — Prostite," said he, repeating the very word with which he had closed his tale.

COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ IN HIS WORK-ROOM.

From the painting by Repin, 1891.

SEQUEL TO THE KREUTZER SONATA

WITH reference to the subject treated of in my story, "The Kreutzer Sonata," I have received, and am still receiving, many letters from strangers who ask me to explain my opinion clearly and simply. I will do my best to meet their wish, *i.e.* briefly to express the essence of what I wished that story to convey, and the conclusions which may, I think, be drawn from it.

* * * * * *

First. I wished to say that a firm conviction (supported by false science) has established itself among all classes of our society, to the effect that sexual intercourse is necessary for health, and that marriage not being always possible, sexual intercourse without marriage, and binding the man to nothing beyond a mere money payment, is quite natural and a thing to be encouraged. This conviction has become so general and so firm that parents, acting on the advice of doctors, arrange opportunities of vice for their children, and governments (which should not exist unless they care for the moral well-being of their citizens) organize vice. That is to say, they organize a whole class of women who have to perish body and soul to satisfy the alleged needs of men. And unmarried people addict themselves to vice with quiet consciences.

And I wished to say that this is wrong. It cannot be necessary to destroy some people, body and soul, for the health of others, any more than it can be necessary for some people to drink the blood of others in order to be healthy.

The deduction which seems to me naturally to follow from the above, is that we should not yield to this error and fraud. And in order not to yield, it is necessary, first of all, not to give credence to immoral doctrines, no matter on what pseudo-sciences they may rest for support. Secondly, we must realize that it is a breach of the simplest demands of morality to enter into sexual intercourse in which people either free themselves from the possible consequences of the act, *i.e.* from the children who may be born, or leave the whole burden to the mother, or take precautions to prevent the birth of children. It is a meanness, and young people who do not wish to be mean should not do it.

To be able to abstain they should lead a natural life: not drink, nor eat meat, nor overeat, nor avoid labor — exhausting labor, not mere gymnastics, or other play. But besides this they should not, even in thought, admit the possibility of connection with strange women, any more than they would with their mothers, sisters, near relations, or with the wives of their friends. Any man can find hundreds of examples around him showing that continence is possible, and less dangerous and less harmful to health than incontinence. That is the first thing.

Second. In all classes of our society conjugal infidelity has become very common. And this is so because sexual intercourse is regarded not only as a pleasure, and as necessary to health, but as being something poetic and elevated, and a blessing to life.

And I think such conduct is wrong, and the deduction to be made is that it should not be indulged in.

And in order not to indulge in it, it is necessary that this way of regarding sexual love should be changed. Men and women should be educated at home and by public opinion, both before and after marriage, not as now to consider being in love and the sexual affection connected therewith as a poetic and elevated condition, but as being an animal condition, degrading to man. And an infringement of the marriage promise of faithfulness should be held by public opinion to be at least

as shameful as the infringement of a monetary obligation, or as a commercial fraud. And it should not be extolled in novels, verses, songs, and operas, as is now commonly done. That is the second thing.

Third. Again, as a consequence of the false importance attached to sexual love, the birth of children in our society has lost its meaning. Instead of being the object and justification of conjugal relations, it is now a hindrance to the pleasant continuation of amorous intercourse. And, therefore, both outside marriage and among married people (on the advice of the servants of medical science), the use of means to prevent the woman from conceiving children has spread, and people continue conjugal intercourse during the months when the woman is bearing and nursing the child. This used not to be done formerly, and it is not done now in the patriarchal peasant families.

And I think that such conduct is wrong.

It is bad to use means to prevent the birth of children, both because so doing frees people from the cares and troubles caused by children, which should serve to redeem sexual love, and also because it comes very near to what is most revolting to our conscience — murder. And incontinence during pregnancy and nursing is bad, because it wastes the woman's bodily, and especially her spiritual, strength.

The deduction from this is, that these things should not be done. And in order not to do them it should be understood that continence, which is a necessary condition of man's self-respect when he is unmarried, is even more necessary in the married state. That is the third thing.

Fourth. In our society children are considered either an unfortunate accident, or a hindrance to enjoyment, or (when a preconcerted number are produced) as a sort of delectation. And, in accordance with such a view, the children are not educated to face the problems of human life which await them, as beings endowed with reason and love, but they are merely treated with an eye to the enjoyment they can afford to their parents.

Consequently, human children are brought up like the young of animals; the chief care of the parents not being to prepare them for an activity worthy of men, but to feed them as well as possible, to increase their stature, and to make them clean, white, plump, and handsome. In all this, the parents are supported by the pseudo-science of medicine. And if things are done differently among the lower classes, this results merely from their lack of means. The view held is the same in all classes. And in pampered children, as in all overfed animals, an irresistible sensuality shows itself at an abnormally early age, and is the cause of terrible suffering before maturity. Apparel, reading, performances, music, dances, rich food, and all the surroundings of their life, from the pictures on boxes of sweets to novels and stories and poems, increase the sensuality; and the result is that sexual vices and diseases become customary among children of both sexes, and often retain their hold after maturity is reached.

And I think this is wrong. And the deduction to be made is, that human children should not be educated like animals, but that other things should be aimed at in the bringing up of children besides a handsome, pampered body. That is the fourth thing.

Fifth. In our society, where the falling in love of young men and women, which after all has sexual love at its root, is considered poetical and is extolled as the highest aim of human effort (as witness all the art and poetry of our society), young people devote the best time of their life, — the men to spying out, tracking, and obtaining possession of the most desirable objects of love, whether in amours or in marriage; and the women and girls to trapping and luring men into amours or marriages.

And thus people's best strength is spent in efforts that are not only unproductive, but harmful. Most of the senseless luxury of our lives results from this. From this comes the idleness of men and the shamelessness of women, who do not disdain to expose parts of their body that excite desire, in obedience to fashions admittedly borrowed from notoriously depraved women.

And I believe that this is wrong.

It is wrong because the aim — union with the object of one's love, with or without marriage, however it may be poeticized — is an aim unworthy of man, just as the aim of obtaining for oneself delicate and plentiful food is unworthy of man, though considered by many as the supreme aim of life.

The deduction to be made is, that we must cease to think that physical love is something particularly elevated. We must understand that no aim that we consider worthy of man — whether it be the service of humanity, of one's country, of science, or of art (let alone the service of God) — is ever reached by means of union with the object of one's love (whether with or without a marriage rite). On the contrary, being in love, and union with the beloved object, never makes it easier to gain any end worthy of man, but always makes it more difficult.

That is the fifth consideration.

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That is essentially what I wished to express, and thought I had expressed, in my story. And it seemed to me that the remedy for the evils referred to in these propositions might be discussed, but that it was impossible not to agree with the propositions themselves. This seemed to me so: first, because these propositions quite coincide with what we know of the progress of humanity, which is always proceeding from dissoluteness toward more and more of chastity, and coincide also with the moral consciousness of society, — with our consciences, which always condemn dissoluteness and esteem chastity. Secondly, because these propositions are nothing more than inevitable deductions from the teaching of the Gospels, which we profess, or at least (even if unconsciously) acknowledge to be the basis of our conceptions of morality.

But I was mistaken.

No one, indeed, directly contradicted the positions that it is wrong to be vicious, either before marriage or after a marriage ceremony, that it is wrong artificially

to prevent childbirth, that children should not be made playthings of, and that amorous union should not be placed above all other considerations. In brief, no one denied that chastity is better than dissoluteness. But people say: "If it is better not to marry, evidently we should do what is better. But if all men do so, the human race will cease, and it cannot be an ideal for humanity to destroy itself." The extinction of the race, however, is not a new idea. It is an article of faith among religious people, and to scientists it is an inevitable deduction from observation of the cooling of the sun. Leaving all that aside, however, the above rejoinder rests on a great, widely diffused, and ancient misunderstanding. It is said: "If people act up to the ideal of complete chastity, they will be exterminated; therefore, the ideal is false." But, intentionally or unintentionally, those who say this confuse two different things — a precept and an ideal.

Chastity is not a precept, or a rule, but an ideal. And an ideal is only then an *ideal*, when its accomplishment is possible only in *idea*, in thought; and when it appears attainable only in infinity, when, therefore, the possibility of approaching it is endless. If the ideal could be attained now, or if we could even imagine its accomplishment, it would cease to be an ideal.

Such is Christ's ideal — the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth; an ideal already foretold by the prophets who spoke of a time when all men shall be taught of God, and shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; when the lions shall lie down with the lambs, and all beings shall be united by love. The whole meaning of man's life lies in progress toward that ideal. And, therefore, the striving toward the Christian ideal in its entirety, and toward chastity as one of its conditions, is far from rendering life impossible. On the contrary, the absence of this ideal would destroy progress and thus render real life impossible.

The argument that the human race will cease if men strive resolutely toward chastity, is like the argument

sometimes adduced, that the human race will perish if men strive resolutely to learn to love their friends, their enemies, and all that lives, instead of continuing the struggle for existence. Such arguments proceed from not understanding that there are two different methods of moral guidance. As there are two ways of directing a traveler, so there are two ways of supplying moral guidance to a man seeking after truth. One way is to tell the man of things he will meet on his road and by which he can shape his course. The other method is merely to give him the general direction by a compass he carries. The compass always shows one immutable direction, and therefore shows him every deviation he makes from the right line.

The first method of moral guidance is to give definite external rules. Certain actions are defined, and man is told that he should, or should not, perform them.

"Observe the Sabbath," "Be circumcised," "Do not steal," "Do not drink intoxicants," "Do not take life," "Give tithes to the poor," "Wash and pray five times a day," "Be baptized," "Take communion," etc. Such are the injunctions of external religious teachings, Brahmanist, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Jewish, and of the Church teaching, miscalled — Christian.

The other method is that of pointing out to man a perfection he cannot attain, but which he is conscious of striving toward. An ideal is pointed out, by referring to which man can always recognize the degree of his own deviation from the right course.

Love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself! Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect! Such is Christ's teaching.

The proof of obedience to the external religious teachings lies in the concurrence of our actions with their injunctions. And such concurrence is possible.

The proof of obedience to Christ's teaching lies in a consciousness of our falling short of ideal perfection

The degree of advance is not seen, but the divergence from perfection is seen.

A man professing an external law is a man standing in the light of a lamp fixed to a post. He stands in the light and sees clearly, but has nowhere to advance to. A man following Christ's teaching is like a man carrying a lantern before him at the end of a pole. The light is ever before him, and ever impels him to follow it, by continually lighting up fresh ground and attracting him onward.

The Pharisee thanks God that he has done his whole duty. The rich young man has also done all from his youth upward, and does not understand what he yet lacks. Nor can they think otherwise. There is nothing before them toward which they might press on. Tithes are paid; Sabbaths observed; parents honored; adultery, theft, murder, avoided. What more? For the follower of Christ's teaching, the attainment of each step toward perfection evokes the need of reaching a still higher step, whence another, higher yet, is revealed, and so on without end. The follower of Christ's law is always in the position of the publican. He is always conscious of his imperfections, not looking back at the road he has already traveled, but always seeing before him the road he has still to go, — over which he has not yet journeyed.

Therein Christ's teaching differs from all other religious teachings. It is not that the demands are different, but the manner of guiding people is different.

Christ did not legislate. He never established any institutions, and never instituted marriage. But men, accustomed to external teachings, and not understanding the nature of Christ's teaching, wished to feel themselves justified, as the Pharisee felt himself justified. And, in contradiction to the whole spirit of Christ's teaching, they concocted, out of its letter, an external code of rules called Church Doctrine, and supplanted Christ's true teaching of the ideal by this doctrine.

In relation to all the occurrences of life, the Church doctrine (calling itself Christian) supplied, instead of

Christ's ideal teaching, definitions and rules contrary to the spirit of that teaching. This has been done with reference to government, law, the army, the Church, Church services, and it has been done in regard to marriage. Although Christ not only never instituted marriage, but, if we must seek for external regulations, rather repudiated it ("leave thy wife and follow me"), the Church doctrine (professing to be Christian) has established marriage as a Christian institution. That is to say, it has defined certain external conditions under which sexual love is said to be quite innocent and right for a Christian.

But as in Christ's teaching there is no basis for the institution of marriage, it has resulted that people in our world have left one bank but have not reached the other. That is to say, they do not really believe in the Church definition of marriage, for they feel that such an institution has no basis in Christian teaching; but yet they do not discern Christ's ideal of complete chastity which the Church teaching hides, and they are thus left without guidance in sexual matters. And this explains the seemingly strange fact that among Jews, Mohammedans, Lamaists, and others, following religious teachings of a far lower grade than the Christian, but having exact external definitions of marriage, the family basis and conjugal fidelity is far more firmly established than in so-called Christian society.

Those people have a definite system of concubinage and polygamy and polyandry confined within certain limits. Among us complete dissoluteness exists: concubinage, polygamy, and polyandry confined by no limits and screened under the forms of monogamy.

Merely because the clergy, for money, perform a certain ceremony (called the marriage service) over some of those who come together, it is naïvely, or hypocritically, supposed that we are a monogamous people.

Christian marriage never existed or could exist, any more than Christian worship,[1] or Christian teachers and

[1] (Matt. vi. 5–12.) And when you pray be not like the hypocrites, who always pray in congregations, and stop at street-corners to pray, that they

fathers of the Church,[1] or Christian property, on Christian armies, or law courts, or governments. And this was understood by Christians of the first centuries.

The Christian's ideal is love to God and to his neighbor. It is renunciation of self for the service of God and man. But carnal love, marriage, is a serving of self, and is, therefore, at least a hindrance to the service of God and man, and consequently, from the Christian point of view, it is a fall, a sin.

Getting married cannot conduce to the service of God and man, even if the object of the marriage be the continuation of the human race. It is much simpler for people, instead of getting married to produce future children, to save and support those millions of children who are perishing around us for want of food for body and soul. A Christian could only get married without consciousness of a fall into sin, if he knew that all existing children were already provided for.

It is possible to reject Christ's teaching, that teaching which impregnates our whole life, and on which all our morality is based, but if we accept it, it is impossible not to recognize that it points to the ideal of complete chastity.

In the Gospels it is said plainly, and so that it cannot be explained away: first, that a husband should not

may be noticed by men. You see yourselves, that they have their reward. But thou, if thou prayest, go into thy closet, shut the door, and pray to the Father. And thy Father will see into thy soul and will repay thee. In praying do not babble with thy tongue, like play-actors, who expect their babbling to be heard. Be not as they, for your Father knows your needs before you open your mouth. And therefore, pray thus: Our Father, etc.

(John iv. 21–24.) Woman, believe me, the time is near, when you shall worship the father neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem. You do not know whom you worship, but we worship him whom we know. But the time is near, and is now come, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and by deeds, for the Father requires such worshipers. God is a spirit and must be worshiped in spirit and by deeds.*

[1] (Matt. xxiii. 8–10.) And be not called teachers, for you have one teacher, Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man on earth father, for you have one Father in heaven. And be not called masters, for you have one pastor, Christ.

* The text of the verses referred to I take from Tolstoï's translation of the Four Gospels harmonized and translated. — (Tr.)

divorce his wife in order to take another,[1] but should live with her to whom he has united himself. Secondly, that it is sinful for any one (consequently for a married as well as for an unmarried man) to look on a woman as an object of pleasure.[2] And thirdly, that it is better for the unmarried not to marry at all, *i.e.* to be perfectly chaste.[3]

To very many people these thoughts will seem strange and even contradictory. And they are indeed contradictory, though not among themselves. The contradiction is to the whole tenor of our lives, and involuntarily a doubt arises: which is right? these thoughts, or the lives of millions of people including my own? This feeling I myself experienced intensely, when I was arriving at the convictions I am now expressing. I never expected that the trend of my thoughts would lead me to such a result as they actually brought me to. I was frightened at my own conclusions, and wished not to believe them, but there was no way to avoid them. And, however these conclusions may contradict the whole tenor of our lives, however much they contradict what I formerly thought and even expressed, I had to accept them.

"But all these are general considerations which may be correct, but which refer to Christ's teachings, and are binding only on those who profess that teaching. But

[1] (Matt. v. 31, 32.) It was also said: Whoever puts away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement. But I say to you, that if any one put away his wife, not only is he guilty of wantonness, but he leads her to adultery. And he who marries a divorced woman commits adultery. (Matt. xix. 8.) He said to them: Moses on account of your coarseness let you divorce from your wives: but from the commencement this is not right.

[2] (Matt. v. 28, 29.) And every one who looks on a woman with desire, has done what is the same as committing adultery with her. If thine eye ensnare thee, tear it out and cast it from thee: for it is more profitable for thee to lose one eye than that the whole of you should burn.

[3] (Matt. xix. 10–12.) And his disciples said to him: If a man's duty to his wife be such, it is better not to marry. And he said to them: Not all can comprehend this in their hearts, but only those to whom it is given. For there are people who are virgin from lust from their mother's womb; and there are some who have been deprived of their desire by men, and there are some who have become pure for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to take this understanding into his heart, let him take it.

life is life, and it will not do merely to indicate Christ's unattainable ideal ahead of us, and to leave men with nothing but that ideal, and with no definite guidance on a question so burning, so general, and which causes such tremendous misfortunes.

"A young and passionate man will be, at first, attracted by the ideal, but will fail to hold to it and will stumble. And not knowing, and not professing any rules, he will fall into utter depravity."

Thus do people generally argue.

"Christ's ideal is unattainable, and therefore cannot serve to guide us in life; one may talk of it, dream of it, but it is inapplicable to life, and so we must abandon it. What we require is not an ideal, but a precept. A guidance which should correspond to our strength, and suit the average moral strength of our society; an honest Church marriage; or even a marriage not quite honest, in which one of the partners (as the men in our society) may have had intercourse with other partners; or, say, civil marriage; or even (continuing along the same road) a Japanese marriage for a term, — and why not go on till we reach the brothel?"

It is maintained to be preferable to street vice. And this is just the difficulty. Once allow yourself to lower the ideal to suit man's weakness, and there is no finding any limit at which to stop.

But the fact is that such reasoning is false from the very start. It is not true that the ideal of infinite perfection cannot be a guide in life; and that it is necessary, either to throw it up, saying that it is useless to me as I cannot reach it, or else to tone it down to a level that suits my weakness.

Such reasoning is as if a mariner were to say to himself: "Because I cannot keep to the line indicated by my compass, I will cease to look at it and will throw it overboard" (*i.e.* will reject the ideal), or else, "I will fasten the needle of the compass in the position which corresponds to the direction in which I am at present sailing" (*i.e.* will lower the ideal to suit my weakness).

The ideal of perfection given by Christ is not a fantasy, or an object for rhetorical sermons; but it is the most essential guide to moral life any man can have. It is like the compass, which is the most necessary and accessible instrument for the guidance of mariners. Only the former must be trusted as implicitly as the latter.

In whatever position a man may be, Christ's teaching of the ideal is always sufficient to furnish him with the surest guidance as to what he should — and should not — do. But he must trust that teaching completely, and that teaching alone, ceasing to follow any other, just as the steersman must trust to the compass and desist from watching what is on either hand, and from guiding himself by such observations.

To guide oneself by Christ's teachings, or by the compass, one must know how to make use of them. To this end it is above all necessary to be conscious of one's position. We must not be afraid to define precisely how far we have deviated from the line of perfection. There is no position in which man can say that he has reached it, and has nothing more to strive toward.

Such is the case concerning man's efforts to reach the Christian ideal in general, and the same is true about chastity in particular. If we imagine to ourselves people in the most diverse positions, with reference to the sex-question, from innocent childhood to marriage of an incontinent character, Christ's teaching, and the ideal he has shown us, will always, at each step between the two, supply clear and definite guidance as to what should, or should not, be done.

What should a pure lad or girl do? Keep themselves pure and free from temptation in order to devote their full powers to the service of God and man, strive after complete chastity in thought and wish.

"What should a youth, or girl, do who has fallen into temptation and is engrossed by vague desire, or by love of some one, and who has thus lost some part of their capacity to serve God and man?"

Exactly the same. Not yield to sin (knowing that

yielding will not free them from temptation, but will only increase it); and strive ever toward more and more of chastity, in order to be able more completely to serve God and man.

"What are those to do who have failed in the struggle and have fallen?"

Consider their fall not as a legitimate pleasure (as it is now regarded when justified by a marriage ceremony), nor as a casual pleasure which may be repeated with others, nor as a misfortune, when the fall has occurred with an inferior and without a ceremony; but consider the first fall as the only one, as an entry into actual and indissoluble marriage.

This entry into marriage, by the consequent birth of children, restricts those who are thus united to a new and more limited form of service to God and man. Before marriage they were free to serve God and man directly and in most varied ways. Marriage narrows their scope of action, and demands from them the rearing and educating of offspring, who may serve God and man in the future.

"What should a man and woman do who are married, and who, in accordance with that position, are performing this limited service of God and man, by rearing and educating children?"

Again the same thing. Together strive to be free from temptation. Try to cleanse themselves from the sin of their mutual relation, which hinders general and individual service of God and man; and seek to replace sexual love by the pure relationship of brother and sister.

And so it is not true that we cannot be guided by Christ's ideal, because of its being too lofty, complete, and unattainable.

If we cannot make use of it, this is only because we lie to ourselves and deceive ourselves. For if we say that we must have some rule more practicable than Christ's ideal, or else not reaching Christ's ideal, we shall become vicious, — we do not really say that Christ's ideal is too high for us, but merely that we do not believe in it, and do not want to define our actions by it.

To say that when once we have fallen, we shall have begun a loose life, is merely to state that we have decided beforehand that to fall with one who is a social inferior is not a sin, but only an amusement, a distraction, which need not be remedied by the permanent union of marriage. Whereas, if we understood that such a fall is indeed a sin, which must and can be redeemed only by indissoluble marriage, and by all the activity resulting from the birth of children in marriage, then the fall would certainly not be the cause of our plunging into vice.

To act otherwise would be as if a husbandman learning to sow were to abandon a field he had sown badly, and go on sowing a second and a third field, and were to take into account only the one field which succeeded. Evidently such a man would waste much land and seed, and would not learn to sow properly.

Keep but in view the ideal of chastity, and consider every fall (no matter whose or with whom) as the one, immutable lifelong marriage, and it will be clear that the guidance given by Christ is not only sufficient, but is the only guidance possible.

It is said, "Man is weak, and more should not be demanded of him than he can accomplish." But this is like saying, "My hand is weak, I cannot draw the straight line I wish to, therefore, to make it easier, I will take a crooked or broken line as my model." Really, the weaker my hand, the more am I in need of a perfect model.

It is impossible, having heard Christ's ideal teaching, to act as if we knew it not, and to replace it by external ordinances. Christ's ideal teaching is before humanity now just because it is suitable for our guidance in man's present stage of development. Humanity has outgrown the period of external religious ordinances — they are no longer believed in.

The Christian teaching of the ideal is the only one that can guide humanity. We neither can nor may replace Christ's ideal by external rules; but we must firmly keep this ideal before us in all its purity, and above all, we must trust it.

While the mariner sailed near the shore it was possible to say to him, "Keep to that cliff, cape, or tower." But a time comes when the ship is far from shore, and it should and can be guided only by the unattainable star and the compass indicating a direction.

And both are given us.

THE DEKABRISTS[1]

A ROMANCE

FIRST FRAGMENT

I

IT happened not long ago, in the reign of the Emperor Alexander II., — in our epoch of civilization, of progress, of *questions*, of the regeneration of Russia, etc., — the time when the victorious Russian army had returned from Sevastopol, which had just been surrendered to the enemy, when all Russia was celebrating its triumph in the destruction of the Black Sea fleet, and White-walled Moscow had gone forth to meet and congratulate the remains of the crews of that fleet, and reach them a good Russian glass of vodka, and in accordance with the good Russian custom offer them the bread and salt of hospitality,[2] and bow their

[1] The three chapters of the romance here printed under the name of the "Dekabristui" were written even before the author had begun "War and Peace." At this time he was planning a story, the principal characters of which were to be the conspirators who planned the December Insurrection; but he did not go on with it because, in his efforts at bringing to life the time of the Dekabrists, he involuntarily went back in thought to the preceding time period, to the past of his heroes. Gradually before the author opened ever deeper and deeper the sources of those phenomena which he was designing to describe: the families, the education, the social conditions, etc., of his chosen characters. At last he paused at the time of the war with Napoleon, which he described in "War and Peace." At the end of that romance are evident the symptoms of that awakening which was reflected in the events of December 27, 1825.

Afterward the author once more took up "The Dekabrists," and wrote two other beginnings, which are here printed.

Such was the origin of the fragments here presented; it is probable that it will never be finished. — PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

[2] *Khlyeb-sol.*

heads to the ground; at the time when Russia in the person of perspicacious virgin-politicians bewailed the destruction of its favorite dreams about celebrating the Te Deum in the cathedral of Saint Sophia and the severely felt loss of two great men dear to the fatherland, who had been killed during the war (one carried away by his desire to hear the Te Deum as soon as possible in the said cathedral and who fell on the plains of Vallachia, for that very reason leaving two squadrons of hussars on those same plains; the other an invaluable man distributing tea, other people's money, and sheets to the wounded, and not stealing either); at the time when from all sides, from all branches of human activity, in Russia, great men sprang up like mushrooms — colonels, administrators, economists, writers, orators, and simply great men, without any vocation or object; at the time when at the jubilee of a Moscow actor, public sentiment, strengthened by a toast, began to demand the punishment of all criminals; when formidable committees from Petersburg were galloping away toward the south, to apprehend, discover, and punish the evil-doers of the commissary department; when in all the cities, dinners with speeches were given to the heroes of Sevastopol, and these men who came with amputated arms and legs were given trifles as remembrances, and they were met on bridges and highways; at the time when oratorical talents were so rapidly spreading among the people that a single tapster everywhere and on every occasion wrote and printed, and, having learned by heart, made at dinners such powerful addresses that the keepers of order had, as a general thing, to employ repressive measures against the eloquence of the tapster; when in the English club itself they reserved a special room for the discussion of public affairs; when new periodicals made their appearance under the most diversified appellations — journals developing European principles on a European soil, but with a Russian point of view, and journals exclusively on Russian soil developing Russian principles, but with a European point of view; when suddenly

so many periodicals appeared that it seemed as if all names were exhausted — the *Viestnik* (Messenger), and the *Slovo* (Word), and the *Besyeda* (Discussion), and the *Nabliudatyel* (Spectator), and the *Zvezda* (Star), and the *Orel* (Eagle), and many others — and notwithstanding this, new ones and ever new ones kept appearing; a time when pleiads of writers and thinkers kept appearing, proving that science is popular, and is not popular, and is unpopular, and the like, and a pleiad of writer-artists, describing the grove and the sunrise and the thunder-storm and the love of the Russian maiden and the laziness of a single chinovnik and the bad behavior of many other functionaries; at the time when from all sides came up *questions* — as in 1856 they called all those currents of circumstances to which no one could obtain a categorical answer — questions of military schools,[1] of universities, of the censorship, of verbal law-proceedings relating to finance, banks, police, emancipation, and many others, and all were trying to raise still new questions, all were giving experimental answers to them, were writing, reading, talking, arranging projects, all the time wishing to correct, to annihilate, to change, and all the Russians, as one man, found themselves in indescribable enthusiasm, — a state of things which has been witnessed twice in Russia during the nineteenth century — the first time when in 1812 we thrashed Napoleon I., and the second time when in 1856 Napoleon III. thrashed us — great and never-to-be-forgotten epoch of the regeneration of the Russian people. Like that Frenchman, who said that no one had ever lived at all who had not lived during the great French Revolution, so I also do not hesitate to say that any one who was not living in Russia in the year '56 does not know what life is.

He who writes these lines not only lived at that time, but was actively at work then. Moreover, he himself stayed in one of the trenches before Sevastopol for several weeks. He wrote about the Crimean war a work which brought him great fame, and in this he clearly and circumstantially described how the soldiers fired their

[1] *Voprosui kadetskikh korpusof.*

guns from the bastions, how wounds were bandaged at the ambulance stations, and how the dead were buried in the graveyard. Having accomplished these exploits, the writer of these lines spent some time at the heart of the empire, in a rocket establishment, where he received his laurels for his exploits. He saw the enthusiasm of both capitals and of the whole people, and he experienced in himself how Russia was able to reward genuine service. The powerful ones of that world all sought his acquaintance, shook hands with him, gave him dinners, kept inviting him out, and, in order to elicit from him the particulars of the war, told him their own sentiments. Consequently the writer of these lines may well appreciate that great unforgetable epoch.

But that does not concern us now.

One evening about this time two conveyances and a sledge were standing at the entrance of the best hotel in Moscow. A young man was just going in to inquire about rooms. An old man was sitting in one of the carriages with two ladies, and was discussing about the Kuznetsky Bridge at the time of the French Invasion.

It was the continuation of a conversation which had been begun on their first arrival at Moscow, and now the old, white-bearded man, with his fur shuba thrown open, was calmly going on with it, still sitting in the carriage, as if he intended to spend the night there. His wife and daughter listened to him, but kept looking at the door, not without impatience. The young man came out again accompanied by the Swiss and the hall-boy.

"Well, how is it, Sergyeï?" asked the mother, looking out so that the lamplight fell on her weary face.

Either because it was his usual custom, or to prevent the Swiss from mistaking him for a lackey, as he was dressed in a half-shuba, Sergyeï replied in French that they could have rooms, and he opened the carriage door. The old man for an instant glanced at his son, and fell back once more into the dark depths of the carriage, as if this affair did not concern him at all.

"There was no theater then."

"Pierre," said his wife, pulling him by the cloak, but he continued:—

"Madame Chalmé was on the Tverskaya...."

From the depths of the carriage rang out a young, merry laugh.

"Papa, come, — you are talking nonsense."

The old man seemed at last to realize that they had reached their destination, and he looked round.

"Come, step out."

He pulled his hat over his eyes and obediently got out of the carriage. The Swiss offered him his arm, but, convinced that the old man was perfectly able to take care of himself, he immediately proffered his services to the elder lady.

Natalya Nikolayevna, the lady, by her sable cloak, and by the slowness of her motions in getting out, and by the way in which she leaned heavily on his arm, and by the way in which, without hesitation, she immediately took her son's arm and walked up the steps, impressed the man as a woman of great distinction. He could not distinguish the young woman from the maids that dismounted from the second carriage; she, just as they, carried a bundle and a pipe, and walked behind. Only by her laughing, and the fact that she called the old man "father," did he know it.

"Not that way, papa, turn to the right," said she, detaining him by the sleeve of his coat. "To the right."

And on the stairway, above the stamping of feet, the opening of doors, and the panting of the elderly lady, was heard the same laughter which had rung out in the carriage, and which any one hearing would have surely exclaimed: "What a jolly laugh! I wish I could laugh like that."

The son, Sergyeï, had been busied with all the material conditions on the way; and, while busied with them, made up for his lack of knowledge by the energy characteristic of his five and twenty years and his bustling activity, which filled him with satisfaction. Twenty times, at least, and apparently without any sufficient cause, dressed in but a single paletot, he had run down

to the sledge and up the steps again, shivering with the cold, and taking two or three steps at a time with his long, young legs. Natalya Nikolayevna begged him not to catch cold, but he assured her that there was no danger, and he kept giving orders, slamming doors, and going and coming; and, even after he was convinced that everything now rested on the servants and muzhiks alone, he several times made a tour of all the rooms, entering the drawing-room by one door and going out by another, trying to find something more to do.

"Tell me, papa, will you go to the bath? Do you know where it is?" he asked.

Papa was in a brown study, and seemed to be entirely unable to account for his present environment. He was slow in replying. He heard the words, but they made no impression on him. Suddenly he comprehended. "Yes, yes, yes; please find out; .... at the Kamennoï Most."

The head of the family, with quick, nervous step, crossed the room and sat down in an arm-chair.

"Well, now we must decide what is to be done, — how to get settled," said he. "Help me, children; be quick about it! Be good and take hold and get things arranged, and then to-morrow we will send Serozha with a note to sister Mary Ivanovna, to Nikitin, or we will go ourselves. How is that, Natasha? But now let us get settled."

"To-morrow is Sunday; I hope that you will go to service first, before you do anything else, Pierre," said his wife, who was kneeling before a trunk and opening it.

"Oh, it is Sunday, is it? Assuredly; we will go to the Uspyensky Cathedral. That will note the beginning of our return. My God! when I recall the last time I was in the Uspyensky Cathedral .... do you remember, Natasha? But that is not the matter in hand."

And the head of the family leaped up from the chair in which he had only just sat down.

"But now we must get established."

Yet, without doing anything to help, he walked from one room into the other. "Tell me, will you drink some tea? Or are you tired, and would you rather rest?"

"Yes, yes," replied his wife, taking something from the trunk, "but I thought you were going to the bath."

"Yes .... in my day it used to be on the Kamennoï Most. Serozha, just go and find out if the baths are still at the Kamennoï Most. — Here, Serozha and I will take this room. Serozha, do you like this one?"

But Serozha had already gone to find out about the baths. "No," the old man went on to say, "that won't do at all. You won't have a passage directly into the drawing-room. What do you think about it, Natasha?"

"Don't you worry, Pierre, everything will be arranged," replied Natasha from the next room, into which the muzhiks were carrying various articles. But Pierre had come under the influence of the excitement and enthusiasm caused by his return.

"See here, don't disturb Serozha's things; there, they 've brought his snow-shoes into the drawing-room." And he himself picked them up, and with extraordinary carefulness, as if the whole future order of their establishment depended on it, placed them against the lintel of the door, and pressed them close to it. But the shoes would not stay put, and as soon as Pierre had left them they fell with a crash across the door. Natalya Nikolayevna frowned and shuddered, but, when she saw the cause of the disturbance, she said: —

"Sonya, pick them up, my love."

"Pick them up, my love," echoed her husband. "And I am going to see the landlord. Don't make any changes in our arrangements. We must talk it all over with him first."

"Better send for him, Pierre. Why do you disturb yourself?"

Pierre acquiesced in this.

"Sonya, do you attend to this, please. .... M. Cavalier; tell him that we want to talk things over with him."

"Chevalier, papa," said Sonya, and she started to go.

Natalya Nikolayevna, who was giving orders in a low

voice, and moving about quietly from room to room, now with a drawer, now with a pipe, now with a cushion, gradually and imperceptibly reducing the heaps of articles into order, and getting everything into its place, remarked, as she passed Sonya: —

"Don't go yourself; send a servant."

While the man was gone after the landlord, Pierre employed his spare moments, under the pretext of assisting his wife, in rumpling up some of her gowns, and then he tumbled over a half-emptied trunk. Catching by the wall to keep from falling, the Dekabrist looked round with a smile. His wife, it seemed, was too busy to notice; but Sonya looked at him with such mischievous eyes that it seemed as if she were asking his permission to laugh out loud. He readily gave her that permission, and laughed himself with such a hearty laugh that all who were in the room, his wife as well as the maid-servant and the muzhik, joined in.

This laughter still more cheered up the old man; he discovered that the divan in the room taken by his wife and daughter was placed inconveniently for them, notwithstanding the fact that they assured him to the contrary and begged him not to trouble himself. Just as he, with the assistance of the muzhik, was trying to move it to another place, the French landlord entered the room.

"You asked for me?" asked the landlord, curtly; and, as a proof of his indifference, if not his disdain, he deliberately took out his handkerchief, deliberately unfolded it, and deliberately blew his nose.

"Yes, my dear friend," said Piotr Ivanovitch, approaching him. "You see, we ourselves do not know how long we shall be here, my wife and I." And Piotr Ivanovitch, who had the weakness of seeing an intimate in every man, began to tell him his circumstances and plans.

Mr. Chevalier did not share this way of men, and was not interested in the particulars communicated by Piotr Ivanovitch; but the excellent French which the Dekabrist spoke, — a French which, as every one knows, has

something of the nature of a patent of respectability in Russia, — and the aristocratic ways of the newcomers, caused him to have a higher opinion of them than before.

"In what way can I aid you?" he asked.

This question did not embarrass Piotr Ivanovitch. He expressed his desire to have rooms, tea, a samovar, luncheon, dinner, food for his servants, — in a word, all those things for which hotels are intended to provide; and when Mr. Chevalier, amazed at the innocence of the old man, who, it may be surmised, thought that he had reached the Trukhmensky steppe, or that all these things were to be furnished as a free gift, explained that his desires would be fully gratified, Piotr Ivanovitch reached the height of enthusiasm.

"There, that is excellent! very good! Then we will arrange it so. Now; how then, please...."

But he began to feel ashamed of talking about himself exclusively, and so he proceeded to ask Mr. Chevalier about his family and affairs.

Sergyeï Petrovitch, returning, showed evident signs of dissatisfaction at his father's behavior. He noticed the landlord's irritation, and he reminded his father of the bath. But Piotr Ivanovitch was greatly interested in the question how a French hotel could succeed in Moscow in 1856, and how Madame Chevalier spent her time. At last the landlord bowed, and asked if there was anything they wished to order.

"Will you have some tea, Natasia. Yes? Tea, then, if you please, and we will have another talk, *mon cher monsieur!* — What a splendid man!"

"But are you going to the bath, papa?"

"Oh, then we don't need any tea."

Thus the only result of the conference with the newcomers was snatched away from the landlord.

Accordingly Piotr Ivanovitch was now proud and happy with the arrangements that he had made. The drivers who came to get their vodka-money annoyed him because Serozha had no small change, and Piotr Ivanovitch was about to send for the landlord again, when the

happy thought occurred to him that he ought not to be the only gay one that evening, and restored him to his good humor. He took out two three-ruble notes, and, pressing one into the hand of one of the drivers, said, "This is for you," — Piotr Ivanovitch had the custom of addressing all persons without exception, save the members of his own family, with the formal second person, plural, *vui* — "and this is for you," said he, thrusting the bank-note into the man's palm, somewhat as men do when they pay a doctor for his visit. After all these matters had been attended to, he went to his bath.

Sonya sat down on the divan, and, supporting her head on her hand, laughed heartily.

"Oh, how good it is, mamma; oh, how good it is!"

Then she put up her feet on the divan, stretched herself out, lay back, and thus fell asleep, with the sound, silent sleep of a girl of eighteen after a journey which had lasted a month and a half.

Natalya Nikolayevna, who was still busy in her sleeping-room, apparently heard with her maternal ear that Sonya was not stirring, and went in to see for herself. She took a cushion, and with her large white hand, raising the girl's rosy head, laid it gently on the cushion. Sonya sighed deeply, settled her shoulders, and let her head rest on the pillow, not saying "*merci*," but taking it as a matter of course.

"Not there, not there, Gavrilovna, Katya," said Natalya Nikolayena, addressing the two maid-servants who were making a bed; and with one hand, as it were in passing, smoothing her daughter's disordered locks. Without delaying, and without haste, Natalya Nikolayevna put things in order, and by the time her husband and son returned everything was in readiness, — the trunks were removed from the rooms; in Pierre's sleeping-room everything was just as it had been for years and years at Irkutsk; his khalat, his pipe, his tobacco-box, his *eau sucré*, the Gospels which he read at night, and even a little image fastened in some way above the beds, to the luxurious wall-hangings of the rooms of Chevalier, who did not employ this form of adornment, though that eve-

ning they made their appearance in all the rooms of the third suite of the hotel.

Natalya Nikolayevna, having got things arranged to rights, put on her collar and cuffs, which in spite of the long journey she had kept clean, brushed her hair, and sat down opposite the table. Her beautiful black eyes had a far-away look; she gazed, and rested!

It would seem that she rested, not from the labor of getting settled only, not from the journey only, not from her weary years only; she rested, it seemed, from her whole life; and the far distance into which she gazed, where in imagination she saw the living faces of dear ones, that was the rest for which she sighed. Whether it was the exploit of love which she had performed for her husband's sake, or the love which she had felt for her children when they were small, whether it was her heavy loss, or the peculiarity of her character, any one, looking at this woman, must have certainly comprehended that nothing more from her was to be expected, that she had already, and long ago, given herself to life, and that nothing remained for her. There remained a certain beautiful and melancholy dignity of worth, like old memories, like moonlight. It was impossible to imagine her otherwise than surrounded by reverence and all the amenities of life. That she should ever be hungry and eat ravenously, or that she should ever wear soiled linen, that she should ever stumble or forget to blow her nose, was utterly unthinkable. It was a physical impossibility! Why this was so, I do not know; but her every motion was majesty, grace, sympathy for all those that enjoyed the sight of her.

> "*Sie pflegen und weben*
> *Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben.*"

She knew that couplet and liked it, but she was not guided by it. Her whole nature was the expression of this thought; her whole life unconsciously devoted to the weaving of invisible roses into the lives of those with whom she came into contact. She accompanied her hus-

band to Siberia purely because she loved him ; she did what she might do for him, and she involuntarily did everything for him. She made his bed for him, she packed his things, she prepared his dinner and tea for him, and above all, she was always where he was, and greater happiness no woman could give her husband.

In the drawing-room the samovar was singing on the round table. Before it sat Natalya Nikolayevna. Sonya was wrinkling up her forehead and smiling under her mother's hand, which tickled her, when with trimmed finger-tips and shining cheeks and brows, — the father's bald spot was especially brilliant, — fresh clean linen and dark hair and beaming faces, the men came into the room.

"It has grown lighter since you have come in," said Natalya Nikolayevna. "Ye powers,[1] how white."

For years she had said this every Saturday, and every Saturday Pierre had experienced a sense of modesty and satisfaction. They sat down at the table ; there was a smell of tea and tobacco, the voices of the parents and the children were heard, and of the servants who in the same room were carrying away the cups. They recalled the amusing things which had happened on the road, they praised Sonya's mode of dressing her hair, they chatted and laughed. Geographically they had all been transported five thousand versts into an entirely different and alien environment, but morally they were that evening still at home, just the same as their peculiar lonely family life had made them. Of this there was to be no morrow. Piotr Ivanovitch sat down near the samovar and smoked his pipe. He was not gay at all.

"Well, here we are back again," said he, "and I am glad that we shall not see any one this evening ; this evening will be the last that we shall spend together as a family ;" and he drank these words down with a great swallow of tea.

"Why the last, Pierre?"

"Why? Because the young eagles have been taught to fly ; they will have to be building their own nests, and so they will be flying off each in his own direction." ....

[1] *Batyushka.*

"How absurd," exclaimed Sonya, taking his glass from him, and smiling as she smiled at everything. "The old nest is good enough."

"The old nest is a wretched nest; the father-eagle could not build it; he got into a cage; his young ones were hatched in the cage and he was let out only when his wings were no longer able to bear him aloft. No, the young eagles will have to build their nests higher, more successfully, nearer to the sun. They are his young, in order that his example may aid them; but the old eagle, as long as he has his eyes, will look out for them, and if he becomes blind will listen for them .... give me a little rum, more, more .... there, that will do!"

"Let us see who will leave the others first," remarked Sonya, giving her mother a fleeting glance, as if she reproached herself for speaking before her. "Let us see who will leave the others first," she repeated. "I have no fear for myself or for Serozha either."

Serozha was striding up and down the room and thinking how the next day he would order some new clothes, and trying to decide whether he would go himself or send for the tailor, and so he was not interested in the conversation between Sonya and his father.

Sonya laughed.

"What is the matter with you? What is it?" asked their father.

"You are younger than we are, papa, ever so much younger, that is a fact," said she, and again she laughed.

"How is that?" exclaimed the old man, and the gloomy frown on his brow melted away in an affectionate and, at the same time, rather scornful smile.

Natalya Nikolayevna leaned out from behind the samovar, which prevented her from seeing her husband.

"Sonya is right. You are only sixteen years old, Pierre. Serozha is younger in his feelings, but you are younger than he in spirit. I can foresee what he will do, but you are still capable of surprising me."

Whether it was that the old man recognized the justice of the remark, or being flattered by it did not know

what answer to make, he went on smoking in silence, drinking his tea, and only letting his eyes flash. But Serozha, with the egotism characteristic of youth, for the first time began to feel interested in what was said about him, joined the conversation, and assured them that he was really old, that his coming to Moscow and the new life which was opening before him did not rejoice him in the least, that he was perfectly calm in his thought and expectations of the future.

"Nevertheless this is the last evening," repeated Piotr Ivanovitch. "To-morrow it will no longer be the same."

And once more he filled up his glass with rum. And for some time longer he sat by the tea-table with an expression on his face as if he had much to say, but there was no one to listen. He kept pouring out the rum until his daughter surreptitiously carried away the bottle.

II

When Mr. Chevalier returned to his own room, after he had been up-stairs to arrange for his guests, he communicated his observations concerning the newcomers to the partner of his life, who, dressed in laces and silk, had her place in the Paris fashion behind the desk; in the same room sat several of the *habitués* of the establishment. Serozha, while he was down-stairs, had noticed that room and its occupants. You, probably, have also noticed it if ever you have been in Moscow.

If you, a modest man, not acquainted with Moscow, have arrived too late for a dinner invitation, have been mistaken in your supposition that the hospitable Muscovites will invite you to dinner and they have not invited you, or if you simply desire to dine in the best hotel, you will go into the anteroom. Three or four lackeys will dart forward; one of them will take your shuba from you and congratulate you on the new year, or the carnival, or your return, or will simply remark that it is a long time since you were there, although you may never have been at that establishment in your life. You go in, and the first thing that strikes your eyes is a covered table,

spread, as it seems to you at the first instant, with an endless collection of edibles. But this is only an optical delusion, since the larger part of the space on this table is occupied by pheasants in their feathers, indigestible lobsters, baskets with scents, and pomade and vials with cosmetics and comfits. Only if you search carefully you will find vodka and a crust of bread with butter and a piece of fish under a wire fly-screen, perfectly useless in Moscow in the month of December, but there because they are used in that way in Paris.

A little farther on, beyond the table, you will see in front of you the room in which sits the French woman behind the desk, always with a disgusting exterior, and yet with the cleanest of cuffs and in the most charming of modish gowns. Next the Frenchwoman you will see an officer with unbuttoned coat, sipping vodka and reading a newspaper, and a pair of civil or military legs stretched out in a velvet chair, and you will hear a chatter of French and more or less genuine and hearty laughter.

If you wish to find out what is going on in that room, then I should advise you not to go into it, but simply to keep your eyes open as you go by, pretending that you want to obtain a tartine. Otherwise you would be greeted with a questioning silence and with the eyes of the *habitués* of the room fixed on you, and probably you will put your tail between your legs and take refuge at one of the tables in the big "hall" or in the winter garden. There no one will disturb you. These tables are for the general public, and there in your solitude you may call the *garçon* and order truffles, as much as you please. This room with the French woman exists for the select gilded youth of Moscow, and to become one of the chosen is not so easy as it may seem to you.

Mr. Chevalier, returning to this room, told his spouse that the man from Siberia was a bore, but on the other hand his son and daughter were young people such as could be brought up only in Siberia.

"You ought to look at the daughter, what a rose she is!"

"Oh, he loves fresh young women — this old man does!" exclaimed one of the guests, who was smoking a cigar.

The conversation, of course, was carried on in French, but I translate it into Russian, as I shall do throughout this story.

"Oh, I am very fond, too, of them," replied Mr. Chevalier. "Women are my passion. Don't you believe me?"

"Hear that, Madame Chevalier," cried a stout young Cossack officer, who was deeply in the debt of the establishment and liked to chat with the landlady.

"Why, you see he shares my taste," said Chevalier, tapping the stout officer on the epaulet.

"And so the little Sibiryatchka is pretty, is she?"

Chevalier put his fingers together and kissed them.

Whereupon ensued among the occupants a very gay and confidential conversation. It concerned the stout officer; he smiled as he listened to what was said about him.

"Can he have such mutable tastes," shouted one man through the laughter. "Mademoiselle Clarisse, you know Strugof likes above all things, next to women, hens' legs."

Although Mademoiselle Clarisse, from behind her desk, did not see the wit of this remark, she broke out into laughter as silvery as her bad teeth and declining years allowed.

"Has the Siberian girl awakened such thoughts in him?" and again they all laughed harder than ever. Even Mr. Chevalier almost died with laughing, adding, "*Ce vieux coquin*," and patting the Cossack officer on the head and shoulders.

"But who are they — these Sibiryaki — manufacturers or merchants?" asked one of the gentlemen when the laughter had somewhat subsided.

"Nikit! Go and ask the gentleman who has just come for his passport," said Mr. Chevalier. "'We Alexander, Autocrat.'" ....

Chevalier was just beginning to read the passport

which was brought him, when the Cossack officer snatched the paper out of his hands, but his face suddenly expressed amazement.

"Well, now, guess who it is," said he; "all of you know him by reputation."

"How can we guess, tell us." ....

"Well, Abd-el Kader, ha, ha, ha. .... Well, Cagliostro, ha, ha, ha. .... Well, then, Peter III., ha, ha, ha." ....

"Well, then, read for yourselves." ....

The Cossack officer unfolded the paper and read: the former Prince Piotr Ivanovitch and one of those Russian names which every one knows and pronounces with a certain respect and pleasure when speaking of any one bearing that name, as of a personal friend or intimate.

We will call it Labazof.

The Cossack officer vaguely remembered that this Piotr Labazof was a person of some consequence in '25, and that he was sent to the mines of Siberia as a convict, but why he was famous he did not remember very well.

The others knew nothing about it, and they replied: —

"Oh, yes, famous," just exactly as they would have likewise said "Famous" of Shakespeare who wrote the "Æneid"!

The most that they knew about him was what the stout officer said, — that he was the brother of Prince Ivan, uncle of the Chikins, the Countess Prunk, yes, "famous." ....

"Why, he must be very rich if he is a brother of Prince Ivan," remarked one of the young men. "If they have restored his estates to him. They have restored their property to some."

"How many of these exiles are coming back nowadays," remarked another person present. "Truly I don't believe there were so many sent as have already returned. Yes, Zhikinsky, tell us that story about the eighteenth of the month," said he, addressing an officer of light infantry, reputed as a clever story-teller.

"Yes, tell us it."

"In the first place, it is genuine truth and happened

here, at Chevalier's, in the large 'hall.' Three Dekabrists came here to dinner. They took seats at one table, they ate, they drank, they talked. Now opposite them was sitting a man of respectable appearance, of about the same age, and he kept listening to what they had to say about Siberia: — 'And do you know Nerchinsk?' — 'Why, yes, I lived there.' — 'And do you know Tatyana Ivanovna?' — 'Why, of course I do.' — 'Permit me to ask if you were also exiled?' — 'Yes, I had to suffer that misfortune.' — 'And you?' — 'We were all sent on the 14th of December. Strange that we don't know you, if you also were among those sent on the 14th. Will you tell us your name?' — 'Feodorof.' — 'Were you also on the 14th?' — 'No, on the 18th.' — 'How on the 18th?' — '18th of September; for a gold watch; I was falsely charged with stealing it, and though I was innocent, I had to go.'"

All burst out laughing except the narrator, who with a preternaturally solemn face looked at his hearers each and all, and swore that it was a true story.

Shortly after this tale one of the gilded youths got up and went to his club. After passing through the room furnished with tables, where old men were playing cards; after turning into the "infernalnaya" where already the famous "Puchin" was beginning his game against the "assembled crowd"; after lingering awhile near one of the billiard-tables at which a little old man of distinction was making chance shots; and after glancing into the library where some general was reading sedately over his glasses, holding his newspaper far from his eyes, and where a literary young man, striving not to make a noise, was turning over the files of papers, — the gilded youth sat down on a divan in the billiard-room with another man, who like himself belonged to the same gilded youth, and was playing backgammon.

It was the luncheon day, and there were present many gentlemen who were frequenters of the club. Among the number was Ivan Pavlovitch Pakhtin. He was a man of forty, of medium height, pale complexion, stout, with

wide shoulders and hips, with a bald head, a shiny, jolly, smooth-shaven face. Though he did not play backgammon, he joined Prince D——, with whom he was on intimate terms, and he did not refuse the glass of champagne which was offered to him. He arranged himself so comfortably after his dinner, slightly smoothing the seat of his trousers, that any one would think he had been sitting there a century, smoking his cigar, sipping his champagne, and happily conscious of the nearness of princes and counts and the sons of ministers. The tidings of the return of the Labazofs disturbed his equanimity. "Where are you going, Pakhtin?" asked the son of a minister, who in the interval of his play, noticed that Pakhtin got up, pulled down his waistcoat, and drank his champagne in great swallows.

"Seviernikof invited me," said Pakhtin, feeling a certain unsteadiness in his legs, "say, are you going?"

Anastasya, Anastasya, otvoryaï-ka vorota.

This was a gipsy song that was in great vogue at the time.

"Perhaps so. And you?"

"How should I go, an old married man?"

"There now."

Pakhtin, smiling, went to find Seviernikof in the "glass room." He liked to have his last word take the form of a jest. And so it was now.

"Tell me, how is the countess's health?" he asked, as he joined Seviernikof, who did not know him at all, but, as Pakhtin conjectured, would consider it of the greatest importance to know of the Labazofs' return. Seviernikof had been himself somewhat implicated in the affair of December 14, and was a friend of the Dekabrists.

The countess's health was much better, and Pakhtin was very glad of it.

"Did you know that Labazof got back to-day, and is staying at Chevalier's?"

"What is that you say? Why, we are old friends. How glad I am. He has grown old, poor fellow. His wife wrote my wife...."

But Seviernikof did not cite what she wrote. His partner, who was playing without trumps, made some mistake. While talking with Ivan Pavlovitch, he kept his eye on them, but now suddenly he threw his whole body on the table, and, pounding on it with his hands, proved that he ought to have played a seven.

Ivan Pavlovitch got up and went to another table, joined the conversation there, and communicated to another important man his news, again got up and did the same thing at a third table. All these men of distinction were very glad to hear of Labazof's return, so that when Ivan Pavlovitch came back to the billiard-room again he no longer doubted, as he had at first, whether it was the proper thing to be glad of Labazof's return, and no longer employed any periphrasis about the ball, or the article in the *Viestnik*, or any one's health, or the weather, but broke his news at once with an enthusiastic account of the happy return of the famous Dekabrist. The little old man, who was still making vain attempts to hit the white ball with his cue, was, in Pakhtin's opinion, most likely to be rejoiced by the news. He went to him.

"You play remarkably well, your highness," said Pakhtin, just as the little old man struck his cue full in the marker's red waistcoat, signifying by this that he wished it chalked.

The title of address[1] was not spoken at all as you would suppose, with any servility, — oh, no, that would have been impossible in 1856. Ivan Pavlovitch called this old man simply by his given name and patronymic, and the title was given partly as a joke on those who did use it, and partly to let it be known that "we know with whom we are speaking, and yet we like to have a bit of sport and that is a fact;" at any rate, it was very subtile.

"I have just heard that Piotr Labazof has got back. He has arrived to-day from Siberia with his whole family."

Pakhtin uttered these words at the instant that the

[1] *Vashe vuisokoprevaskhadityelstvo.*

little old man was aiming at his ball again — this was his misfortune.

"If he has come back such a hare-brained fellow as he was when he was sent off, there is nothing to be rejoiced over," said the little old man, gruffly, provoked at his incomprehensible lack of success.

This reply disconcerted Ivan Pavlovitch; once more he did not know whether it was the proper thing to be glad of Labazof's return, and in order definitely to settle his doubts he directed his steps to the room where the men of intellect collected to talk, the men who knew the significance and object of everything, who knew everything, in one word. Ivan Pavlovitch had the same pleasant relations with the *habitués* of the "intellectual room" as he had with the gilded youth and the dignitaries. To tell the truth, he was out of his place in the "intellectual room," but no one was surprised when he entered and sat down on a divan. The talk was turning on the question in what year and on what subject a quarrel had occurred between two Russian journals. Taking advantage of a moment's silence, Ivan Pavlovitch communicated his tidings, not at all as a matter to rejoice over, nor as a matter of little account, but as if it were connected with the conversation. But immediately, by the way the "intellectuals" — I employ this word to signify the *habitués* of the "intellectual room" — received the tidings and began to discuss it, immediately Ivan Pavlovitch understood that here at least this tidings was investigated, and that here only it would take such a form as he could safely carry it further, and "*savoir à quoi s'en tenir.*"

"Labazof was the only one left," said one of the "intellectuals." "Now all of the Dekabrists who are alive have returned to Russia."

"He was one of the band of famous ...." said Pakhtin, in a still experimental tone of voice, ready to make this quotation either comic or serious.

"Undoubtedly Labazof was one of the most important men of that time," began one of the "intellectuals." "In 1819 he was ensign of the Semyonovsky regiment

and was sent abroad with despatches for Duke Z——. Then he came back, and in 1824 was admitted to the first Masonic lodge. All the Masons of that time met at D——'s and at his house. You see, he was very rich; Prince Z——, Feodore D——, Ivan P——, those were his most intimate friends. And so his uncle, Prince Vissarion, in order to remove the young man from their society, brought him to Moscow."

"Excuse me, Nikolaï Stepanovitch," interrupted another of the "intellectuals." "It seems to me that that was in 1823, because Vissarion Labazof was appointed commander of the third Corpus in 1824 and was in Warsaw. He took him on his own staff as aide, and after his dismissal brought him here. However, excuse me, I interrupted you." ....

"Oh, no, you finish the story."

"No, I beg of you."

"No, you finish; you ought to know about it better than I do, and besides, your memory and knowledge have been satisfactorily shown here."

"Well, in Moscow he resigned, contrary to his uncle's wishes," proceeded the one whose "memory and knowledge had been satisfactorily shown." "And here around him formed another society of which he was the head and heart, if one may so express oneself. . He was rich, had a good intellect, was cultivated. They say he was remarkably lovable. My aunt used to say that she never knew a man more charming. And here, just before the conspiracy, he married one of the Krinskys." ....

"The daughter of Nikolaï Krinsky, the one who before Borodino.... oh, yes, the famous one," interrupted some one.

"Oh, yes. Her enormous property is his now, but his own estate, which he inherited, went to his younger brother, Prince Ivan, who is now Ober-hoff-kafermeister — that is what he called it — and was minister. Best of all was his behavior toward his brother," continued the narrator. "When he was arrested the only thing that he had time to destroy was his brother's letters and papers."

"Was his brother implicated?"

The narrator did not reply "yes," but compressed his lips and closed his eyes significantly.

"Then to all questions Piotr Labazof inflexibly denied everything that would reflect on his brother, and for this reason he was punished more severely than the others. But what is best of all is that Prince Ivan got possession of his whole property, and never sent a grosh to him."

"They say that Piotr Labazof himself renounced it," remarked one of the listeners.

"Yes, but he renounced it simply because Prince Ivan, just before the coronation, wrote him that if he did not take it they would confiscate the property, and that he had children and obligations, and that now he was not in a condition to restore anything. Piotr replied in two lines: 'Neither I nor my heirs have or wish to have any claim to the estate assigned to you by law.' And nothing further. Why should he? And Prince Ivan swallowed it down, and with rapture locked this document and various bonds into his strong-box and showed it to no one." ....

One of the peculiarities of the "intellectual" room consisted in the fact that its *habitués* knew, when they wanted to know, everything that was done in the world, however much of a secret it was.

"Nevertheless it is a question," said a new speaker, "whether it would be fair to take from Prince Ivan's children the property which they have had ever since they were young, and which they supposed they had a right to."

The conversation thus took an abstract turn which did not interest Pakhtin.

He felt the necessity of finding fresh persons to communicate his tidings to, and he got up and made his way leisurely through the rooms, stopping here and there to talk. One of his fellow-members delayed him to tell him the news of the Labazofs' return.

"Who does n't know it?" replied Ivan Pavlovitch, smiling calmly as he started for the front door. The

news had gone entirely round the circle and was coming back to him again. There was nothing left for him to do at the club, so he went to a reception. It was not a formal reception, but a "salon," where every evening callers were received. There were present eight ladies and one old colonel, and all of them were awfully bored. Pakhtin's assurance of bearing and his smiling face had the effect of immediately cheering up the ladies and girls. The tidings was all the more apropos from the fact that there was present the old Countess Fuchs with her daughter. When Pakhtin repeated almost word for word all he had heard in the "intellectual" room, Madame Fuchs, shaking her head and amazed to think how old she was, began to recall how she had once ridden horseback with Natasha Krinsky before she was married to Labazof.

"Her marriage was a very romantic story, and it all took place under my eyes. Natasha was almost engaged to Miatlin, who was afterward killed in a duel with Debro. Just at that time Prince Piotr came to Moscow, fell in love with her, and made her an offer. Only her father, who was very favorably inclined to Miatlin and was especially afraid of Labazof as a Mason — her father refused his consent. But the young man continued to meet her at balls, everywhere, and he made friends with Miatlin, and asked him to withdraw. Miatlin consented. Labazof persuaded her to elope with him. She had already agreed to do so, but repented at the last moment" — the conversation was carried on in French — "she went to her father and told him that all was ready for their elopement, and that she could leave him, but that she hoped for his generosity. And in fact her father forgave her, all took her part, and he gave his consent. And so the wedding took place, and it was a gay wedding! Who of us dreamed that within a year she would follow him to Siberia? She was an only daughter, the richest and handsomest heiress of that time. The Emperor Alexander always paid her attention at balls, and how many times he danced with her. The Countess G. gave a *bal costumé*, if I re-

member rightly; and she went as a Neapolitan girl, wonderfully beautiful. Whenever the Emperor came to Moscow he would ask: *Que fait la belle Napolitaine?* And suddenly this woman, in a delicate condition, — her baby was born on the way,— without a moment's hesitation, without making any preparations, without packing her trunks, just as she was, when they arrested him, followed him for five thousand versts."

"Oh, what a wonderful woman," exclaimed the hostess.

"And both he and she were such uncommon people," said still another woman. "I have been told, but I don't know whether it is true or not, that everywhere in Siberia where they work in the mines, or whatever it is called, the convicts who were with them became better from associating with them."

"Yes; but she never worked in the mines," corrected Pakhtin.

That is what the year '56 was! Three years before no one had a thought for the Labazofs, and if any one remembered them, it was with that inexplicable sense of terror with which one speaks of the recently dead. Now how vividly all their former relations were remembered, all their admirable qualities were brought up, and every lady already began to form plans for securing a monoply of the Labazofs, and by means of them to attract other guests.

"Their son and daughter have come with them," said Pakhtin.

"If only they are as handsome as their mother was!" said the Countess Fuchs.... however, their father also was very, very handsome."

"How could they educate their children there?" queried the hostess.

"They say they are admirably educated. They say the young man is so handsome, so likeable! and educated as if he had been brought up in Paris."

"I predict a great success for the young lady," said a very handsome girl. "All these Siberian ladies have about them something pleasantly trivial, and every one likes it."

"Yes, that is so," said another girl.

"So we have still another wealthy match," said a third girl.

The old colonel, who was of German extraction, and three years before had come to Moscow to make a rich marriage, decided that it was for his interest, as soon as possible, before the young men found out about this, to get an introduction to her, and offer himself. The girls and ladies had almost precisely the same thought regarding the young man from Siberia.

"This must be and is my fate," thought one girl who for eight years had been vainly launched on society. "It must have been for the best that that stupid cavalier guardsman did not offer himself to me. I should surely have been unhappy.

"Well, they will all grow yellow with jealousy when this young man like the rest falls in love with me," thought a young and beautiful woman.

Whatever is said of the provincialism of small towns, there is nothing worse than the provincialism of high society. There one finds no new faces, but society is ready to take up with any new persons as soon as once they appear; here it is rarely that, as now with the Labazofs, people are acknowledged as belonging to their circle and received, and the sensation produced by these new personages was even stronger than would have been the case in a district city.

III

"Moscow, oh, Mother Moscow, white-walled city!"[1] exclaimed Piotr Ivanovitch, rubbing his eyes the next morning and listening to the sound of bells that floated above the Gazetnui Pereulok.

Nothing so vividly recalls the past as sounds; and these peals of the Moscow bells, together with the sight of the white wall seen from the window and the rattle of wheels, so vividly recalled to him not only that Mos-

[1] *Moskva-to, Moskva-to matushka byelokamennaya.*

cow which he had known thirty-five years before, but also that Moscow with its Kreml, its roofs, its Ivans, and the rest which he had borne in his heart, that he felt a childish delight in the fact that he was a Russian and that he was in Moscow.

There appeared a Bukhara khalat, flung open over a broad chest in a chintz shirt, a pipe with an amber mouthpiece, a lackey with gentle manners, tea, the scent of tobacco; a loud impetuous voice of a man was heard in Chevalier's rooms; morning kisses were exchanged, and the voices of daughter and son intermingled, and the Dekabrist was just as much at home as in Irkutsk or as he would have been in New York or Paris.

As I should not wish to present to my readers my Dekabrist hero as above all weaknesses, it must be confessed in the interests of truth that Piotr Ivanovitch shaved himself with the greatest care, combed his hair, and looked into the mirror. He was dissatisfied with his coat, which had been none too well mended in Siberia, and twice he unbuttoned and buttoned up his waistcoat.

Natalya Nikolayevna came into the drawing-room with her black moire gown rustling, with such sleeves and laces on her cap, that, although it was entirely out of the prevalent fashion, still it was so devised that it not only was not *ridicule* but on the contrary *distingué*. But in case of ladies this is a peculiar sixth sense, and sagacity is not to be compared with it.

Sonya was likewise so constituted that, although everything she wore was at least two years behind the style, still one could find no fault with it. The mother wore what was dark and simple; the daughter what was light and gay.

Serozha had only just woke up, and the ladies went without him to mass. The father and the mother sat behind, the daughter in front. Vasili sat on the box, and an izvoshchik's cab carried them to the Kreml. When they entered, the ladies adjusted their gowns, and Piotr Ivanovitch took Natalya Nikolayevna on his arm, and, hanging his head, entered the doors of the cathedral. Few — either merchants, or officers, or the common

people — could have known who these strangers were. Who was that deeply sunburnt and decrepit old man with the straight and circling wrinkles, indicative of a laborious life — wrinkles of a kind never met with at the English club — with his hair and beard white as snow, with his proud yet kindly glance and his energetic movements? Who was that tall lady with her air of distinction and her large beautiful eyes, so weary and so dim? Who was that strong, fresh, well-proportioned girl, dressed so unfashionably, and yet so self-assured? Of the merchant class or not of the merchant class? Germans or not Germans? People of rank? Apparently not, and yet evidently people of distinction.

Thus thought those that saw them in the church, and consequently they all even more willingly made haste to step aside and to let them pass than if they were men with heavy epaulets.

Piotr Ivanovitch held himself as majestically as at his entrance, and said his prayers with dignity and solemnity, not forgetting himself.

Natalya Nikolayevna knelt lightly, taking out her handkerchief, and she wept many tears during the time of the Kheruvimskaya song. Sonya evidently seemed to be making an effort to control herself so as to say her prayers. The service did not appeal to her, but she did not look round; she crossed herself assiduously.

Serozha stayed at home partly because he slept over, partly because he did not like to stand during the service; it made his feet swell, and he never could understand why it was that to travel on snow-shoes forty versts did not trouble him in the least, while to stand during the twelve Gospels caused him the greatest physical pain; but his chief excuse was that he needed new clothes.

He dressed and went to the Kuznetsky Most. He had plenty of money. His father had made it a rule ever since his son was twenty-one years old, to give him as much money as he wanted. It was in his power to leave his father and mother absolutely penniless.

What a pity about the two hundred and fifty silver

rubles which he wasted in Kuntz's ready-made clothing establishment! Any one of the gentlemen who passed Serozha on the street would have gladly taught him, and would have considered it a pleasure to go with him to show him what to get; but, as usually happens, he was alone in the throng, and he went along the Kuznetsky Most in his cap, opened the door, and emerged from there in a cinnamon-colored semi-dress-coat, cut narrow, — they were worn wide, — in black trousers, cut wide, — they were worn narrow, — and in a flowered satin waistcoat which not one of the gentlemen who frequented the special room at Chevalier's would have permitted himself to bestow on his lackey; and these things Serozha bought largely because Kuntz was in perplexity about the young man's slender figure, and, as he was in the habit of saying to all his customers, he declared that he had never seen the like before.

Serozha knew that he had a good figure, but the praise of a stranger like Kuntz greatly flattered him. He went out minus his two hundred and fifty rubles; and yet he was very badly dressed, so badly in fact that his new clothes within two days went into the possession of Vasili, and this episode always remained an unpleasant recollection for Serozha. When he reached the hotel again he went down-stairs and took his seat in the large room, also looking into the Chevalier's private room, and he called for such strange dishes for his breakfast that the *garçon* when he went into the kitchen had to laugh. But nevertheless he asked for a newspaper and pretended to read it. When the *garçon*, presuming on the youth's inexperience, began to ask him questions, Serozha bade him go to his place and his face grew red. But he spoke so haughtily that the man obeyed him. His mother, his father, and sister when they returned home found likewise that his new clothes were admirable.

Do you remember that delightful feeling of childhood when on your name-day you were dressed up in your best, and were taken to mass, and then, returning home with the festival in your clothes, in your face, and in your soul, you found guests and toys waiting for you?

You knew that on that day you had no lessons, that your elders also rejoiced with you, that for the entire house that day was exceptional and joyous; you knew that you alone were the sole cause of this enthusiasm, and that whatever you did, it would be forgiven you; and it seemed strange that people in the street were not also rejoicing with you, just as your friends were, and everything sounded louder and the lights were brighter; in a word, it was the festival feeling. Such a feeling did Piotr Ivanovitch experience on returning from church.

Pakhtin's evening labors had not been in vain; instead of toys Piotr Ivanovitch, when he reached his rooms, found a number of visiting cards of influential Muscovites who in '56 counted it their bounden duty to show the distinguished exile all possible attention, although three years before they would not have cared to see him. In the eyes of Chevalier, the Swiss, and the people of the hotel, the arrival of so many carriages with inquiries for Piotr Ivanovitch in one single morning multiplied their respect and obsequiousness tenfold. All this stood for the name-day gifts for Piotr Ivanovitch. However experienced in life a man may be, wise as he may be, the manifestation of respect from men who are themselves respected by the great majority of men is always pleasant. Piotr Ivanovitch felt gay at heart when Chevalier, bowing, proposed to him to change his rooms for better ones, and begged him to make known whatever he would like done for his comfort, and assured him that he counted it an honor to have him a guest at his hotel; and, so it was when, glancing over the cards and again throwing them into the card-receiver, he mentioned the names of Count S——, Prince D——, and the like. Natalya Nikolayevna declared that she would receive no one, but would go immediately to Marya Ivanovna's, and to this Piotr Ivanovitch agreed, although he would have been glad to talk with many of the visitors.

Only one of the visitors succeeded in forcing the countersign. This was Pakhtin. If this man had been asked why he had come from Pretchistenka to the Ga-

zetnui Pereulok, he would not have been able to give any satisfactory excuse, except that he liked anything which was new and interesting, and so he had come to look at Piotr Ivanovitch as at a curiosity. It might be thought that he would have felt a little hesitation at intruding with such an excuse on a perfect stranger to him. But it was quite the contrary. Piotr Ivanovitch and his son and Sofya Petrovna were dumfounded. Natalya Nikolayevna was too much of a *grande dame* to be confused at any such thing. A weary look from her beautiful black eyes rested calmly on Pakhtin. Pakhtin was fresh, self-satisfied, and very genial, as usual. He and Marya Ivanovna were friends.

"Ah!" said Natalya Nikolayevna.

"Well, not exactly friends — our years, you know, but she has always been very kind to me."

Pakhtin had been long a worshiper of Piotr Ivanovitch; he knew his companions. He hoped he might be useful to the newcomers. He had intended to have come the evening before; but had not been able to manage it, and he begged them to excuse him, and so he sat down and talked for a long time.

"Yes, I will tell you that I have found many changes in Russia since I went away," said Piotr Ivanovitch, in reply to a question. As soon as Piotr Ivanovitch began to speak it was worth while to notice with what respectful attention Pakhtin listened to every word which fell from the old man's lips, and how, at every phrase or word, Pakhtin, by a nod, a smile, or a motion of the eyes, let it be understood that he was listening, and taking in all the force of words and phrases so memorable. The weary eyes approved this manœuver. Sergyeï Petrovitch, it seemed, was afraid that his father's talk would not be worth the hearer's attention. Sofya Petrovna, on the contrary, smiled with that slight smile of satisfaction characteristic of people who detect the ridiculous side of a man. It seemed to her that nothing was to be expected from this man, that he was a "softy"[1] as she and her brother called a certain kind of man.

[1] *Shiushka.*

Piotr Ivanovitch explained that during his journey he had remarked many great changes which pleased him.

"Beyond doubt the people — the peasantry — are greatly improved; there has come to be greater recognition in them of their dignity," said he, as if repeating an old phrase.

"And I must say, that the people interest me, and always have interested me, more than anything else. I firmly believe that the strength of Russia is not in us, but in the common people."

Piotr Ivanovitch, with a warmth characteristic of him, communicated his more or less original ideas concerning a number of important subjects. We shall have to hear them more at length. Pakhtin was enraptured, and expressed his perfect agreement with everything: —

"You will surely have to make the acquaintance of the Aksatofs; you will allow me to present them to you, prince? You know his new journal is now to be permitted; the first number will be out to-morrow. I have read his wonderful article on the orderliness of the theory of science in the abstract. Thoroughly interesting. There is still another article of his — the history of Serbia in the eleventh century, of that famous voyevode Karbovanietz; also very interesting. On the whole it is a great stride in advance."

"Oh, yes," said Piotr Ivanovitch. But all this news evidently did not interest him; he did not even know the names and services of these men whom Pakhtin spoke about as if they were universally known. Natalya Nikolayevna, however, not scorning the necessity of knowing all these men and conditions, remarked in her husband's exculpation that Pierre received the journals very late, but he read them very assiduously.

"Papa, are we going to auntie's?" asked Sonya, coming in.

"Yes, but we must have luncheon first. Would n't you like something?"

Pakhtin, of course, refused; but Piotr Ivanovitch, with hospitality peculiarly Russian, and characteristic of himself, insisted on Pakhtin's having something to eat

and drink. He himself drank a small glass of vodka and a cup of Bordeaux. Pakhtin noticed that, when he drank the wine, Natalya Nikolayevna unexpectedly turned away from the glass, and the son looked at his father's hand. After the wine, Piotr Ivanovitch replied to Pakhtin's questions as to what he thought about the new literature, the new tendencies, about the war, about the peace. Pakhtin knew how to unite the most divergent topics into one disconnected but fluent conversation.

To these questions Piotr Ivanovitch immediately launched into a general *profession de foi*, and either the wine, or the topic of conversation, caused him to grow so excited that tears stood in his eyes, and Pakhtin grew enthusiastic and even wept; he did not hesitate to express his conviction that Piotr Ivanovitch was far ahead of the most advanced liberals, and that he ought to be the leader of all parties. Piotr Ivanovitch's eyes flashed; he had faith in all Pakhtin said to him, and he would have continued the conversation much longer if Sofya Petrovna had not conspired with Natalya Nikolayevna to put on her mantilla, and had not herself come in to get Piotr Ivanovitch.

He was going to drink up the rest of his wine, but Sofya Petrovna took it herself.

"What do you mean?"

"I have n't had any yet, papa. Excuse me."

He smiled.

"Well, we must go to Marya Ivanovna's. You pardon us, Mr. Pakhtin."

And Piotr Ivanovitch went out, carrying his head high. In the vestibule he fell in with a general who had come to pay his respects to his old friend. They had not met for thirty-five years. The general had no teeth and was bald.

"Why, how fresh you are," said he, "Siberia must be better than Petersburg. Are these your family? Pray present me! What a fine young man your son is Then you will dine with us to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, certainly."

On the doorstep they met the famous Chikhayef, also an old acquaintance.

"How did you know that I had come?"

"It would be a shame for Moscow, if it was not known; it was a shame that you were not met at the barriers. If you are going out to dine, it must be at your sister's, Marya Ivanovna's. Well, that is excellent; I shall be there also."

Piotr Ivanovitch always had the look of a proud man for those who could not penetrate that exterior and read his expression of unspeakable goodness and susceptibility; but now Natalya Nikolayevna admired him for his unusual majesty, and Sofya Petrovna's eyes smiled as she looked at him.

They reached Marya Ivanovna's.

Marya Ivanova was Piotr Ivanovnitch's godmother and was ten years his senior. She was an old maid.

Her story and how she failed to secure a husband, and how she lived in her youth, I shall tell in some other place.

She had lived uninterruptedly in Moscow. She had neither great intellect nor great wealth, and she did not value her relatives, on the contrary; but there was not a man who would not value her friendship. She was so convinced that all ought to value her, that all did value her. There were young liberals from the university who did not acknowledge her power, but these gentlemen conspired only in her absence. All it required was for her to walk with her imperial gait into the drawing-room, to speak in her calm manner, to smile her caressing smile, and they were subjected. Her circle included every one. She looked on Moscow and treated it as her own household. Her special friends consisted of young people and intellectual men; women she did not like. She had also those sycophants, male and female, whom, for some reason or other, our literature has included in the general scorn it lavishes on the Hungarian cloak and on generals. But Marya Ivanovna considered that it was better for the ruined gambler Skopin and the "grass widow" Byesheva to live with her than in poverty, and so she supported them.

There were two powerful feelings in Marya Ivanovna's present existence; they were her two brothers. Piotr Ianovitch was her idol. Prince Ivan was her detestation. She did not know that Piotr Ivanovitch had come, she had been at mass, and was at the present moment drinking her coffee. The vicar of Moscow, Byesheva, and Skopin were sitting at the table. Marya Ivanovna was telling them of the young Count V——, the son of Count P. Z——, who had just returned from Sevastopol and with whom she was in love — for she was always having passions. He was to dine with her that day.

The vicar got up and took his leave. Marya Ivanovna did not attempt to detain him. She was a latitudinarian in this respect; she was pious, but she did not like monks. She made sport of girls who ran after them, and she said boldly that, in her opinion, monks were the same kind of people as we poor sinners, and that salvation was to be obtained in the world better than in monasteries.

"Give out word that I am not receiving," said she. "I am going to write to Pierre; I don't understand why he has not come yet. Probably Natalya Nikolayevna is ill."

Marya Ivanovna was convinced that Natalya Nikolayevna did not like her, and was her enemy. She could never forgive her because it was Natalya Nikolayevna, and not she, his sister, who gave him her property and went with him to Siberia, and because her brother had definitely refused to accept this sacrifice when she had got ready to go with him. After thirty-five years she was beginning to believe her brother in his assertion that Natalya Nikolayevna was the best woman in the world, and his guardian angel; but she was jealous of her, and she kept imagining that she was a wicked woman.

She got up, went through the "hall," and was starting for her library when the door opened, and the gray-haired Byesheva's wrinkled face, expressing a joyous terror, appeared in the doorway.

"Marya Ivanovna, prepare your mind," said she.

"A letter?"

"No, something more important."

But, before she had a chance to finish her sentence, a man's loud voice was heard in the vestibule.

"Where is she? You go on, Natasha."

"It is he!" exclaimed Marya Ivanovna, and with long, firm steps she went to her brother. She met him as if she had parted with him only the day before.

"When did you arrive? Where are you staying? How did you come — by carriage?" Such questions as this did Marya Ivanovna put, as she went with him into the drawing-room; nor did she wait or listen to his replies, but kept looking, with wide-open eyes, now at one, now at another of them. Byesheva was amazed at such calmness, or indifference rather, and did not approve of it. They all smiled; the conversation languished. Marya Ivanovna relapsed into silence, and kept looking at her brother gravely.

"How are you?" asked Piotr Ivanovitch, taking her hand, and smiling.

Piotr Ivanovitch addressed his sister with the plural pronoun "vui," and she used the singular "tui." Marya Ivanovna looked once more at the gray beard and the bald head, at his teeth, at the wrinkles around his eyes, at his sunburned face, and she knew it all.

"Here is my Sonya."

But she did not look at her.

"What a foo...."

Her voice broke; she seized her brother's bald head with both her big white hands. "What a fool you were," she was going to say, "that you did not give me warning," but her bosom and shoulders shook, her face grew convulsed, and she began to sob, while still pressing the bald head to her bosom, and repeating: —

"What a foo-l you were not to give me notice."

Piotr Ivanovitch no longer seemed to himself such a great man, or so important, as he had seemed to be when he stood on the doorsteps of the Hôtel Chevalier. He was seated in an arm-chair, but his head was in his sister's arms, and his nose was squeezed against her corset, and something tickled his nose, and his hair was tumbled, and tears were in his eyes. But still he liked it.

When this ebullition of happy tears had passed, Marya Ivanovna realized and believed in the reality of what had happened, and began to study them all. But several times again, during the course of that day, when it came over her what he had once been, and what she had once been, and what they were now, and when her imagination vividly pictured their past unhappiness, and their former happiness and their former love, she would again spring up, and say: —

"What a fool you were, Petrushka; what a fool not to give me warning. Why did you not come directly to me? I would have taken you in," said Marya Ivanovna. "At any rate, you will dine with me. It won't be a bore to you, Sergyeï, for a young hero from Sevastopol is coming. But don't you know the son of Nikolaï Mikhaïlovitch? He is a writer who has already written something. I have not read it yet, but it is praised, and he is a fine young fellow. I will have him invited. Chikhayef also wanted to come. Well, he is a chatterbox. I don't like him. He 's been to see you already. And have you seen Nikita? Now all that is rubbish. What do you intend to do? And how is your health, Natalie? Where did you get this handsome lad and lassie?"

But the conversation kept flagging.

Before dinner Natalya Nikolayevna and the children went to see the old aunt. The brother and sister were left alone together, and he began to unfold his plans.

"Sonya is grown up; we shall have to bring her out; of course we shall live in Moscow," said Marya Ivanovna.

"Not for the world."

"Serozha will have to go into the service."

"Not for the world."

"You are as crazy as ever."

Nevertheless, she had a great fondness for the "crazy" one.

"We shall have to settle down here, then go into the country and show the children everything."

"My rule is not to interfere in family affairs," said

Marya Ivanovna, who was now growing calm after her excitement, "and I never give advice. But that a young man should go into the service I have always thought, and think so still, but now more than ever. You have no idea, Petrusha, what young men are nowadays. I know them all; here is Prince Dmitri's son, — he has entirely failed. Yes, and what is more, they are to blame for it. You see, I am not afraid of any one; I am an old woman, and it is not well."

And she began to talk about the government. She was dissatisfied with the excessive freedom granted to every one.

"They have done one good thing, — they let you come home. That is good."

Petrusha began to speak in the government's defense, but Marya Ivanovna was of a different nature from Pakhtin's. She would not argue with him; she instantly grew heated.

"Now, here you are defending it? Why do you defend it? I see you are just the same, just as unreasonable as ever."

Piotr Ivanovitch held his peace, but smiled faintly, showing that he was not convinced, but that he did not wish to quarrel with Marya Ivanovna.

"You smile. We know what that means. You don't want to discuss with me, with an old woman," said she, gayly and soothingly, and looking at her brother more keenly, more cleverly, than one would have expected from an old woman with such strong features. "Yes, you 'd better not discuss, little friend. You see, I have lived seventy years. And I have not lived to be a fool, either; but I have seen some things and learned some things; I have not read your books, and I don't intend to read them, either. What rubbish there is in books."

"Now tell me how my children please you," said Piotr Ivanovitch, with the same smile.

"Well, well, now," said his sister, threatening him, "don't get on to the subject of your children yet; we will talk about that by and by. But here is something I want to tell you. You are such an unpractical man.

I can see it by your eyes you are just what you always have been. And now they will make much of you. That is the fashion now; you are all in the style. Yes, yes, I see it in your eyes that you are just the same impracticable fellow that you always were," she added, replying to his smile. "You had better keep in the background. I pray to Christ our God to keep you from all these modern liberals. God knows what they are up to. This thing is sure; it will end badly. Our government is keeping quiet now, but by and by it will show its claws; mark my word, I am afraid you will get entangled again. Give it up, it 's all folly; you have children."

"You see you don't know me now, Marya Ivanovna," said her brother.

"Very good, but we shall see. Either I don't know you, or you don't know yourself. I have only said what was in my mind, and if you heed me, well and good. But now let us talk about Serozha. What do you think about him?" — She was going to say, "He does not please me very much;" but she said — "He resembles his mother; they are as alike as two drops of water. Now there is your Sonya. She pleases me very much; there is something very sweet and frank about her. Very pretty. Where is she, where is Sonyushka? Yes, I had forgotten about her."

"What can I say? Sonya will make a good wife and a good mother, but Serozha is clever, very clever, no one can deny that. He is an excellent scholar, though he is rather lazy. He has a great aptitude for the natural sciences. We were very fortunate; we had a splendid, splendid tutor for him. He wants to enter the university; to have lectures on the natural sciences, chemistry ...."

"If you only knew, Petrusha, how I pity them," said she, in a tone of genuine, softened, and even submissive melancholy. "So sorry, so sorry! Their whole life before them. What won't they have to endure!"

"Well, we must hope that they will be more fortunate than we were."

"God grant it, God grant it! Oh, life is hard, Pe-

trusha! Now listen to me in one thing. Don't go into subtleties, my dear. What a fool you are, Petrusha, oh, what a fool! However, I made some arrangements. I have invited some people, and what shall I give them to eat?"

She gave a little sob, turned round, and rang the bell.

"Call Taras."

"Is the old man still with you?" asked her brother.

"Yes, he is still here. But you'll see he is only a boy in comparison with me."

Taras was surly and blunt, but he undertook to do everything.

Shortly after, elated with the cold and their joy, came in Natalya Nikolayevna and Sonya, their gowns rustling. Serozha had remained to make some more purchases.

"Let me look at her."

Marya Ivanovna clasped her face between her two hands.

Natalya Nikolayevna told what she had been doing.

SECOND FRAGMENT

(Variant of the First Chapter)

The lawsuit brought by the proprietor, Ivan Apuikhtin, retired lieutenant of the guard, for the possession of four thousand desyatins of land occupied by his neighbors, the crown-peasants of the village of Izlegoshchi, in the district of Krasnoslobodsky, government of Penza, had been decided at the first trial, by the District Court, in favor of the peasants, through the clever pleading of Ivan Mironof their advocate, and an enormous *datcha*, or parcel, of land, part forest, and part cultivated, cleared by Apuikhtin's serfs, fell into the hands of the peasants in 1815; and in 1816 the peasants sowed this land and harvested the crops. The profit of this irregular action of the peasants surprised all the neighborhood and the peasants themselves.

This success of the peasants was explained solely by the fact that Ivan Petrovitch Apuikhtin, a man of very sweet and peaceable nature, and no lover of lawsuits, though he was convinced of his rights in the matter, had taken no measures against the peasants. Ivan Mironof, however, a peasant who had studied law, a dry, hawk-nosed, educated muzhik, who had been *golova*, or head man, and had been about as collector of taxes, made an assessment of fifty kopeks apiece from each of the men, and spent this money to the best advantage in bribes, and cleverly conducted the whole affair to a successful issue.

But shortly after the decision of the District Court, Apuikhtin, seeing his danger, gave a power of attorney to a skilful lawyer, Ilya Mitrofanof, who appealed the case to the higher court against the decision of the District Court. Ilya Mitrofanof conducted the affair so cleverly that, in spite of the efforts of Ivan Mironof, the peasants' advocate, notwithstanding all the considerable gifts of money presented by him to the members of the tribunal, the decision of the District was reversed in favor of the proprietor, and the land once more had to to be given up by the peasants. and their advocate had to make the announcement to them. Their advocate, Ivan Mironof, explained to the assembled peasants, that the gentlemen of the government had "lengthened the proprietor's arm and spoiled the affair entirely," so they were going to take away the land from them again; but that the proprietor's business would fall through because his petition had already been written to the senate, and there was a man there who had faithfully promised to do the right thing in the senate, and that then the land would be forever granted to the peasants: all that was wanted was a fresh assessment of a ruble apiece from every soul among them. The peasants voted to collect the money, and once more they intrusted the whole affair to Ivan Mironof. Having got the money, Mironof went to Petersburg.

When the season for plowing opened in Holy Week, 1817 — it came late that year — the peasants of Izlego-

shchi met in an assembly and began to discuss whether they should cultivate the disputed land that year; and notwithstanding the fact that Apuikhtin's manager had come during Lent with an order to them not to plow his land, and to render account of the rye that they had harvested the year before, nevertheless the peasants, for the very reason that they had already sowed their winter crop on the disputed land, and because Apuikhtin, not wishing to be too hard on them, was trying to give them a fair chance, decided to cultivate the disputed land, and to take hold of it before they did anything else. On the very day the peasants went to plow the Berestof datcha, on Maundy Thursday, Ivan Petrovitch Apuikhtin, who had been fasting during Holy Week, partook of the communion and went early in the morning to the church in the village of Izlegoshchi, of which he was a parishioner, and there, being unwitting of the peasants' action, attended mass amiably with the church elder.

Ivan Petrovitch made confession in the afternoon and had the vespers performed at his house; in the morning he himself read the precepts, and at eight o'clock he left his house. They were expecting him at mass. As he stood at the altar where he usually stood, Ivan Petrovitch reasoned rather than prayed; and so he was dissatisfied with himself. He, like many men of his time, indeed of all times, felt that his attitude toward the faith was not clear. He was now fifty years old, he had never neglected the Church ritual, he went to church regularly and fasted once a year; in talking with his only daughter he had tried to ground her in the fundamentals of the true faith: but if any one had asked him exactly what he himself believed, he would have found it hard to decide what answer to give. Especially on this particular day he felt his heart melt within him, and, as he stood by the altar, instead of saying the prayers, he kept thinking how strangely everything was arranged in this world: here he was, almost an old man, who had fasted perhaps forty times in his life, and he knew that all his domestics and all in the church regarded him as a model, took him as an ex-

ample, and he felt himself bound to set this example in relation to religion; but here he did not know anything, and before long it would be time for him to die, and for the life of him he could not tell whether what he was giving his people as an example was true or not. And it was strange to him how all — as he could see — took it for granted that old people were firm in the faith and knew what was necessary and what was not necessary — so he had always thought of old people; and here he was an old man, and yet he really did not know and was just as uncertain as he had been when he was twenty; hitherto he had disguised this fact, but now he acknowledged it.

Just as when he was a child the thought had sometimes occurred to him during service to crow like a cock, so now all sorts of ridiculous notions went through his brain; but here he was, an old man, reverently bowing, resting the aged bones of his hand on the flagging of the floor, and here was Father Vasili showing evident signs of timidity in performing the service before him, and "thus by our zeal we encourage his!"

"But if they only knew what notions were flying through my head. But it is sin, it is sin, I must conquer it by prayer," said he to himself as the service began; and as he listened to the significance of the Ektenia,[1] he tried to pray, and in fact his emotions speedily carried him over into the spirit of prayer, and he began to realize his sins, and all that he had confessed.

A pleasant old man, walking evenly in bark shoes which had lost their shape, with a bald spot in the midst of his thick gray hair, wearing a shuba with a patch half way down the back, came up to the altar, bowed to the ground, shook back his hair, and went behind the altar to place the candles.

This was the church *starosta*, or elder, Ivan Feodotof, one of the best muzhiks of the village of Izlegoshchi. Ivan Petrovitch knew him. The sight of this grave, firm face led Ivan Petrovitch into a new trend of thought. He was one of the muzhiks that wanted to

[1] Liturgy in behalf of the Emperor and his family.

get his land away from him, and one of the best and richest of the married farmers who needed land, who knew how to till it, and with good reason.

His grave face, his reverent obeisance, his dignified walk, the neatness of his attire, — his leg-wrappers clung round his calves like stockings, and the fastenings were symmetrically crossed so that they were the same on both, — his whole appearance, seemed to express reproach and animosity to all that was of the earth.

"Now I have asked forgiveness of my wife and of my daughter Mani, and of my servant Volodya, and now I must ask also this man's forgiveness and forgive him," said Ivan Petrovitch, and he determined to go and ask forgiveness of Ivan Feodotof after the service.

And so he did.

There were few people in the church. The majority made their devotions in the first or the fourth week of Lent. So that now there were only about forty men and women who had not been able to attend the services earlier, besides a few old men — devoted church attendants from among Apuikhtin's house servants and those of his rich neighbors, the Chernuishefs. There were among them an old lady, a relative of the Chernuishefs, who lived with them, and the widow of a sacristan, whose son the Chernuishefs, out of sheer kindness, had educated and made a man of, and who was now serving as a functionary in the senate.

Between matins and mass comparatively few remained in the church. The peasant men and women stayed outside. There remained two beggar women, sitting in one corner, whispering together and occasionally glancing at Ivan Petrovitch with an evident desire to wish his health and talk with him, and two lackeys, his own lackey, in livery, and the Chernuishefs', who had come with the old lady. These two were also whispering together with great animation when Ivan Petrovitch came out from behind the altar, and as soon as they saw him they stopped talking.

There was still another woman in the high head-dress decorated with glass beads, and a white shuba, which she wrapped round a sick infant, trying to keep it from screaming. Then there was still another, a hunch-backed old woman also in a peasant head-dress, but decorated with woolen tags, and in a white kerchief tied in old woman's fashion, and wearing a gray *chuprun*, or sack, with cocks embroidered down the back, and she knelt in the middle of the church, bowing toward an ancient image which was placed between the grated windows, and covered with a new towel with red ends, and she prayed so fervently, solemnly, and passionately, that it was impossible to avoid noticing her.

Before going to speak to the church elder, who was standing at the closet, kneading the candle-ends into a ball of wax, Ivan Petrovitch paused to glance at this old woman praying. She prayed very fluently. She knelt as straight as one could when addressing an image; all of her limbs were composed with mathematical symmetry, the toes of her bark shoes touched the stone flagging in exactly the same spot, her body was bent back as far as the hump on her back permitted, her arms were folded with absolute regularity across her stomach, her head was thrown back, and her wrinkled face, with an expression of modest entreaty, with dim eyes was turning directly toward the towel-covered ikon. After she had remained motionless in such a position for a minute or less, but still a definitely determined time, she drew a long sigh, and, withdrawing her right hand, with a wide swing she raised it higher than her head-dress, touched the crown of her head with her closed fingers, and thus widely made the sign of the cross on her abdomen and on her shoulders, and then bringing it back again she bowed her head down to her hands, spread according to rule on the ground, and once more she lifted herself and once more repeated the whole operation.

"There is true prayer," said Ivan Petrovitch to himself, as he looked at her; "not such as us sinners offer; here is faith, though I know that she addresses her image or her towel or the jewels on the image, as they

all do. But it is all right. Why not? Each person has his own creed," said he to himself; "she prays to an image, and here I consider it necessary to beg pardon of a muzhik!"

And he started to find the starosta, involuntarily looking about the church to see if any one was watching his proposed action, which was both pleasing and humiliating to him. It was disagreeable to him to have the old women — beggars, he called them, — see him, but most disagreeable of all was it to have Mishka, his lackey, see him; in Mishka's presence — he knew his keen, shrewd wit — he felt that he had not the power to seek Ivan Feodotof. And he beckoned Mishka to come to him.

"What do you wish?"

"Please go, brother, and get me the rug from the calash, it is so damp here for one's legs."

"I will do so."

And as soon as Mishka had left the church, Ivan Petrovitch immediately went to Ivan Feodotof.

Ivan Feodotof was abashed, just as if he had been detected in some misdemeanor, as soon as his barin drew near. His bashfulness and nervous movements made a strange contrast with his grave face and his curly steel-gray hair and beard. "Do you wish a ten-kopek candle," he asked, lifting the cover of his desk, and only occasionally raising his large handsome eyes to his barin.

"No, I need no candle. Ivan, I ask you to pardon me for Christ's sake, if I have in any way offended you. .... Pardon me, for Christ's sake," he repeated, bowing low.

Ivan Feodotof was wholly dumfounded, and at a loss what to say, but at last he said, with a gentle smirk, collecting his wits: —

"God pardons. As far as I know I have nothing to complain of from you. God pardons, there is no offense," he hastily repeated.

"Still...."

"God pardons, Ivan Petrovitch. Then you will have two ten-kopek candles?"

"Yes, two."

"He 's an angel, just an angel; he begs pardon of a mean peasant. O Lord, he is truly an angel!" exclaimed the deacon's wife, who wore an old black capote and a black kerchief. "And just what we ought to expect."

"Ah, Paramonovna," exclaimed Ivan Petrovitch, turning to her. "Are you preparing for the sacrament? I ask your pardon also, for Christ's sake."

"God pardons, oh, you angel,[1] my kind benefactor, let me kiss your hand."

"There, that will do, that will do! You know I don't like that sort of thing," said Ivan Petrovitch, smiling, and he went to the altar.

The mass, as it was ordinarily performed in the Izlegoshchi parish, was of short duration, the more so because there were few participants. When the "holy gates" were opened after "Our Father" had been said, Ivan Petrovitch glanced at the northern door to summon Mishka to take his shuba. When the priest noticed this movement, he sternly beckoned to the deacon; the deacon almost ran and summoned the lackey Mikhaïl. Ivan Petrovitch was in a self-satisfied and happy frame of mind, but this obsequiousness and the expression of deference shown by the priest who was officiating at mass, again distracted him, his thin, curved, smooth-shaven lips grew still more curved, and a flash of satire came into his kindly eyes.

"It is just as if I were his general," said he to himself, and he instantly remembered the words spoken by his German tutor, whom he once took with him to the altar to witness the Russian service; how this German had amused him and angered his wife by saying: —

"*Der Pop war ganz böse, dass ich ihm Alles nachgesehen hatte.*[2] It also occurred to him how a young Turk had once declared that there was no God, because he had nothing more to eat.

[1] *Batyushka, angel tui moï.*

[2] The priest was very angry, because I kept watching him all the time.

"And here I am taking the communion," he said to himself, and, frowning, he performed the reverences.

And, taking off his bearskin shuba, and remaining only in a blue coat with bright buttons and a high white cravat and waistcoat and close-fitting trousers in heelless boots with pointed toes, he went in his quiet, unobtrusive, and easy gait to bow before the images of the church. And again even here he met with the same complaisance on the part of the participants, who made room for him.

"They seem to be saying, *apres vous s'il en reste*," he remarked to himself, as he made his obeisances to the very ground, with an awkwardness which arose from the fact that he had to find the mean between what might be irreverence and hypocrisy. At last the doors opened. He followed the priest in the reading of the prayer repeating the *yako razboïnika*,[1] they covered his cravat with the sacred veil, and he partook of the sacrament, and of the tepid water in the ancient vessel, and placed his coins in the ancient plates. He listened to the last prayers, bowed low toward the cross, and, putting on his shuba, left the church acknowledging the salutations and experiencing a pleasant sensation of a good work accomplished. As he left the church he again fell in with Ivan Feodotovitch.

"Thank you, thank you," said he, in reply to his salutation. "Tell me, are you going to plow soon?"

"The boys have begun, the boys have begun," replied Ivan Feodotovitch, even more timidly than usual. He supposed that Ivan Petrovitch already knew where the men of Izlegoshchi had gone to plow. "Well, it has been wet, been wet. It is yet early, as yet it is early."

Ivan Petrovitch went to the memorial of his father and mother, bowed low, and then took his seat in his calash drawn by six horses with outrider.

"Well, thank the Lord," said he to himself, as he swayed gently on the soft easy springs, and gazed up at the spring sky with scattered clouds, and at the bare ground, and at the white spots of still unmelted snow, and at the closely twisted tail of the off horse, and

[1] "Like a malefactor."

breathed in the joyous, fresh spring air which was especially pleasant after the atmosphere of the church.

"Thank God that I have partaken of the communion, and thank God that I can take a little snuff."

And he took out his snuff-box and long held the tobacco between his thumb and finger, and with the same hand, not applying the snuff, he raised his hat in reply to the low bows of the people whom he met, especially the women scrubbing their chairs and benches in front of their doorsteps, as the calash with a swift dash of the spanking horses went splashing and dashing through the muddy street of the village of Izlegoshchi.

Ivan Petrovitch, anticipating the pleasant sensation of the tobacco, held the snuff between his thumb and finger all the way through the village, even till after they had got beyond the bad place at the foot of the hill, up which the coachman evidently could not drive without difficulty; he gathered up the reins, settled himself better in his seat, and shouted to the outrider to keep to the ice. When they had passed beyond the bridge and had got out of the broken ice and mud, Ivan Petrovitch, looking at two lapwings rising above the ravine, took his snuff, and, feeling that it was rather cool, he put on his gloves, wrapped himself up, sunk his chin into his high cravat, and said to himself, almost aloud, the word "*slavno*," glorious, which was his favorite expression whenever everything seemed good to him.

During the night the snow had fallen, and even when Ivan Petrovitch was going to church the snow had not wholly melted, but was soft; but now, although there was no sun, the snow was almost liquid, and along the highway, by which he had to drive for three versts before he reached the side road to Chirakovo, there were only gleams of snow on the last year's grass growing between the ruts. The horses trampled through the viscous mud on the black road. But for the fat, well-fed horses of his team it was no effort to draw the calash, and it seemed to go of itself, not only over the grass where the black tracks were left, but also through the mud itself.

"Ivan Petrovitch gave himself up to pleasant thoughts; he thought about his home, his wife, and his daughter.

"Masha will meet me on the steps, and with enthusiasm. She will see in me such a saint! She is a strange, sweet girl; only she takes everything to heart so. And the *rôle* which I have to play before her — the *rôle* of dignity and importance — has already begun to seem to me serious and ridiculous. If she only knew how much I stand in awe of her," he said to himself. "Well, Kato" — that was his wife — "will probably be in good spirits to-day — really in good spirits, and the day will be excellent. Not as it was last week, owing to those Proshkinsky peasant women. She is a wonderful creature. And how afraid of her I am. But what is to be done about it? She herself is not happy."

Then he recalled a famous anecdote about a calf; how a proprietor who had quarreled with his wife was one day sitting at his window and saw a calf gambolling. "I would marry you," said the proprietor; and again he smiled, deciding everything puzzling and difficult, as was his wont, by a jest, generally directed against himself.

At the third verst, near the chapel, the postilion turned off to the left to take the cross-road, and the coachman shouted to him because he turned so short it struck the shaft horses with the pole, and from here on the calash rolled almost all the way down hill. Before they reached the house, the postilion looked at the coachman and pointed at something; the coachman looked at the lackey and also pointed at something. And they all gazed in one direction.

"What are you looking at?" asked Ivan Petrovitch.

"Wild geese," said Mikhaïla.

"Where?"

But, though he strained his eyes, he could not see anything.

"Yonder, there is a forest, and beyond is a cloud, and there between, if you will be good enough to look."

Still Ivan Petrovitch could not see anything. "Well, it is time for them. A week from to-day will be Annunciation."

"So it will."

"Well, go ahead."

At the little lodge Mishka jumped down from the foot-board and examined the road, then climbed back again, and the calash rolled smoothly along by the edge of the pond into the park, mounted the driveway, passed the ice-house and the laundry, from which the water was dripping, and skilfully rounding up stopped at the porch. The Chernuishefs' britchka was only just driving away from the yard. Immediately some people came hurrying down from the house: a surly-looking old man, Daniluitch, with side-whiskers, Nikola, Mikhaïla's brother, and the boy Pavlushka, and behind them a girl with large black eyes and red arms bare above the elbows, and also with open neck.

"Marya Ivanovna, Marya Ivanovna. Where are you? Here, your mamasha is getting anxious about you. Come," said the voice of the stout Katerina in the background.

But the little girl did not heed her; as her father expected, she seized him by the hand, and looked at him with a peculiar look.

"Tell me, papenka, have you had the sacrament," she asked, with a sort of terror.

"Yes, I have had the sacrament. Why, were you afraid that I was such a sinner that they would not let me have it?"

The little girl was evidently shocked at her father's levity on such a solemn occasion. She sighed, and as she went with him she held him by the hand and kissed it.

"Who has come?"

"It is young Chernuishef. He is in the drawing-room."

"Has mamma got up? What is she doing?

"Mamenka is better to-day. She is sitting down stairs."

In the passage-way Ivan Petrovitch met the nurse Yevpraksia, his foreman Andreï Ivanovitch, and his surveyor, who was staying there to divide the land. All congratulated Ivan Petrovitch. In the drawing-room were sitting Luiza Karlovna Turgoni, for ten years a friend of the family, an *emigreé* governess, and a young man of sixteen, Chernuishef, with his French tutor.

THIRD FRAGMENT

(Variant of the First Chapter)

On the 14th of August, 1817, the sixth department of the Controlling Senate rendered a decision in the lawsuit between the "ekonom"[1] peasants of the village of Izlegoshchi and Prince Chernuishef, granting the land that was in dispute to the peasants.

This decision was unexpected and serious, and unfortunate for Chernuishef. The suit had been dragging along already for five years. Having been brought originally by the advocate of the rich and populous village of Izlegoshchi, it had been gained by the peasants in the District Court; but when Prince Chernuishef, by the advice of Ilya Mitrofanof, a solicitor, a domestic serf belonging to Prince Saltuikof, hired by him, appealed the case, he won it, and, moreover, the Izlegoshchi peasants were punished by having six of them, who had insulted the surveyor, sent to the mines.

After this, Prince Chernuishef, with a good-natured carelessness characteristic of him, was perfectly at ease, the more because he knew well that he had never "usurped" any land of the peasants, as it had been said in the peasants' petition. If any land had ever been "usurped" it had been done by his father, but since then more than forty years had passed away. He knew that the peasants of the village of Izlegoshchi

[1] *Ekonomicheskу krestyanin* was formerly a peasant who belonged to a monastery and was subject to an ekonom or steward.

even without this land were prosperous, that they did not need it, and that they were good neighbors of his, and he could not understand why they were "mad" with him.

He knew that he had never injured any one, and that he had no wish to injure any one; he had always lived with charity to all and that was all he wanted to do, and so he did not believe that they wanted to do him any wrong: he detested litigation, and therefore he had not labored in the senate, notwithstanding the advice and admonition of his attorney, Ilya Mitrofanof. Having disregarded the term of the appeal, he lost the case in the senate, and lost it in such a manner that ruin stared him in the face. According to the decree of the senate not only were five thousand desyatins of land to be taken from him, but on account of his illegal use of the land he was obliged to pay the peasants 107,000 rubles.

Prince Chernuishef had had eight thousand serfs, but all his estates were mortgaged; he had many debts, and this decision of the senate ruined him together with all his great family. He had a son and five daughters. He woke up when it was too late to do anything in the senate. According to Ilya Mitrofanof he had one way of salvation; that was to petition the Emperor and appeal the case to the imperial council. For this it was necessary personally to address one of the ministers or one of the members of the council, or even — and this would be still better — the Emperor himself. Having decided on this plan of action, Prince Grigori Ivanovitch, in the autumn of 1817, left his beloved Studentso, where he always lived, and went with his whole family to Moscow. He went to Moscow and not to Petersburg, because during the autumn of that year the sovereign, with his court, and all his highest dignitaries, and a part of the Guard in which Grigori Ivanovitch's son served, was to be in Moscow for the ceremony of dedicating the cathedral of the Saviour in memory of the deliverance of Russia from the invasion of the French.

Even in August immediately after the receipt of the

horrible news of the decision of the senate, Prince Grigori Ivanovitch found himself in Moscow. His steward had been sent on in advance to make ready his private house on the Arbata ; a baggage-train was sent on with furniture, servants, horses, equipages, and provisions. In September the prince, with his whole family in seven carriages drawn by his own horses, reached Moscow, and settled down in their mansion. His relatives and friends, who had come to Moscow from the country or from Petersburg, began to gather in Moscow in September ; the Moscow life with all its gayeties, the arrival of his son, the coming out of his daughters, and the success of his eldest daughter, Aleksandra, the one blonde among all the dark Chernuishefs, so occupied and engrossed the prince, that notwithstanding the fact that he was spending there in Moscow all the remainder of his substance, — in case he had to pay his fine, — he kept forgetting his chief business, and was annoyed and bored when Ilya Mitrofanof mentioned it, and he kept putting off doing anything to further the success of his affairs.

Ivan Mironovitch Baushkin, the chief advocate of the muzhiks, who had carried the lawsuit through the senate with such zeal, who knew all the ways and means of dealing with the secretaries and head clerks, and who had so cleverly spent at Petersburg in the form of bribes the ten thousand rubles collected from the muzhiks, had also now put an end to his activity and had returned to the village ; where, with the reward for his success and with the money not expended in bribes, he had bought a piece of woodland of a neighboring proprietor, and had established in it an office.[1] The lawsuit in the highest instance was at an end, and by good rights the affair should now take care of itself.

Of all those that had been entangled in this affair, the only ones who could not forget it were the six muzhiks, who had been for seven months in prison, and their families deprived of their head men. But there was nothing to be done about it. There they were in the Krasnoslobodsky prison, and their families were strug-

[1] *Izba-kontora.*

gling to get along without them. There was no one to petition. Even Ivan Mironovitch declared that there was nothing he could do in their behalf; that this was not an affair of the "mir" or of the civil court, but a criminal case. The muzhiks were in prison and no one was working in their behalf; only the family of Mikhaïl Gerasimovitch, especially his old woman, Tikhonovna, could not acquiesce in the fact that her "golden one," her old man, Gerasimuitch, was confined in prison with a shaven head. Tikhonovna could not remain in peace. She besought Mironuitch to work for her; Mironuitch refused. Then she resolved herself to go, and pray God to release her old man. The year before she had vowed to go on a pilgrimage to the saints, and yet for lack of leisure, and because she did not like to leave the house in the care of her sisters-in-law, who were young, she had postponed it for a year. Now that she had become poor, and Gerasimuitch was in prison, she remembered her vow. She let her household cares have the go-by, and with a deacon's wife of her village, she started in on her pilgrimage. At first they went to the district where the old man was in prison; they carried him some shirts, and thence they went to Moscow, passing through the governmental city.

On the way Tikhonovna related the story of her misfortune, and the deacon's wife advised her to petition the Tsar, who, she had heard, was to be at Penza, telling her what were the chances of pardon. When the pilgrims reached Penza they learned that the Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Nikolaï Pavlovitch, and not the Tsar himself, had already come to Penza. Coming forth from the cathedral at Penza, Tikhonovna forced her way through the line, threw herself on her knees, and began to beg for her lord and master. The Grand Duke was amazed, the governor was angry, and the old woman was arrested. After a day's detention she was set free, and went on to Troïtsa. At this monastery Tikhonovna prepared for the sacrament, and made confession to Father Païsi. At confession she told all her misfortune, and confessed how she had tried to offer

her petition to the Tsar's brother. Father Parsi told her there was no sin in that, and that she was on the right track, and that it was no sin to petition the Tsar, and then he let her go. Also at Khotkovo she stopped with "an inspired woman,"[1] and this woman advised her to present her petition to the Tsar himself. Tikhonovna, on her way back with the deacon's wife, went to Moscow to visit the saints there. There she learned that the Tsar was in Moscow, and it seemed to her that God had commanded her to petition the Tsar. All she had to do was to get the petition written. At Moscow the pilgrims stopped at an inn. They asked for a night's lodgings; it was granted them. After supper the deacon's wife lay down on the oven, but Tikhonovna lay down on a bench, placing her *kotomka*, or birch-bark wallet, under her head, and went to sleep. In the morning, before it was light, Tikhonovna got up, awakened the deacon's wife, and came down into the court before the dvornik had called them.

"You are up early, baushka,"[2] said he.

"You see we are going to matins, benefactor," replied Tikhonovna.

"God go with you, baushka. Christ save you," said the dvornik; and the pilgrim women started for the Kreml.

After attending matins and mass, and having kissed the holy things, the two old women, with difficulty finding their way, went to the Chernuishefs'. The deacon's wife said that the old lady Chernuishef had strongly urged her to stop there, that she always received all pilgrims.

"There we shall find a man to help with the petition," said the deacon's wife, and the two pilgrims went wandering along the streets, asking the way as they went. The deacon's wife had been there once, but had forgotten where it was. Twice they were almost crushed, men shouted at them, and scolded them. Once a police offi-

[1] *Blazhennaya*, an eccentric, fanatic woman.
[2] *S Bogom, baushka; baushka* for *babushka*, old woman.

cer grasped the deacon's wife by the shoulder, and gave her a push, forbidding them to pass through the street on which they were walking, and directing them into a wilderness of lanes. Tikhonovna did not know that they were driven out of Vozdvizhenka for the very reason that the Tsar himself, of whom she was all the time thinking, and to whom she was going to write and present the petition, was to ride along that very street.

The deacon's wife, as always, walked heavily and painfully. Tikhonovna, as usual, went along with a free and easy gait, like a young woman. The pilgrims paused at the very gates. The deacon's wife did not know the place; a new izba had been built there; it had not been there before. But when the deacon's wife saw a well and pump at one corner of the dvor she recognized it. The dogs began to bark, and sprang toward the old women who appeared with staves.

"Don't be afraid, they won't hurt you," cried the dvornik. "Back, you rascals," said he to the dogs, waving his broom at them. "You see they are country dogs, and they hanker after country folks. Come round this way. God keeps the frost off."

But the deacon's wife, afraid of the dogs, pitifully mumbling, sat down on a bench at the gate, and asked the dvornik to take the dogs away. Tikhonovna, bowing low before the dvornik, and leaning on her staff, spreading wide her legs, tightly bound with leg-wrappers, halted near the other, calmly looking ahead, and waiting for the dvornik, who was coming toward them.

"Whom do you want?" asked the dvornik.

"Don't you know us, benefactor? Is n't your name Yegor?" asked the deacon's wife. "We have been on a pilgrimage, and here we have come to her excellency."

"You are from Izlegoshchi," said the dvornik. "Are you not the old deacon's wife? Well, well! Come into the izba. They will receive you. No one is ever turned away. But who is this woman?"

He pointed to Tikhonovna.

"I am from Izlegoshchi. I am Gerasim's wife; I

was a Fadeyef," said Tikhonovna. "I am from Izlegoshchi too."

"Is that so? I have heard your man is in jail. Is that so?"

Tikhonovna made no reply. She only sighed, and with a powerful gesture shifted her wallet and her shuba on her back.

The deacon's wife asked if the old princess was at home, and, learning that she was, asked to be taken to her. Then she asked after her son, who had been made a functionary, and through the prince's favor was serving in Petersburg. The dvornik could not answer her question, and he took them along a planked walk, across the yard, into the common izba. The old women entered the izba, which was full of people, women and children, young and old, domestic serfs, and there they bowed low toward the images. The laundress and the old princess's chambermaid immediately recognized the deacon's wife and immediately engaged her in conversation; they took her wallet from her, and sat her down at a table, and offered her something to eat.

Tikhonovna, meantime, crossing herself toward the images and greeting every one, stood by the door waiting to be invited in. At the very door, by the first window, sat an old man mending boots.

"Sit down, babushka; why do you stand? Sit down here and take off your wallet," said he.

"There is no room in there for her to sit down. Take her into the dark room,"[1] remarked some woman.

"Ah, here we have Madame de Chalmé," said a young lackey, pointing to the cocks on the back of Tikhonovna's zipun; "stockings and slippers too!" He pointed to her leg wrappers and bark shoes — novelties for Moscow.

"You ought to have some like them, Parasha."

"Come, come into the izba. I will show you the way."

And the old cobbler, thrusting in his awl, got up, but

[1] *Chornaya izba*, dark room of the hut, in contradistinction to the *chistaya izba*, the room where there is no oven.

as he caught sight of a young girl he called to her and bade her lead the old woman into the kitchen.

Tikhonovna not only paid no heed to what was said around her and about her, but she did not even hear it or notice it. Ever since she had left her home she had been impressed with the sense of the necessity of laboring in God's service, and with one other feeling which had come into her soul she knew not how — the necessity of presenting the petition. As she left the sitting-room where the people were, she went close to the deacon's wife, and bowing low said: —

"For Christ's sake, Matushka Paramonovna, don't forget my business. Ask if there is n't some man."

"What does the old woman want?"

"She has a grievance, and the people advise her to present a petition to the Tsar."

"Go straight to the Tsar and take it," said the joker of a lackey.

"Oh, fool, what an ill-bred fool," said the old cobbler. "I will teach you with my last, in spite of your good coat, not to make sport of old women."

The lackey began to call names, but the old man, not heeding him, led Tikhonovna into the kitchen. Tikhonovna was glad to be sent out from the crowded sitting-room and led into the "black" izba which the coachmen frequented. In the sitting-room everything was too clean and the people were all clean, and Tikhonovna did not feel at home. But in the coachmen's "black" izba it was like the hut of a peasant, and Tikhonovna was much more contented. The room was finished in spruce, and measured about twenty-one feet, and dark, with a great stove and with sleeping-benches and berths, and the newly laid floor was all trampled over with mud. When Tikhonovna entered the izba she found there the cook, a white, ruddy, fat peasant woman with the sleeves of her chintz dress rolled up, laboriously putting a pot into the oven with an oven-hook; then a fine-looking young coachman practising the balalaïka, and a crooked-legged old man with a full, white, soft beard sitting on the sleeping-bench, with a skein of silk in his

mouth, sewing something delicate and beautiful; a ragged, dark young man in a shirt and blue trousers, with a surly face, chewing bread, was sitting on a bench near the stove, leaning his head on both hands, supported on his knees.

The barefooted girl with shining eyes ran with her light young legs in advance of the old woman, and opened the door, which was dripping with steam, and whined with her high-pitched voice: —

"Auntie Marina, Simonuitch sends this old woman to you and tells you to give her something to eat. She is from our parts, and has been making a pilgrimage to the saints with Paramonovna. They are giving Paramonovna some tea, and Vlasyevna sends this one to you."

The fluent little girl would have continued still longer talking glibly; the words seemed to flow from her mouth, and she evidently liked to hear her own voice. But Marina, who was sweating over the oven, not having settled to her satisfaction the pot of shchi which stuck half way in the oven, cried out angrily to her: —

"Now, that 'll do. Stop your chatter; how can we feed any more old women; we can't even feed our own. Curse you," she cried, to the pot which almost tipped over as it moved from its hearth on which it had stuck.

But having once got her pot settled she looked round, and seeing the pleasant-faced Tikhonovna with her wallet and in regular country attire, kissing the cross and bowing low to the corner where the images were, she instantly felt compunction for her words; and, apparently bethinking her of the labors which tormented her, and putting her hand to her breast where below the collar-bone the buttons fastened her dress, she felt to see if one was unfastened, and, putting her hand to her head, she pulled back the knot of her kerchief which covered her well-oiled hair, and thus she stood leaning on her oven-fork waiting for the greeting of the pleasant-looking old woman. Having bowed for the last time to the image, Tikhonovna turned round and bowed to the three directions.

"God be your refuge! I wish your health,"[1] said she.

"We ask your blessing, auntie," said the tailor.

"Thank you, babushka, take off your wallet. There is a place for you," said the cook, pointing to the bench where the ragged man sat. "Make yourself at home, if you can. How cold it is growing, is n't it?"

The ragged fellow, scowling still more angrily, got up, moved along, and, still chewing his bread, kept his eyes fixed on the old woman. The young coachman bowed low, and, ceasing to strum his instrument, began to tune up the strings of his balalaïka, looking first at the old woman, then at the tailor, not knowing how to treat the old woman: whether with deference as it seemed to him proper, because the old woman wore the same kind of attire as his babushka and the mother of his house did — he was a postilion taken from among the muzhiks — or banteringly, as he would have liked to do, and as it seemed to him the suitable thing for him in his present position in his blue poddevka and his top boots. The tailor closed one eye and seemed to smile, pushing the skein of silk to one side of his mouth, and he also looked at her. Marina started to put in another pot, but, though she was buzy with her work, she looked at the old woman as she cleverly and deftly took off her wallet, and, endeavoring not to incommode any one, stowed it under the bench. Nastka ran to her and helped her; she took out from under the bench the boots which were in the way of the wallet.

"Uncle Pankrat," she cried, addressing the surly man, "I have your boots here; what shall I do with them?"

"The devil take them; throw them into the oven," said the surly man, flinging them into the farther corner.

"Come here, you wise one, Nastka," said the tailor; "the journeyman needs some one to pacify him."

"Christ save you, little girl. It is so comfortable," said Tikhonovna. "Only, my dear young man, we have disturbed you," said the old woman, addressing Pankrat.

"It is of no consequence," said Pankrat.

Tikhonovna sat down on the bench, taking off her

[1] *Bog pomotch, zdravstvuïte.*

zipun and carefully folding it up, and then she began to take off her foot-gear. First of all, she unwound her cords, which she had smoothed with the greatest solicitude for this pilgrimage; then she unwound carefully the lamb's-wool white leg-wrappers, and, carefully folding them, laid them on her wallet.

While she was unwinding the second leg, Marina awkwardly again caught the pot on something, and it spilt over, and she began once more to scold, grasping it with her oven-hook.

"Something has evidently burnt out the hearth. You ought to have it plastered," said Tikhonovna.

"How can I get it plastered? The chimney is not right; you put in two loaves of bread a day, you take out some, but the others are spoiled."

In answer to Marina's complaints about the loaves and the burnt-out hearth, the tailor stood up in defense of the conveniences of the Chernuishevsky house, and he explained how they had come suddenly to Moscow, that the whole izba had been built in three weeks, and the oven set up; and there were at least a hundred domestics, all of whom had to be fed.

"It's evident it is hard work. It is a great establishment," said Tikhonovna.

"And where did God bring you from, babushka?" asked the tailor.

And immediately Tikhonovna, while still continuing to divest herself of her wraps, told whence she came and where she had been and how she was on her way home. But she said nothing about the petition. The conversation went on uninterruptedly. The tailor learned all about the old woman, and the old woman learned about the awkward and handsome Marina, how her husband was a soldier and she had been taken as a cook, that the tailor himself was making kaftans for the coachmen, that the little girl who ran errands was the housekeeper's orphan, and that the shaggy, surly Pankrat was in the employ of the overseer, Ivan Vasilyevitch.

Pankrat left the izba, stumbling at the door; the tailor told how he was such a clownish peasant, but

to-day was particularly surly. That afternoon he had broken two of the overseer's windows, and that day they were going to flog him at the stable. Ivan Vasilyevitch is coming now to attend to the flogging. The little coachman was a countryman taken to be postilion,[1] and he is growing up, and is now getting his hand in to take care of the horses, and he plays the balalaïka, but he is not very skilled at it. ....

[1] The old peasant calls the German word *Vorreiter, foletorui.*

THE POWER OF DARKNESS

OR,

"IF BUT ONE CLAW IS CAUGHT THE WHOLE BIRD IS LOST"

(1886)

ACT I

CHARACTERS IN ACT I

PIOTR: A rich muzhik of forty-two, twice married, sickly.
ANISYA: His wife, thirty-two, fond of finery.
AKULINA: Piotr's daughter by his first marriage, sixteen, hard of hearing, half-witted.
ANYUTKA: His second daughter, ten years old.
NIKITA: A laborer in their employ, twenty-five years of age, rather gay.
AKIM: Nikita's father, an ill-favored but God-fearing muzhik of fifty.
MATRIONA: Akim's wife, fifty years of age.
MARINA: An orphan girl of twenty-two.

A large village in autumn. The scene represents PIOTR'S *ample establishment.* PIOTR *is sitting on the bench mending a horse-collar.* ANISYA *and* AKULINA *are spinning.*

SCENE I

PIOTR, ANISYA, *and* AKULINA (*the two women singing a duet.*)

PIOTR (*looking out of the window*). The horses are out again. Look there! they 'll kill the colt. Mikita, oh, Mikita. He 's deaf! (*He listens; then, addressing the women*) Hush! I can't hear anything.

(NIKITA'S *voice is heard from the side of the house next the yard.*)

NIKITA. What is it?

PIOTR. Drive in the horses.

NIKITA (*unseen*). I'll drive them in when I have time.

PIOTR (*shaking his head*). Oh, these laborers! If I were only well, I would never keep them another day. They are a trial. .... (*He gets up and sits down again.*) Mikit! .... He does not heed me. I say, one of you go! Akul, you go and drive them in.

AKULINA. What, the horses?

PIOTR. What else do you suppose?

AKULINA. I'll go. (*She goes out.*)

SCENE II

PIOTR *and* ANISYA

PIOTR. Oh, he's a lazy fellow .... no good at all. He just turns his back on me.

ANISYA. You yourself are mighty lively! .... From the stove to the bench, and then you expect other folks to work.

PIOTR. I don't get much out of you, for you aren't at home more than once a year. Oh, what people!

ANISYA. You give out ten jobs at once and then scold. It's easy to lie on the oven and give orders.

PIOTR (*sighing*). If this sickness had not got hold of me, I would not keep him a day!

(AKULINA'S *voice behind the scene*, Pse! pse! pse! *The colt is heard neighing, and the horses gallop through the gates; the gates creak.*)

PIOTR. Talk small talk .... that's all he can do. It's a fact! he isn't worth keeping.

ANISYA (*imitating him*). No, he's not worth keeping
If you ever stirred yourself, you might talk.

Scene III

The Same, and Akulina

Akulina (*entering*). I got them driven in; it was hard work. Always that roan.

Piotr. Where is Nikita?

Akulina. Oh, Mikita? He 's in the street.

Piotr. What 's he standing there for?

Akulina. What 's he standing there for? He 's standing on the corner, chatting.

Piotr. Can't get anything out of her! Well, who 's he chatting with?

Akulina (*not hearing him*). What?

(Piotr *shakes his fist at* Akulina; *she sits down at her spinning.*)

Scene IV

The Same, and Anyutka

Anyutka (*running in: to her mother*). Mikita's father and mother have come for him. They are going to take him home and give him a wife, — let him rest awhile.

Anisya. What are you lying for?

Anyutka. Fact! May I die on the spot! (*Laughing.*) I just went by. And Mikita said: "Now good-by, Anna Petrovna.[1] Come and dance at my wedding. I 'm going to leave you," says he, and he laughed.

Anisya (*to her husband*). Don't seem to need *you* over much. He 's going away of his own accord. "I 'll drive 'em in," says he.

Piotr. Well, let him go; can't I find some one else?

Anisya. How about the money you advanced him?

(Anyutka *goes to the door and listens to what is said, and goes out.*)

[1] Anyutka is the diminutive of Anna; Petrovna signifies daughter of Piotr.

Scene V

Anisya, Piotr, *and* Akulina

Piotr (*frowning*). He can serve out the money next summer, easily enough.

Anisya. Yes, you 're glad to let him go so as to save his share of the bread. Yes, and all winter I shall have to work like a ram. Your girl does n't seem to like working very well, and you 'll be lying on the stove. I know you!

Piotr. What makes you wag your tongue to no good, without sense?

Anisya. The yard is full of cattle. You did n't sell the cow and you 've kept all the sheep for the winter — and who 's going to feed 'em and water 'em? and yet you want to let the hand go! I 'm not going to do a man's work for you. I 'll follow your example and lie on the stove all the time; let everything go to the dogs, if you want to. Do just as you please.

Piotr (*to* Akulina). Go and get the feed, will you — it 's time.

Akulina. Get the feed? Well, I will. (*She puts on a kaftan and takes a rope.*)

Anisya. I 'm not going to work for you. I 've done all I 'm going to. Do your own work.

Piotr. Now stop. What are you angry about? You 're just like a sheep.

Anisya. You 're a mad dog yourself. There 's no work to be got out of you, or any pleasure living with you. You make life a burden. You 're a rabid dog, fact!

Piotr (*spitting, and putting on his coat*). Shame on you! Lord save us! I 'll go and find out. (*Goes out.*)

Anisya (*following him up*). You rotten devil! ugly nose!

Scene VI

Anisya *and* Akulina

Akulina. Why are you scolding, dad?

Anisya. Now you shut up, you fool!

Akulina (*going to the door*). I know why you 're scolding him. You are a fool, a bitch. I 'm not afraid of you.

Anisya (*leaping to her feet and searching for something to thrash her with*). Look out! I 'll thrash you.

Akulina (*opening the door*). You 're a dog, you 're a devil, that 's what you are. You devil, dog, dog, devil! (*Runs out.*)

Scene VII

Anisya (*alone*)

Anisya (*pensively soliloquizing*). He said, "Come to the wedding!" did he? What idea have they in mind, I should like to know. Marry? Look here, Mikika, if this is your doings, then I 'll show my hand. .... I can't live without him! I 'll not let him go.

Scene VIII

Anisya *and* Nikita

Nikita (*entering and glancing around. Seeing that* Anisya *is alone, he quickly approaches her; in a whisper*). Just think, darling![1] what a shame! My father has come and wants to take me back. He commands me to go home. He says, "We 're going to marry you, and you 'll have to live at home, and that 's the end of it."

Anisya. All right! get married! What difference does it make to me?

Nikita. What do you say? I was counting on talking the matter over with her, and here she says, "Get married." What does she mean? (*Winking.*) Have you forgotten?

[1] He calls her *bratyets tui moï;* literally, little brother mine.

ANISYA. Yes, marry! What 's the good. ....

NIKITA. What makes you so pert? Would you mind; she won't even look at me! What is the matter with you?

ANISYA. So you mean to throw me over, do you? Well, if you want to throw me over, all right, I don't need you. Here 's the truth for you.

NIKITA. Now, that 'll do, Anisya! Would I forget you? Never in the world. As a matter of course, I will never throw you over. But this is the way I look upon it: I may get married, but I will come back to you all the same if only they don't keep me at home.

ANISYA. Very useful you 'd be to me after you were married!

NIKITA. I could never go against my father's will, anyway.

ANISYA. You blame it on your father; but it 's your own scheme. For a long time you 've been making up to that mistress of yours, Marinka. She put you up to this. Not for nothing was she gadding about here the other day.

NIKITA. Marinka! Much I care for her! .... How many of them will throw themselves at your head! ....

ANISYA. But why has your father come? You told him to! You have been deceiving me! (*She weeps.*)

NIKITA. Anisya, do you believe in God or not? I did not even dream of such a thing! I know nothing about it, indeed I don't,[1] and that 's the end of it. My old man concocted the whole thing out of his head.

ANISYA. But if you don't want to, they can 't make you, can they, as if you were a jackass?

NIKITA. Well, I reckon one can't go against one's father's will: I should not like to!

ANISYA. Simply say you won't, and stick to it!

NIKITA. One fellow did refuse, and they gave him such a thrashing by the district judge.[2] It is very simple, but I don't like it. They say it tickles. ....

[1] *Znat' nye znayo, vyedat' nye vyedayo,* quadruply emphatic.

[2] The judges elected by the commune, or *mir*, have control of the so-called *Volostnoye pravleniye*, which is an institution of the *Volost*, dealing with the collection of taxes and even family affairs.

ANISYA. Stop joking! Listen to me, Nikita: if you take Marinka as your wife, I don't know what I'll do to myself! I'll kill myself. I have sinned, I have broken the Commandment, and now there 's no turning back. If you go away now, I 'll do something desperate.

NIKITA. Why should I go away? If I had wanted to go, I should have gone long ago. Some time since, Ivan Semyonuitch wanted me as his coachman, worst kind. And what a life it would have been! I did not go! That shows, I reckon, that every one likes me. If you did not love me, it would be a different matter.

ANISYA. Just remember this! The old man will be dying one of these days — and soon, too, I think; then we can make all our sins good. I shall have the right, then; you shall be master. ....

NIKITA. Why predict? What difference does it make to me? I work as much as I please. My master likes me, and his wife, of course, likes me too. And it is certainly not my fault if the women like me; it 's a perfectly simple matter.

ANISYA. Will you love me?

NIKITA (*embracing her*). Won't I though! Just as you have always been in my heart. ....

SCENE IX

The Same, and MATRIONA

(MATRIONA *enters and stands a long time before the holy images, crossing herself.* NIKITA *and* ANISYA *start apart.*)

MATRIONA. Now, what I saw, I did n't see; what I heard, I did n't hear. He was having a little fun with the young woman! What of it? Even a calf will gambol, I believe. Why not have a little fun? Young things always do. But, my dear little son, the master is inquiring for you in the yard.

NIKITA. I came in after the ax.

MATRIONA. I know, I know what kind of an ax you

are after. It is always pretty near where the women are.

NIKITA (*stoops over and takes up an ax*). Well, mother,[1] tell me, is it true you are going to have me married? I reckon it is all nonsense. Besides, I don't want to, yet.

MATRIONA. Well, my darling boy, why should you get married. You just go on as you are; this is all the old man's doings. Go on, my son, we will talk it all over, without you.

NIKITA. It 's a curious state of things: first marry, and then no matter about it! I don't understand at all and that 's the end of it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE X

ANISYA *and* MATRIONA

ANISYA. Tell me, Aunt Matriona, do you really want him to marry?

MATRIONA. What should we marry him on, little berry.[2] You know how poor we are, don't you? Well, then, my silly old man talks at random: "He shall marry, yes, he shall marry." But his brains are n't deep enough to see how things stand. Horses, you know, don't trot away from their oats, or find good things away from good things! So it is here. Don't you suppose I see (*winking*) how things lie?

ANISYA. How hide anything from you, Aunt Matriona! You know everything that 's going on! I have sinned, I have fallen in love with your son.

MATRIONA. Well, you have told me some news! Aunt Matriona did not know it. Oh, my little girl, Aunt Matriona has been through the mill and been through the mill, and her eyes are keen. Aunt Matriona, I tell you, little berry, can see a fathom into the ground. I know a thing or two, little berry! I know why young wives give their husbands sleeping-powders. I have brought some. (*Untying a knot in her handker-*

[1] *Matushka.* [2] *Ydgodka.*

chief and taking out a paper of powders.) What I need to see, that I see; and what I don't need to know, that I don't know and don't know anything about. That's the way of it. And Aunt Matriona was once young herself. You see, she had to know a thing or two in order to get along with her old fool. I know all the seventy-seven tricks. I see, little berry, that your old man has been drying up more and more. What is there keeps life in him? Prick him with a fork, no blood would come out of him. Mark my word, you'll bury him this spring. You'll have to have some one to look after the place. Why wouldn't my little son do as a muzhik? He's not worse than other men. So it wouldn't be for my interest, would it, to take him away from a good job. Would I be an enemy to my own?

ANISYA. If only he would not leave us!

MATRIONA. And he shan't, my swallow! It's all a piece of stupidity. You know, my old man: he has nothing but a commonplace mind, but sometimes when he gets a notion into that pate o' his, he is as stiff as a post — you could never stir him.

ANISYA. What got him into this idea?

MATRIONA. Why, you see, little berry, the boy has a certain way with women — you know how it is yourself; besides, he is a handsome fellow; there's no doubt about that. — Well, you know, he was working on the railroad, and there was a young girl[1] there as a cook. Well, this girl began to chase after him.

ANISYA. Marinka?

MATRIONA. Yes, may the paralysis dash her to pieces! Whatever there was between them, my old man heard about it, either people told him, or she herself came and tattled ....

ANISYA. What a bold huzzy!

MATRIONA. And my man — the old fool — up and says, "Let him marry her, yes, marry her, and atone for the sin! We'll take the young fellow home," said he, "and marry him." I said everything I could think of

[1] *Dyevchenko*, diminutive of *dyevchina*, popular form of *dyeva*, a girl.

against it; no use. "Well," said I, "all right!" Let me try it another way. Fools like that have to be managed, little berry. All you 've got to do is to pretend. But when it comes to business, then you can make it go your own way. While a woman is flying down from the oven she has seventy-seven thoughts, you know, so how can he ever catch up with me? "All right," says I, "it 's a good idea, my dear old man. But we must think it all over. Let 's go," says I, "and see our little son and talk it over with Piotr Ignatuitch. And see what they will say." And so here I am.

ANISYA. Oh, auntie,[1] supposing he does? .... Supposing his father commands him to?

MATRIONA. Commands him? Stuff his commands up the dog's tail! Just don't you worry yourself; this thing shan't take place; I will sift it and strain it all with your old man and there won't be anything left. I just came with him for the sake of pretense. Why, here 's my little son living happily, he expects some good luck, and do you think I 'm going to marry him to a common street-wench? Do you think I 'm a fool?

ANISYA. Why! she came running after him even here, Marinka did! Would you believe it? .... Auntie, when they told me he was going to be married a knife seemed to go through my heart. But I think he 's fond of the girl.

MATRIONA. Oh, little berry, do you think he is a fool? The idea of his loving a homeless trollop! Mikishka,[2] you may be sure he is a sensible lad. He knows whom to love. So don't you worry yourself, little berry. We will never take him away from here, as long as he lives. And we won't marry him off either. You 'll favor us with a little money, so that we can get along.

ANISYA. It seems to me if Nikita should go away I should not care to live any longer.

MATRIONA. That 's the way with us when we 're young. Can't I understand it? A woman so full of life living with such an old boot! ....

[1] *Tyotushka*, diminutive of *tyotka*.

[2] Diminutive of Nikita.

ANISYA. If you only knew, auntie, how disgusting, how awfully disgusting *he* is — the ugly dog! It seems as if I could not bear to look at him.

MATRIONA. Yes, I know all about it. Just look here! (*In a whisper, glancing round.*) You see, I went to this old man after these powders. He gave me a couple of handfuls of the stuff. Just look here. "This," says he, "is a sleeping-powder. Give one," says he, "it will make a man sleep so sound," says he, "that you could walk over him." And says he, "If you mix it with his drink and give it to him, he'll never taste it, and yet it's awful strong. It's to be used seven times," says he, "a pinch at a time. Give it to him seven times." And says he, "she'll get her freedom very soon."

ANISYA. O-o-o! what is this?

MATRIONA. "There won't be any signs at all," says he. He asked a little ruble. "Could n't do it for less," says he. "Because, you may believe they are hard to get." I paid him, out of my own, little berry. I said to myself, "I'll run the risk and take them to Mikhaïlovna."

ANISYA. O-o! but maybe some harm will come from them.

MATRIONA. What harm can there be, little berry? If your muzhik was strong and well, but you know he's barely alive. He is n't going to live long anyway. There are lots of such cases.

ANISYA. O-okh! my poor little head! Auntie, I am afraid that this is a terrible sin. No, tell me what this powder is!

MATRIONA. Well, I can take them back.

ANISYA. Did you say they were both to be taken in water?

MATRIONA. Tea, he said, is better. "You could n't tell the difference," said he, "there is no smell or taste," said he. He is such a clever man.

ANISYA (*taking the powders*). O-o! my poor little head! I should never have come to such deeds, if it had n't been for the dog's life I have had to lead.

MATRIONA. Now don't forget the little ruble. I

promised to take it to the old man. It caused him a lot of trouble.

ANISYA. Of course it did. (*She goes to the chest and secretes the powders.*)

MATRIONA. Keep them out of sight, little berry, so that no one will know about them. But if any one touches them — God forbid! — remember they are for cockroaches .... (*taking the ruble*). You see they are good for cockroaches as well .... (*she suddenly breaks off speaking*).

SCENE XI

The Same, PIOTR *and* AKIM

(AKIM *enters and crosses himself before the images*)

PIOTR (*enters and sits down*). Well, what do you say, Uncle Akim?

AKIM. Well, Ignatuitch, I guess we'd better, yes, we'd better, that is I think we'd better .... why, if it had n't been for this .... his prank, of course, I could wish, you know .... I should like to have him work, you know. But, of course, if you would only .... it would be better ....

PIOTR. Good, very good. Sit down; let us talk it over. (AKIM *sits down.*) What is it? You want him to get married, do you?

MATRIONA. We can put off getting him married, Piotr Ignatuitch. We're too poor, as you know well, Ignatuitch. How could we get him married when we have n't enough for ourselves? The idea!

PIOTR. Decide what you think is best.

MATRIONA. Besides, there 's no hurry about his marrying. That kind of an affair 's not like a raspberry .... it won't fall off.

PIOTR. Well, it might be a good thing for him to marry.

AKIM. I should like, you know .... because, you know

of course. .... You see I found a job in the city, a job, you know .... fair price, of course.

MATRIONA. A job, I should say! To clean out vaults! He came home the other day. I simply vomited, vomited, that 's what I did, tfu!

AKIM. Well, of course, at the first, you know, she .... she threw up, ... the smell, but you get used to it, it 's a trifle, it 's nothing .... of course, it 's a little rough, but it 's fair pay .... but the smell, of course. It is n't worth while to be offended about. You can always change your clothes. Of course I should like .... to have Mikitka at home .... to have him wipe out his own fault, of course. Let him wipe out his own fault at home, and then I 'll take the job in the city. ....

PIOTR. You want your son at home; that 's natural. But how about the wages I advanced?

AKIM. Yes, that 's so, that 's so; of course, you tell the truth, I know it 's the rule, he who hires out, sells himself .... so let him work his time out, of course, ... but let him come long enough for the wedding, let him off for just a little, of course. ....

PIOTR. Well, that can be done.

MATRIONA. That 's where we disagree. I will open my heart before you, Piotr Ignatuitch, as before God. You decide between me and the old man. He keeps insisting on the lad marrying. But just ask whom he wants him to marry! If the bride were a decent one, do you suppose I 'd be an enemy to my own child; but the girl has a spotted reputation.

AKIM. Now that 's unjust, I tell you. You see you 're unjust, yes, unjust to the girl. Because, this poor girl has been wronged, yes, I tell you, wronged, yes, wronged by my son. Yes, this same girl, you know. ....

PIOTR. What was the wrong?

AKIM. Why, my son did it, don't you know, my son Nikita? My son Nikita did it, don't you know? ....

MATRIONA. You just stop talking; my tongue goes easier, let me tell the story! Before our son came to you, he worked, you know, on the railroad. And this girl, — a common creature they called Marinka, — she

worked there in the gang as cook and she took to Nikita. And this girl, this very same girl, accuses our son and charges him with deceiving her.

PIOTR. That does n't look well.

MATRIONA. She 's a lazy good-for-nothing, she goes about with men, she 's a regular prostitute.

AKIM. 'T ain't so, old woman, you know; 't ain't so, I tell you, 't ain't so.

MATRIONA. That 's all my old eagle can say: "'T ain't, 't ain't, 't ain't." He himself does n't know what he 's talking about! Piotr Ignatuitch, don't trust what I say, but ask any one about the girl; every one will say the same thing. She 's a homeless good-for-nothing.

PIOTR (*to* AKIM). Why, Uncle Akim, if what she says is true, there 's no reason why he should marry her. You see a daughter-in-law is n't like a shoe, you can't take it off your foot.

AKIM (*growing excited*). The old woman, I tell you, slanders the girl; 't ain't so, she slanders her. Because the girl 's a very good girl, a very good girl, of course she is, and I 'm sorry for her, very sorry for her, that 's what I am.

MATRIONA. Like the old woman Maremyana, he pities all the world, but his folks sit at home without anything to eat. He 's sorry for the girl, but he is n't sorry for his son! Better tie her around your neck and carry her around with you! Stop talking nonsense.

AKIM. But it is n't nonsense!

MATRIONA. Don't you fly out, just let me speak!

AKIM (*interrupting*). No, but it is n't nonsense. Of course, you turn it to suit yourself, — either about the girl, or about yourself, — you turn it your own way, just as seems best to you, but God, of course, will turn it back to suit himself. That is so.

MATRIONA. Ekh! what 's the use of wearing one's tongue out on you?

AKIM. The girl is industrious and decent, and of course, you know.... around herself, you know, of course. And that 's what, you know, we want, don't you know, in our poverty, and a wedding does n't cost very much.

But the main thing is, the girl has been wronged, an orphan girl, don't you know. She 's been wronged. ....

MATRIONA. Of course every girl says....

ANISYA. Well, Uncle Akim, you 'd better listen to what the women say. They 'll tell you ....

AKIM. But God, how about God? Is she .... is n't the girl a human being? Of course she is in God's eye, don't you know. What do you think about that?

MATRIONA. You keep repeating yourself. ....

PIOTR. Well, Uncle Akim, you see you can't put any dependence on such girls. But the lad is alive. He 's right here. Send for him and ask if there 's any truth in it. Call the lad here. (ANISYA *gets up.*) Tell him his father wants him. (*Exit* ANISYA.)

SCENE XII

The Same, without ANISYA

MATRIONA. You see, friend, I have deliberated over this and spent my thought on it like water, and now let the lad speak for himself. And besides, you know that nowadays you can't force any one to marry. You 've got to get the lad's consent. He will never in the world want to marry her and degrade himself. In my opinion best let him live with you and serve you as his master. There 's no reason why we should take him home for the summer; we can hire some one. You just give us a ten-ruble note and let him live on with you!

PIOTR. You are too previous in your speech! Let us have things in order. Finish one thing first and then take up the next!

AKIM. Now see here, Piotr Ignatitch, I tell you one thing about this because, of course, you know, it sometimes happens so. You arrange things, you see, as best you can for yourself; but meantime, don't you know, you forget all about God. You think you know best .... you turn it your way, and lo! .... and you find you have loaded your neck, don't you know; we think we have every-

thing arranged for the best, but it turns out bad, if God is left out.

PIOTR. Of course that's so! We must remember God.

AKIM. Yes, it turns out bad, but if you act according to the law, according to God's way, somehow or other, don't you know, it cheers your heart up. Seems so, you know. So I thought, don't you see, I'd have the lad marry and save him from sin, don't you see. He'd be at home, don't you see, of course, as it ought to be according to law, and I, don't you see, could get my job in the city, of course. It's a job I'd like to have, don't you know. Fair pay. But it's best, don't you know, to act in God's way. You see, she's an orphan. For example, last summer some men got some wood of an overseer. They tried to cheat the overseer. They cheated the overseer, but don't you know, they could not cheat God, and so here....

SCENE XIII

The Same, NIKITA *and* ANYUTKA

NIKITA. Did you want me? (*Sits down and takes out his tobacco-pouch.*)

PIOTR (*gently, reproachfully*). Now say, don't you know what's becoming? Your father sends for you, and you dawdle with your tobacco and then you sit down! Come here and stand up.

(NIKITA *takes his stand by the table, leaning on it in a free and easy attitude, and smiling.*)

AKIM. Mikishka, a complaint, don't you know, a sort of complaint, you see, has been brought out against you, don't you know....

NIKITA. Who brought the complaint?

AKIM. A complaint? From the girl, from the orphan, don't you know, the complaint comes. From her, don't you know, from Marina, herself, from the girl, yes, a complaint, yes, yes.

NIKITA (*laughs*). That 's something remarkable! Who told you that — the girl herself?

AKIM. I 'm asking the question, yes, and it is your business, yes, it 's your business, don't you see, yes, to answer. Did you promise the girl, that is, you know, did you engage yourself to her, yes?

NIKITA. I don't understand at all what you are talking about....

AKIM. Don't you know, was there any foolishness, yes, any foolishness, don't you know, I mean foolishness between you and her?

NIKITA. Mighty little! Once in a while you joke with the cook when you have nothing else to do, and you play on the harmonica and she would dance to it. What foolishness is there in that?

PIOTR. Don't try to get out of it, Nikita! but answer your father's question in a straightforward manner.

AKIM (*solemnly*). Nikita! You may hide things from men; but you can't hide them from God. Yes, Mikita, think it over, I mean, don't you see, don't try to lie out of it! She is an orphan, don't you see, you can injure her, don't you know, the orphan, I mean, yes. Now you 'd better speak out frankly, yes.

NIKITA. Well, now, there 's nothing to say at all. I have told you all there is about it, and so I have nothing more to say. (*Growing excited.*) She may say what she pleases against the dead. But why does n't she say something about Fedka Mikishkin? I should think it was coming these days to be impossible to have a little fun. But she can say all she wants.

AKIM. Oi, Nikishka! Be careful. The truth will surely come out! Tell me, was it so or not?

NIKITA (*aside*). How they do go for me! (*To* AKIM.) I tell you I know nothing about it, I never had anything to do with her. (*Angrily.*) So help me Christ, I hope to die if I did. (*Crosses himself.*) I know nothing whatever about it. (*Silence;* NIKITA *grows still more heated.*) Why have you planned to make me marry her? Why! it would be a perfect scandal to do such a thing! Nowadays there are no laws to make a man marry against his

will. It 's perfectly simple ! Besides, I have sworn that I know nothing about it.

MATRIONA (*to her husband*). There now, you stupid old fool of a blockhead, you have to believe everything that 's told you. All you 've done 's been to shame the poor boy. The best thing now 's to let him go on living as he 's been living with the master here. Perhaps the master will give us a ten-ruble note to help our poverty. But the time will come. ....

PIOTR. Well, what do you say, Uncle Akim ?

AKIM (*clucks with his tongue to his son*). Remember, Nikita, the tears of the wronged, don't you know, are never spilt in vain, but always, don't you know, fall on the man's head. Look out for that.

NIKITA. You tend to your own affairs ; look out for yourself ! (*Sits down.*)

ANYUTKA. I must go and tell mother.[1] (*Runs out.*)

SCENE XIX

PIOTR, AKIM, MATRIONA, *and* NIKITA

MATRIONA (*to* PIOTR). That 's always the way, Piotr Ignatitch. He 's always getting things muddled. If he ever gets a notion into his head, there 's no getting it out ; only it 's too bad to have bothered you for nothing. Keep the lad — he 's your man !

PIOTR. What do you say, Uncle Akim ?

AKIM. Well, don't you see, I can't compel the lad, only 't ain't right. Yes, I only wanted ....

MATRIONA. You don't know yourself what a snarl you 're in. Let him stay on, as he 's staying now. The lad himself does n't want to go. And as far as he 's concerned, we can manage.

PIOTR. There 's one thing, Uncle Akim, if you take him away this summer, I shan't need him in the winter. If he 's going to stay, he must stay his year out.

MATRIONA. Then let him stay his year out. At

[1] *Mamushka.*

home, if we need any help, during the busy season, we can hire it; so let the lad stay, and you will give us a ten-ruble note, to tide us over.

PIOTR. Well, then, shall it be for a year?

AKIM (*sighs*). Well, then, I see, don't you know, I see it 's no use.

MATRIONA. Then it is a year, is it, from St. Mitri's Saturday.[1] You won't wrong him about his wages, and you 'll give us the ten-ruble note for now. Do help us out! (*Stands up and bows.*)

SCENE XV

The Same, ANISYA *and* ANYUTKA

(ANISYA *sits at one side*)

PIOTR. What say you? If it 's all right, then we 'll go to the tavern and wet the bargain. Come, Uncle Akim, we 'll have a little drink of vodka.

AKIM. I don't drink it, you know, I don't touch spirits.

PIOTR. Well, you can have a little tea.

AKIM. Tea, I confess I like tea. If it 's only tea.

PIOTR. Even the women will take a little tea. Come, Nikita, you drive in the sheep and gather up the straw.

NIKITA. All right! (*All go out except* NIKITA. *It grows dusky.*)

SCENE XVI

NIKITA (*alone*)

NIKITA (*lights a cigarette*). And so they keep saying, "Tell us, tell us how you amuse yourself with the girls." It takes a long time to tell such stories. "Marry her," they say! If I should marry them all, I should have to have a heap of wives! Much I need to get married! even as it is I live as well as a married man; men are jealous of me. But what was it drove me to swear be

[1] St. Demetrius's Day is October 26 (O.S.).

fore the images! That took the wind out of their sails. But I 've heard it said, it is a terrible thing to swear to a lie. That 's all nonsense. It 's a very easy matter.

Scene XVII

NIKITA *and* AKULINA

AKULINA (*enters in her kaftan, puts away a rope, takes off her things, and goes to the closet*). You might have been making a light!

NIKITA. What for? So as to see you? I can see you as it is!

AKULINA. Stop your nonsense!

Scene XVIII

The Same, and ANYUTKA

ANYUTKA (*runs in and speaks to* NIKITA *in a whisper*). Nikita, go quick as you can. Some one 's asking for you as true as I am breathing!

NIKITA. Who is it?

ANYUTKA. Marina from the railroad station. She is waiting behind the corner.

NIKITA. You lie!

ANYUTKA. As true as I 'm breathing!

NIKITA. What does she want?

ANYUTKA. She tells you to come. She says, "I must speak just one word to Nikita." I began to ask her what she wanted, but she would not tell me. Only she kept asking if it was true that you were going to leave us. But I told her it was not true, that your father wanted to take you home and make you get married, but that you refused and that you were going to stay with us another year. But she kept saying: "Send him to me, for Christ's sake, I must have a word with him," she insisted. She 's been waiting for you for a long time. Now go to her.

NIKITA. The devil take her, why should I go to her?

ANYUTKA. She says if you don't come she will come into the izba herself. As true as I'm breathing, she says so.

NIKITA. Never you fear, she won't dare to come in.

ANYUTKA. And she wanted to know if they were going to marry you to Akulina.

AKULINA (*approaches* NIKITA *to get her spinning-wheel*). Marry whom to Akulina?

ANYUTKA. Nikita.

AKULINA. Indeed! and who says so?

NIKITA. You see that's what people are saying. (*Looks at her and laughs.*) Tell me, Akulina, would you have me?

AKULINA. Have you? Perhaps I would have, some time ago, but I would n't now.

NIKITA. Why would n't you now?

AKULINA. Because you would n't love me.

NIKITA. Why would n't I?

AKULINA. Some one would n't let you. (*Laughs.*)

NIKITA. Who would n't let me?

AKULINA. Well, my stepmother would n't. She's scolding all the time, and she's watching you all the time.

NIKITA (*laughing*). Indeed! Well, you are a sharp eyes!

AKULINA. I? How can I help seeing? Am I blind? This very day she was abusing my father, just abusing him! She's a thick-lipped hag! (*Goes to the closet.*)

ANYUTKA. Nikita! Just look! (ANYUTKA *looking out of the window.*) She's coming. True as I am a-breathing. Here she is! I'm off! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIX

NIKITA, AKULINA (*in the closet*), *and* MARINA

MARINA (*enters*). Tell me now, what are you going to do for me?

NIKITA. What am I going to do? I am not going to do anything.

MARINA. Are you going to cast me off?

NIKITA (*angrily rising*). I should like to know what you came here for.

MARINA. Ah, Nikita!

NIKITA. You 're wonderful creatures, that 's a fact! What made you come?

MARINA. Nikita!

NIKITA. "Nikita!" Well, I 'm Nikita! What do you want? Get you gone, I tell you!

MARINA. And so I see you throw me off; you are going to forget me!

NIKITA. Why should I remember you? You don't know yourself! There you stood behind the corner and sent Anyutka, and I did n't come. That shows I did n't want you; it 's mighty plain. Now, be off with you!

MARINA. Did n't want me? It has come to that, has it? I had faith in you that you would love me. You ruined me, and now you don't want me.

NIKITA. What you say is all nonsense. You have been talking to my father. Be kind enough to go away!

MARINA. You know perfectly well that I never loved any one else but you. Whether you marry me or not I should not be angry with you, I have nothing to reproach myself about concerning you, and why have you ceased to love me? Why is it?

NIKITA. There 's nothing whatever for you and me to talk over.[1] Now go! You girls are dull about some things.

MARINA. It does not hurt me so much that you broke your promise to me when you promised to marry me, — but that you have ceased to love me. And it does not hurt me so much that you have ceased to love me, as that you have taken some one else in my place, and I know who it is.

NIKITA (*advancing toward her threateningly*). Ekh! there is no sense in talking with such a girl; you can't

[1] *Perelivat' iz pustova f porozhnoye*, to decant from empty into empty.

understand reason. Go, I tell you, or you 'll make me mad!

MARINA. Make you mad? What? would you strike me? Strike me, then! Why do you turn away your face? Ekh, Nikita!

NIKITA. If any one should come, it would look bad. What is the use of such talk?

MARINA. And so this is the end of it! it means it is all over! You tell me to forget. Well, remember, Nikita, I treasured my maiden honor dearer than my eyes. You ruined me, you deceived me. You have no pity on an orphan girl (*she weeps*), you have forsworn me. You have killed me, but I will not bear you any malice. God forgive you. If you find a better wife, you will forget me; if you find a worse one, then you will remember me. Yes, you will remember me, Nikita! Good-by, even as it is! Oh, how I have loved you! Good-by, for the last time! (*She tries to embrace him, and seizes him by the head.*)

NIKITA (*avoiding her*). Ekh! I have had enough of your talk! If you won't go, then I will; get out of here!

MARINA (*screams*). You are a wild beast! (*On the threshold.*) God will not grant you happiness!

(*Exit, weeping.*)

SCENE XX

NIKITA *and* AKULINA

AKULINA (*reënters from closet*). You are a perfect dog, Nikita.

NIKITA. What do you mean?

AKULINA. How she screamed! (*Weeps.*)

NIKITA. What are you crying for?

AKULINA. What am I crying for? You have wronged her. You would wrong me in the same way .... you dog! (*Goes into the closet.*)

Scene XXI

NIKITA (*alone*)

NIKITA (*a silence*). It 's all a muddle! I love these women as I do sugar. But if you commit a sin with them, ... it makes a row!

CURTAIN

ACT II

CHARACTERS IN ACT II

PIOTR.	NIKITA.
ANISYA.	MATRIONA.
AKULINA.	A WOMAN of the neighborhood.
ANYUTKA.	POPULACE.

The stage represents the street and PIOTR'S *izba at the spectator's left, the izba in two parts, the porch and steps in the center; at the right the gates and section of the dvor. At the edge of the dvor* ANISYA *is stripping hemp. Since the first act six months have elapsed.*

Scene I

ANISYA (*alone*)

ANISYA (*pauses and listens*). He 's moaning again. He must have crawled down from the oven.

Scene II

ANISYA, *and* AKULINA (*entering with her buckets on the yoke*)

ANISYA. He is calling! Go and see what he wants! Don't you hear him bawling?

AKULINA. But why don't you go?
ANISYA. Go, I say!

(AKULINA *enters the izba.*)

SCENE III

ANISYA (*alone*)

ANISYA. He has tormented me to death! he won't tell me where the money is or anything else. Lately he was in the entry; he must have hid it there. And now I don't know where it is. I'm thankful he's afraid to part with it: it's all in the house. If I could only find it. It wasn't on him yesterday. And now I don't know where it is at all. He's tormented me to death!

SCENE IV

ANISYA, *and* AKULINA (*who enters, wrapping her handkerchief round her head*)

ANISYA. Where are you going?
AKULINA. Where? Well, he wanted me to fetch Aunt Marfa. "Bring my sister to me," says he. "I'm dying," says he; "I have something I must tell her."
ANISYA (*aside*). He is sending for his sister! Oh, my poor head! O-o! It must be he is going to give her the money. What shall I do? Oh! (*To* AKULINA.) Don't go! Hold on, where are you going?
AKULINA. After auntie.
ANISYA. Don't you go, I say, I'll go myself. You go down to the river with the washing. Or else you won't have time before evening.
AKULINA. But he commanded me to.
ANISYA. Go where I tell you; I myself will go after Marfa. Take down the shirts from the fence.
AKULINA. The shirts? But see here, you won't go I'm afraid. He told me to.

ANISYA. I have told you I will go. Where is Anyutka?

AKULINA. Anyutka? She's watching the calves.

ANISYA. Send her to me; they probably won't get lost.

(AKULINA *collects the washing and exit.*)

SCENE V

ANISYA (*alone*)

ANISYA. If she does n't come, he 'll be mad. If she comes, he 'll give her the money. Then all my pains will be lost. I don't know what to do about it! My head is splitting. (*She continues to work.*)

SCENE VI

ANISYA, *and* MATRIONA (*enters with a staff and a small bundle as if for traveling*)

MATRIONA. God be your help, little berry!

ANISYA (*looks around, throws down her work, and claps her hands with joy*). I was not expecting this, auntie. God sent you just in time!

MATRIONA. Well, how is it?

ANISYA. My mind is in a perfect whirl! It 's misery.

MATRIONA. They say he 's still alive?

ANISYA. Don't speak of it! He 's neither dead nor alive!

MATRIONA. Whom has he given his money to?

ANISYA. He has just sent after Marfa, his sister. It must be about the money.

MATRIONA. Probably. Has n't he give it to some one without your knowing about it?

ANISYA. No, indeed! I watch him like a hawk.

MATRIONA. But where can it be?

ANISYA. He will not tell. I can't worm it out of him. He hides it sometimes in one place, sometimes in another,

and Akulina manages to keep in my way all the time. The fool, she is always spying and on guard. Oh, my poor head! I have been tormented.

MATRIONA. Okh! little berry, he will be giving his money out of your hands, and you will mourn all your days. They 'll be turning you out of house and home without a thing. You 've worn yourself out, my heart's darling, worn yourself out living all your days with an old curmudgeon, and when you are a widow you 'll be nothing but a beggar!

ANISYA. Oh, don't speak of it, auntie! My heart is sick and I don't know what to do, and there 's no one to advise me. I have spoken to Nikita, but he 's afraid to take hold of this thing. Only last evening he told me it was under the floor.

MATRIONA. Well, did you crawl under?

ANISYA. I could n't. He 's there himself. I notice he sometimes carries it on him and sometimes hides it.

MATRIONA. Remember, my dear girl, if you miss your stroke this time you can never set it right again. (*In a whisper.*) Tell me, did you give him the strong tea!

ANISYA. O-o! (*She is about to reply, but sees a neighbor and holds her tongue.*)

SCENE VII

The Same, and a woman of the neighborhood (*who passes the izba and listens to the groans from within*)

WOMAN[1] (*to* ANISYA). Neighbor! Anisya! say, Anisya! Your man seems to be calling you.

ANISYA. He is always coughing like that. It sounds as if he were calling. He 's very sick.

WOMAN (*approaches* MATRIONA). How are you, granny,[2] where are you from?

MATRIONA. Oh, I came from home, dear heart. I came to see my young son. I have brought him some shirts. You see, one must look after one's children.

[1] *Kuma*, a gossip. [2] *Baushka*, for *babushka*.

WOMAN. That 's a fact. (*To* ANISYA.) I was going to bleach my linen, but I think it 's rather early. Folks have n't begun yet.

ANISYA. What is your hurry?

MATRIONA. Tell me, have they administered the communion yet?

ANISYA. Yes, the priest was here yesterday.

WOMAN (*to* MATRIONA). I had a glimpse of him yesterday, too, my dear;[1] his soul was just hanging by a thread. How thin he 's grown! And several days ago, he was at the point of death; they 'd put him under the images. And they were getting ready to weep over him and wash his corpse.

ANISYA. He 's come to life again and got around. He 'll be out now.

MATRIONA. Well, shall you give him extreme unction?

ANISYA. Folks advise me to. If he 's alive, we 'll send for the priest to-morrow.

WOMAN. Oh! it must be dull for you, Anisyushka, is n't it? 'T ain't for nothing, folks say: 'T is not the sufferer that suffers, but the looker-on.

ANISYA. If it would be only one thing!

WOMAN. To be sure! he 's been dying-like for a whole year. It just ties our hands.

MATRIONA. Being a widow is bitter business. It 's well enough, if you 're young; but who 'll look after you if you 're on in years! Old age is a trying stage! At least it is in my case. I have n't come very far, but I 'm half dead, I can't feel my feet. .... Where 's my son?

ANISYA. Plowing. But come in, I will start the samovar, and you can cheer up your spirits with a little tea.

MATRIONA (*sits down*). Well, I 'm just dead tired, dearie. As for giving him extreme unction, you certainly ought to do it. Folks say it is a good thing for the soul.

ANISYA. Yes, we 'll send for the priest to-morrow.

MATRIONA. That 's much better. We 've had a wedding at our village, girlie!

[1] *Matushka moya.*

WOMAN. What 's that! In spring?

MATRIONA. Well, you see, the proverb is not without sense: When a poor man marries even the night is short. Semyon Matveyevitch has taken Marinka.

ANISYA. Well, she seems to have found luck, somehow!

WOMAN. I suppose he 's a widower with children?

MATRIONA. Four! What sensible woman would do such a thing! Well, he took her as she was. She was glad enough! They drank their wine, though the glass was broken and they spilt some of it.

WOMAN. Just think of it! Did it make talk? Has her husband got any property?

MATRIONA. They manage to live so far.

WOMAN. Strange enough that any one would go and marry where there are children! Now, how would it be with our Mikhaïlo! That muzhik, my dear....

A MUZHIK'S VOICE. Hey, Mavra! what the devil 's become of you? Go and drive in the cow.

(*Exit the* WOMAN.)

SCENE VIII

ANISYA *and* MATRIONA

MATRIONA (*speaks in an even voice as long as the neighbor is in sight.*) They are married, girlie, thank goodness, and at least my old fool won't be thinking of her for Mikishka any more. (*She suddenly changes her voice to a whisper.*) She 's gone! I say, did you give him that tea to drink?

ANISYA. Don't mention it. It would be better if he died a natural death. As it is, he does n't die at all. I 've laden my soul with a sin! O-oh, my poor head! Why did you give me those powders?

MATRIONA. What powders? They were only sleeping-powders, girlie; what harm in giving them? No harm from them!

ANISYA. I 'm not speaking about the sleeping-powders, but about the others, those white ones.

MATRIONA. Why those, little berry, were only medicine!

ANISYA (*sighs*). I know, but I feel troubled. He has tormented me.

MATRIONA. Tell me, how much did you use?

ANISYA. I gave it to him twice.

MATRIONA. Tell me, did he notice it?

ANISYA. I myself touched my lips to his tea; it tasted a little bitter. But he drank it with his tea and he said, "Even my tea is repulsive to me!" I said, "Everything tastes bitter to a sick man." It filled me with dread, auntie.

MATRIONA. But don't think about it; when you think about it you feel worse.

ANISYA. It would have been better if you had not given them to me and led me into sin. Whenever I remember it, it harrows up my soul. Why, why did you give them to me?

MATRIONA. What are you talking about, little berry? Christ be with you! What are you charging me with now? Look here, girlie, don't you shift the blame where it don't belong.[1] If anything happens, I wash my hands of it; I know nothing, absolutely nothing. I will kiss the cross that I never gave any powders, and never saw any, and never heard that there were such things as powders. Think it over, girlie. We have been talking about you lately, how tormented you have been, poor heart. Your stepdaughter a fool and your muzhik rotten, — one long misery! With such a life what would n't one do?

ANISYA. That is so, I don't deny it. My life is such that it leaves me with nothing else to do but either hang myself or choke him! Is this living?

MATRIONA. That 's just the point! It 's no time to be gaping. Someway or other, you must hunt up that money, and give him the drink.

ANISYA. O-oh, my poor head! And what am I to do now? I 'm sure I don't know, and I 'm frightened; it would be better if he should die a natural death. I don't like to have this thing on my soul.

[1] Literally, from a sick head to a well one.

MATRIONA (*angrily*). But why does n't he tell you where his money is? He won't take it with him, will he? He 'll have to leave it when it won't do any one any good. Is there any sense in that? God have mercy! all that money wasted! Is n't that a sin? What is he doing? Why don't you watch him?

ANISYA. I 'm sure I don't know. He has tormented me.

MATRIONA. Why don't you know? The matter is plain enough. If you miss your stroke now, you 'll regret it as long as you live. He 'll be giving the money to his sister and you 'll be left!

ANISYA. O-okh! he was just sending for her; I must go and get her.

MATRIONA. Yes, go if you want, but first start the samovar. We will give him some tea to drink, and then we two will hunt for the money. We 'll find it, never fear.

ANISYA. O-o! suppose something were to happen?

MATRIONA. What might happen? What do you expect? Do you want to have that money under your very eyes, and then let it fall out of your hands? Do what I say.

ANISYA. Well, I 'll go and start the samovar.

MATRIONA. Go, little berry, do the best you can so as not to regret it afterward. Things are as they are. (ANISYA *starts to go.* MATRIONA *calls her back.*)

MATRIONA. There 's one thing; don't tell Nikitka about all this. He is rather foolish; God forbid he should learn about the powders! God knows what he would do. He 's very tender-hearted. You know, he could never kill a hen. So don't you tell him. It would be a misfortune; he would not approve of this.

(*She stops in horror; for on the threshold appears* PIOTR.)

Scene IX

The Same, and Piotr

Piotr (*holding by the wall, crawls out on the porch, and calls in a feeble voice*). You never come when you are called. O-okh! who is here?

Anisya (*comes out from behind the corner*). Why do you come crawling out? You'd better lie where you were lying.

Piotr. Tell me, has the girl gone after Marfa? I'm in distress..... Oh, would that death would come soon!....

Anisya. She's had no time as yet; I sent her down to the river. Give me time, I'll go myself as soon as I get the work done.

Piotr. Send Anyutka! Where is she? Okh! I'm in distress. Okh! I'm dying.

Anisya. I have already sent for her.

Piotr. Okh! Where is she?

Anisya. Wherever she is, the paralysis smash her!

Piotr. Okh! I can't bear it! I'm all on fire inside. It's like a worm boring. Why have you left me alone like a dog? And no one to give me a drink. Okh!.... Send Anyutka to me.

Anisya. Here she is. Anyutka, go to your father.

Scene X

The Same, and Anyutka (*who comes running in as* Anisya *goes around the corner*)

Piotr. Go to your Aunt Marfa! Okh! tell her your father wants her. I must see her.

Anyutka. Anything else?

Piotr. Wait! Tell her to come quick; tell her I'm just dying. O-oh!

Anyutka. Only let me get my handkerchief, and I'll go in a jiffy. (*Exit, running.*)

Scene XI

Piotr, Anisya, *and* Matriona

Matriona (*winking*). Well, girlie, remember what you 've got to do. Go into the izba and hunt everywhere. Search as a dog searches for fleas; turn everything over, and I 'll manage to search him.

Anisya (*to* Matriona). Somehow or other I feel much bolder with you. (*Goes to the porch. To* Piotr.) Shall I start the samovar for you? And Aunt Matriona has come to see her son. You shall have tea together.

Piotr. All right, get it ready.

(*Exit* Anisya *into izba.*)

Scene XII

Piotr *and* Matriona

(Matriona *approaches the porch*)

Piotr. How are you?

Matriona. Good-day, benefactor. How do you do, dear friend? I can see you are under the weather. And even my old man pities you. Go, says he, and find out. He sent his greeting. (*Bows several times.*)

Piotr. I am dying.

Matriona. Well, as I look at you, Ignatuitch, it 's plain sickness does not wander off in the forest, but comes among men. You 're all wasted away, dear heart, all wasted away, I can see by looking at you. Sickness does not add to one's beauty, now does it?

Piotr. My death is at hand.

Matriona. Well, Piotr Ignatuitch, 't is God's will! They 've given you the communion, they will give you supreme unction, if God permits. Your wife is a sensible woman, glory be to God, and she will give you a good funeral and have prayers said for you, all in a decent way. And my little son, meantime, will help about the house.

PIOTR. No one to leave my estate to. Wife slack and occupied with trifles. You see I know all about it.... I know! The girl half-witted and young besides! I have got an estate, and now there's no one to look after it, and I'm so sick! (*He sobs.*)

MATRIONA. Well, if you have any money or anything you can bequeath it....

PIOTR (*to* ANISYA *in the entry*). Tell me, has she gone?

MATRIONA (*aside*). There, he still remembers!

ANISYA (*in entry*). She's just gone. Do go back into the izba, and I will help you.

PIOTR. Let me sit here for the last time. The air is so stifling inside.... It distresses me.... Okh! my heart is all on fire.... If death would only come!

MATRIONA. Unless God takes the soul, the soul itself can't go; God rules in life and in death, Piotr Ignatuitch. You can't even foretell your own death. It might be you'd get up even now. There was a case like yours in our village; the man was on the point of death....

PIOTR. No! I feel that I shall die to-day, I feel it. (*He leans back and closes his eyes.*)

SCENE XIII

The Same, and ANISYA

ANISYA (*enters*). Well, are you coming or not? I can't keep waiting for you. Petra! say, Petra!

MATRIONA (*steps out and beckons to* ANISYA). Well, how was it?

ANISYA (*comes down from the steps and joins* MATRIONA). No use!

MATRIONA. Have you hunted everywhere? Under the floor?

ANISYA. No, it's not there, either; maybe it's in the shed.[1] He was crawling about there yesterday.

[1] *Punka*, diminutive of *punya*, ordinarily the fodder-shed, but often used in summer as a sleeping-room by the muzhik.

MATRIONA. Search, search with all your might. Lick it up with your tongue. I'm perfectly certain he'll die to-day; his nails are blue, his face is earth-color. Did you set the samovar going?

ANISYA. It is almost boiling.

SCENE XIV

The Same, and NIKITA

NIKITA (*enters from the other side, if possible riding on horseback up to the gates, does not see* PIOTR. *Addressing his mother*). How are you, matushka; all well at home?

MATRIONA. Thank the Lord God, we are alive, since we get our daily bread.

NIKITA. Well, how do you find the master?

MATRIONA. Hush, there he is! (*She points to the porch.*) Well, let him sit there. What is it to me?

PIOTR (*opens his eyes*). Mikita, O Mikita! come here! (NIKITA *approaches.* ANISYA *whispers with* MATRIONA.) Why are you back so early?

NIKITA. I have finished plowing.

PIOTR. Did you plow the patch beyond the bridge?

NIKITA. 'T was too far to go there.

PIOTR. Too far! It will be still farther from the house. You'll have to go there on purpose. You might have made one job of it. (ANISYA, *without showing herself, listens.*)

MATRIONA (*approaches*). Oh, my son, why don't you try to please your master? The master's ailing, and trusts to you; you ought to serve him as if he were your own father; strain every nerve, and serve him as I have bidden you.

PIOTR. Then you may .... okh! .... you may dig .... dig the potatoes; the women .... oh .... they 'll sort them.

ANISYA (*to herself*). I think I have found where it is. He wants to get rid of all of us; he must have the money on him now. He wants to hide it somewhere.

PIOTR. And then .... o-okh! .... the time will come

to sow them, and they 'll rot. .... Okh! I can't stand it! (*Gets up.*)

MATRIONA (*runs to the porch and helps* PIOTR). Do you want to be led into the izba?

PIOTR. Yes, lead me in. (*Pauses.*) Mikita!

NIKITA (*gruffly*). What more do you want?

PIOTR. I shall not see you again .... I shall die this day. .... Pardon me for Christ's sake, pardon me if I have sinned before you .... if in word or deed, I have done you any injury .... both may have been. Pardon me!

NIKITA. What is there to pardon, we are all sinners.

MATRIONA. Ah, my dear son, just think!

PIOTR. Forgive me for Christ's sake. (*Weeps.*)

NIKITA (*snuffles*). God will forgive, Uncle Piotr. I have nothing to complain of against you, I have never seen any harm in you. You must forgive me, maybe I am more to blame toward you. (*Weeps.* PIOTR *exit, whimpering.* MATRIONA *supports him.*)

SCENE XV

NIKITA *and* ANISYA

ANISYA. Oh, my poor head! There is some hidden meaning he has, that is evident. (*Goes to* NIKITA.) You said the money was under the floor .... it is n't there.

NIKITA (*makes no reply, weeps*). He never did me any harm, nothing but good, and what have I done for him?

ANISYA. Now hush up! Where is the money?

NIKITA (*angrily*). Who knows anything about it? Hunt for it yourself!

ANISYA. Why are you so painfully compassionate?

NIKITA. I 'm sorry for him. How sorry I am! How he wept! E-ekh!

ANISYA. What a tender-hearted fellow you are. He treated you like a dog, like a dog, I say, and he just ordered me to drive you out of the house. You 'd better feel sorry for me!

NIKITA. Why should I pity you?

ANISYA. He 'll die, and hide the money.

NIKITA. Never fear! he won't hide it.

ANISYA. Okh! Nikitushka! He has sent for his sister, he 's going to give it to her. It will be a misfortune to us! How shall we live if he gives away the money? They will turn me out of house and home. You 'd better be helping me! Did n't you say he was crawling in the shed last evening?

NIKITA. I saw him coming from there, but where he hid the money I have n't the least idea.

ANISYA. Oh, my poor head! I will go and look for it there.

(NIKITA *steps aside.*)

SCENE XVI

The Same, and MATRIONA

MATRIONA (*comes out from the izba, goes down the steps to* ANISYA *and* NIKITA, *in a whisper*). Don't go; the money 's on him; I felt of it; it 's attached to a string.

ANISYA. Oh, my poor head!

MATRIONA. If you don't look now, search for it on the eagle, on the right wing![1] Your sister 'll be coming, and then good-by to it!

ANISYA. And if she comes, he will give it to her. Then what shall we do? Oh, my head!

MATRIONA. What shall you do? Just you look here! The samovar is boiling. Go and make the tea and pour into it (*in a whisper*) all the rest of the powder from the paper, and give it to him. When he has drunk the tea, then search him. Never you fear, he won't tell on you.

ANISYA. Oh, I 'm afraid.

MATRIONA. Don't say anything about this, but just look alive. I 'll keep the sister if she comes. Don't make any mistakes. Get hold of the money, and bring it here, and Nikita will hide it.

ANISYA. Oh, my head! How shall I accomplish it and .... and ....

[1] Russian proverb.

MATRIONA. I tell you, don't say a word; do as I tell you. — Mikita!

NIKITA. What?

MATRIONA. You stay here, sit down on the terrace, if anything.... there may be some work for you.

NIKITA (*waves his hand*). These women are always scheming! They make me tired, and that 's the end of it! Now I 'll let you do what you want to by yourselves, and I 'll go and dig potatoes.

MATRIONA (*detaining him by the arm*). I tell you, wait!

SCENE XVII

The Same, and ANYUTKA

ANISYA. Well?

ANYUTKA (*entering*). She was in her daughter's garden; she 'll be here immediately.

ANISYA. When she comes, what shall we do?

MATRIONA. Make haste; do what I command you. (*To* ANISYA.)

ANISYA. I no longer know what I am doing. I know nothing at all. My mind is all in a whirl Anyutka! Go, little daughter,[1] go to your calves; I 'm afraid they have gone astray. Oh, my courage is all gone!

MATRIONA. Go on, why don't you; the samovar 'll be boiling over, I 'm afraid.

ANISYA. Okh, my poor head!

SCENE XVIII

MATRIONA *and* NIKITA

MATRIONA (*approaching her son*). Well, little son (*she sits down next* NIKITA *on the earth embankment*), you must think also of your affairs, and not let them go at loose ends.

NIKITA. What affairs?

[1] *Donyushka*, affectionate diminutive of *dotch*, daughter.

MATRIONA. Why, how you are going to live in the world.

NIKITA. How I 'm to live in the world? I shall live as other men do.

MATRIONA. The old man is surely going to die to-day.

NIKITA. If he dies, may the kingdom of Heaven be his! What is that to me?[1]

MATRIONA (*all the time she is speaking she keeps looking at the porch*). Ekh! little son! The living must think of living! Here, little berry, much brains is required. You 'd hardly think it, but I 've been running all over creation in your behalf. My legs are all tired out in doing this job for you. But don't you forget what I 've done for you.

NIKITA. What have you been working about?

MATRIONA. About your affairs; yes, about your interests. If you don't attend to things in good season, they go wrong. You know Ivan Moseïtch. Well, I went to see him. You see I have been doing some work for him, and I sat down and we had a talk. And says I to him, "Moseïtch, decide one matter for me. For instance," says I, "a muzhik is a widower, and he 's married a second wife; and suppose he has children, a daughter by his first wife and a daughter by his second wife. Now," says I, "suppose he dies; could his widow marry another man and live on his estate? And," says I, "could this man marry off the two daughters and remain the master of the place?" — "Yes," says he, "only it would make considerable trouble," says he; "it can be managed if there 's money," says he, "but without money nothing could be done."

NIKITA (*laughs*). It 's easy enough to say, "Just pay out money." Everything requires money.

MATRIONA. Well, little berry, I told him just how things stood. "First thing," says he, "your little son wants to be inscribed in that village, and money 's needed

[1] *Pomret, tsarstvo nyebyesnoye. Mnye-to-chto?* This reply of Nikita's well illustrates the condensed staccato utterance of the peasant talk. Literally it is: "Dies, Tsardom of Heaven. To me, what?" Often a long and complicated concept is hidden in the phrase *to-to*, which means this-this, the contracted form of which, *tayo*, constitutes a large part of Akim's limited vocabulary. — TR.

for that — he 'll have to treat the elders. Of course," says he, "they 'll sign the papers. Everything," says he, "must be done intelligently." Just look here (*takes a paper out of her handkerchief*), here 's a document he wrote out. Now you read it, you 're up to it.

(NIKITA *reads*, MATRIONA *listens.*)

NIKITA. The document is an agreement, that 's all. It don't take much wisdom to do that.

MATRIONA. Now listen to what Ivan Moseïtch said: — "Above all," says he, "auntie, be careful and don't let the money go. If she has n't got the money," says he, "they won't let her marry again. Money," says he, "is the mainspring [1] of everything." So be careful. This business, my son, has reached a crisis.

NIKITA. What difference does that make to me? Let her look after her own money.

MATRIONA. What nonsense you talk, my son! How can a woman think of such things? You know what a woman is, and you are a man. Of course you can hide it, and all that sort of thing. You have more sense if anything happens.

NIKITA. Ekh! women's brains are no good at all!

MATRIONA. No good at all! You rake in the money! The woman will be in your power. If she should begin to snore a little or anything you can turn on the screws.

NIKITA. Confound you all! I 'll go.

SCENE XIX

NIKITA, MATRIONA, *and* ANISYA

ANISYA (*runs out from the izba and joins* MATRIONA *behind the corner; she looks pale.*) It was on him. Here it is. (*Indicates something under her apron.*)

MATRIONA. Give it to Mikita; he 'll hide it. Mikita, take and hide it somewhere.

NIKITA. All right, give it to me!

[1] *Golova*, head.

ANISYA. Okh, my head! I'll attend to it myself. (*Starts for the gates.*)

MATRIONA (*seizes her by the arm*). Where are you going? They'll catch you; here's his sister coming give it to him! he knows; what a stupid!

ANISYA (*stops irresolutely*). Oh, my head!

NIKITA. Say, give it to me; I'll stow it away.

ANISYA. Where will you stow it?

NIKITA. Have n't you any courage? (*Laughs.*)

SCENE XX

The Same, and AKULINA (*who comes with the wash*)

ANISYA. O-okh, my poor head! (*Hands over the money.*) Mikita, look out!

NIKITA. What are you afraid of? I'll hide it where I can't find it myself. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XXI

MATRIONA, ANISYA, *and* AKULINA

ANISYA (*stands in a state of terror*). O-okh! suppose he —

MATRIONA. Say, is he dead?

ANISYA. Yes, I think so. I took it from him and he did not stir.

MATRIONA. Go into the izba! Here comes Akulina!

ANISYA. There, now; I have committed the sin, and he's got the money.

MATRIONA. Hush up! Go into the izba! Here comes Marfa!

ANISYA. Well, I have trusted it to him. I must run the risk! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XXII

MARFA, AKULINA, MATRIONA

MARFA (*enters from one side,* AKULINA *from the other. To* AKULINA). I should have come sooner, but I was at

my daughter's. Well, how is the old man? Is he like to die?

AKULINA (*puts down the washing*). Who knows? I have been down at the river.

MARFA (*pointing to* MATRIONA). What is that woman?

MATRIONA. I 'm from Zuevo. I 'm Nikita's mother, and I 'm from Zuevo, my dear. How do you do? Your brother, poor heart, is very sick. He came out a little while ago. Send for my dear sister, says he..... Oh, can it be that he is dead?

SCENE XXIII

The Same, and ANISYA

ANISYA (*comes out from the izba with a shriek, clutches the post and begins to howl*). O-okh! O-o-o-o! to wh-o-o-om have you left me — O-o-o-o miserable widow — O-o-o! for long, long years! why did you close your bright eyes! —

SCENE XXIV

The Same, and the NEIGHBORING WOMAN

(*The* WOMAN *and* MATRIONA *support her under the arms.* AKULINA *and* MARFA *enter the izba. Enter* POPULACE.)

A VOICE FROM AMONG THE POPULACE. Send for the old women; let them get him ready for the funeral.

MATRIONA (*tucks up her sleeves*). Is there any water in the kettle? If not, there is some still in the samovar. I think I will take hold too.

CURTAIN

ACT III

PERSONAGES OF ACT III

AKIM.
NIKITA.
AKULINA.
ANISYA.
ANYUTKA.
MITRITCH: An old laborer, formerly a soldier.
ANISYA'S GODMOTHER.

SCENE I

PIOTR'S *izba*. *Winter*. *Nine months have passed since Act II*. ANISYA, *in slovenly attire, sits at the loom, weaving*. ANYUTKA *on the oven*

MITRITCH (*the old laborer, enters slowly, takes off his things*). O Lord, have mercy! Has n't the master come in yet?

ANISYA. What?

MITRITCH. Has 'nt Nikita come from town yet?

ANISYA. No, not yet.

MITRITCH. Probably carousing, O Lord!

ANISYA. Did you put things in order in the barn?

MITRITCH. Of course I did. I put everything away in order, and covered everything with straw. I don't like slipshod ways. O Lord! Mikola the Merciful! (*He picks his corns.*) Anyway, it should be time for him to come.

ANISYA. Why should he be in a hurry? He has money. He 's having a good time with the girl, I suppose....

MITRITCH. If he has plenty of money, why should n't he have a good time? But why did Akulina go to town?

ANISYA. Just ask her why the devil she went.

MITRITCH. It 's plain enough if she went to town. In town there are many things to be got for money! O Lord!

ANYUTKA. O matushka, I heard it myself: Says he,

"I 'll buy you a pretty shawl.[1] As true as I live I will," says he; "you shall choose it yourself," and she dressed herself up just fine! she put on her sleeveless jacket and her French kerchief.

ANISYA. Her girlish modesty seems to last as long as to the threshold, but when she gets out, she forgets all about it. The impudent wretch!

MITRITCH. Away with you! What is there to be modest about? When there's money, then have a good time! O Lord! Won't dinner be ready soon? (ANISYA *keeps silent.*) At any rate, I 'll warm myself a little. (*Climbs up on the oven.*) O Lord, O Holy Virgin, Mother of God! O Saint Mikola!

SCENE II

The Same, and the KUMA

KUMA (*enters*). Has n't your man come in yet?

ANISYA. No.

KUMA. It would seem to be time for him. May he not have stopped at our inn? Sister Fekla was saying, matushka, that lots of sledges from town were standing there.

ANISYA. Say, Anyutka!

ANYUTKA. What is it?

ANISYA. Run to the inn, Anyutka, and look. Perhaps he 's come as far as there, and is drinking there.

ANYUTKA (*springs down from the oven, puts on her things*). I 'll go.

KUMA. And did he take Akulina with him?

ANISYA. There would not have been any reason for him to go, otherwise. Everything he does is because of her. He had to deposit some money in the bank, he said; but she sets him up to everything.

KUMA (*shakes her head*). You don't say! (*Silence.*)

ANYUTKA (*in the door*). And if he 's there, what shall I say?

[1] *Polushalchik*, diminutive of *polushal*, half shawl.

ANISYA. Only just see if he 's there.
ANYUTKA. All right, I 'll fly over in a jiffy. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III

ANISYA, MITRITCH, *and* KUMA

(*Long silence*)

MITRITCH (*roars*). O Lord, merciful Mikola!
KUMA (*shudders*). O, how that scared me! what is it?
ANISYA. It 's Mitritch, the workman.
KUMA. O-o-kh! It made me tremble! I had forgotten. But they say, neighbor, that you 're going to marry Akulin off: is that so?
ANISYA (*comes out from behind the loom and sits down at the table*). There was an offer came from Dyedlovo, but you see some gossip must have reached 'em; for after they sent to us, there was nothing more said. So it has fallen through. Who would want her?
KUMA. How about the Lizunofs from Zuevo?
ANISYA. There was some proposition of the sort. But that fell through — he would n't take her either.
KUMA. Well, you ought to marry her off.
ANISYA. That is so. But I don't know how to get her out of the house, neighbor; I can't manage it. He does n't want it; nor does she either. You see he has n't got tired yet of traipsing round with her.
KUMA. E-e-e! what a sin! Who 'd ever thought it! Why he 's her stepfather!
ANISYA. Oh! neighbor! they deceived me, they threw dust in my eyes so cleverly, I can't begin to tell you! I was such a fool, I never noticed anything, I never dreamed of such a thing when I married him — not the least wee bit of a suspicion[1] but I have no doubt they 'd already begun to be intimate!
KUMA. O-o what actions!
ANISYA. As time went on, I saw they were beginning

[1] *Nitchevokhon'ko*, diminutive of *Nitchevo*, nothing.

to hide something from me. Ah! neighbor, how bad I felt! What a wretched life I have been leading! I 'd better never have loved him.

KUMA. You don't say!

ANISYA. And think how it hurts me to endure such an insult from him! Oh! it hurts!

KUMA. How is it? They say he 's begun to treat you cruelly.

ANISYA. It 's all true — it used to be he was peaceable when he was drunk. And it is a fact he got drunk very often and I was good to him. But nowadays when he is set up, he comes down on me so, it seems as if he would trample me under his feet. A day or two ago he grabbed my hair, and I thought he would pull it out by the roots. And then the girl is worse than a snake! I did n't know the earth brought forth such vipers.

KUMA. O-o-o! You are in tribulation! I 'm amazed at you! How much you have to endure! You took him in when he was down, and now he treats you so shabbily. Why don't you make a protest against it?

ANISYA. Oh, my dear neighbor,[1] what can I do with my heart? My late husband was rather stern, but I twisted him as I pleased; I can't do so here, neighbor. As soon as I set eyes on him, my whole heart melts within me. I have no courage against him. I 'm just like a wet chicken when I 'm with him.

KUMA. O-o! neighbor! Evidently something has bewitched you! They say Matriona meddles with such matters. It must be she did it.

ANISYA. Yes, I 've thought the same thing, neighbor. You see this is the second time I 've been harmed. It seems as if I could tear him to pieces! But when I see him, it 's no use; I can't feel angry with him.

KUMA. It 's evident you 're under a spell. It does n't take long to ruin a person. As soon as I look at you I see something has happened to you.

ANISYA. My legs have shrunk as thin as young lin-

[1] *Okh, kumushka milaya; kumushka*, diminutive of *kuma*, gossip.

dens. But you should look at that fool, Akulina. She used to be a disorderly, slatternly girl, but now look at her! What made the change? And just see what things he gives her! She wears fine things and swells up like a bubble on water. She may be a fool, but she 's got an idea into her head: "I 'm mistress here," says she. "It 's my house, and batyushka wanted me to marry him. She 's ugly, too, God forgive her. She 's got such a temper that she 'd pull the thatch from the roof!

KUMA. O-okh! I see what a life you lead. And yet folks envy you. They say you 're rich, but I know that tears often run over gold.

ANISYA. Good reason for envy! Yes, and all our money is going like the dew! It 's awful the way he squanders it.

KUMA. But why do you let him have it? It 's your money!

ANISYA. If you only knew all about it! But then I made one great mistake.

KUMA. If I were in your place, neighbor, I should go straight to the nachalnik, — to the chief officer. The money 's yours. How can he waste it. He has no right to!

ANISYA. They don't regard such things nowadays.

KUMA. Oh, neighbor, I 'm sorry for you. You have grown weak.

ANISYA. I have grown weak, my dear, very weak. He has used me all up. And I know nothing at all. O-oh my poor head!

KUMA. Who can that be coming!

(*She listens. The door opens and* AKIM *enters.*)

SCENE IV

The Same, and AKIM

AKIM (*crosses himself, shakes off his bark shoes, and takes off his sheepskin coat*). Peace to this house! Are you well? Your health, auntie!

ANISYA. Your health, batyushka! Just from home?

AKIM. I thought, don't you know, you see, I 'd come, you know, and see my son. I 'd come to my son. I started rather late; after I 'd eaten dinner, I started, don't you know; but you see the snow is rather heavy; heavy going, don't you see? So I 'm late, you know. Is my son at home? is he at home?

ANISYA. No, he went to town.

AKIM (*sits on the bench*). I had a little business, you see, that is, just a little business with him. I told him, you see, a few days ago, yes, I told him about what I wanted; how my poor horse died, don't you know; died, my poor horse. And, you see, I must get one somehow; get a horse, don't you see, yes, some kind of a horse. And so, you see, I've come, you know.

ANISYA. Mikita told me. When he comes, you can talk it over. (*Goes to the oven.*) Have some supper: he'll be here soon. Mitritch, say, Mitritch come to supper!

MITRITCH. O Lord, Saint Nicholas the merciful!

ANISYA. Come to supper.

KUMA. I must be going, good-by!

SCENE V

AKIM, ANISYA, *and* MITRITCH

MITRITCH (*climbs down from the oven*). I did n't know when I went to sleep. O Lord! O Saint Mikola!.... How are you, Uncle Akim!

AKIM. Eh! Mitritch! So it 's you, is it? Oh, yes, you know[1]....

MITRITCH. Yes, I live here as your son Nikita's man.

AKIM. You don't say! Oh, yes, of course, as my son's man! You don't say!

MITRITCH. I was living in town at a merchant's, but

[1] Akim's limited vocabulary fills in the gaps of fluency with his frequently repeated *znatchit, tayo.*

I took to drinking there. And so I came to the country. As I had no other place to go, I hired out here. (*Yawns.*) O Lord!

AKIM. But tell me, you don't say, Mikishka — why, what's he doing? You don't mean to say that he has so much to do that he needs to hire, that is to say, has to hire a man?

ANISYA. What has he to do? He was getting along all right; but now something 's wrong in his mind, and so he hired a man.

MITRITCH. He has money enough, so what difference does it make to him?

AKIM. But don't you know it's wrong; I tell you, it's wrong. It's all wrong. It's wasteful, don't you know!

ANISYA. Yes, it's wasteful, very wasteful. It's a shame!

AKIM. That's the way, don't you know; a man tries to better himself, and, you see, he comes out badly. Riches spoil a man, yes, spoil a man.

MITRITCH. A dog goes mad from too much fat and a man is apt to go mad from fat living. See how I got spoiled with too fat living! For three weeks I was drunk all the time. I drank up my last pair of drawers. When I had nothing left, I gave it up. Now, I 've sworn off. Good-by to it.[1]

AKIM. But where is she, you know, your old woman?....

MITRITCH. My old woman 's found her right place. She 's in town; stopping round at drinking-places. She 's a beauty! One eye torn out, the other bunged up, and her snout knocked round to one side. She 's a shy one, but she manages to get her mouth full of barley pirogs.

AKIM. O-o! What do you mean?

MITRITCH. Where else is the place for a soldier's wife? She 's attending to her own business. (*Silence.*)

AKIM (*to* ANISYA). What took Nikita to town; say,

[1] *Nu yeyo*; literally, now her.

did he carry a load? He had something to sell, did he, and took it, did he?

ANISYA (*lays the table and serves the food*). He went without any load. He went after money.... to take it out of bank.

AKIM (*sits down to supper*). What do you want to do with it — with the money, I mean, yes, the money?

ANISYA. No, we don't take much of it. Only twenty or thirty rubles; we spent some, so we had to draw some out.

AKIM. Had to draw some out? Why do you take it — that is, take money, don't you know? To-day, don't you know, you take some; to-morrow, don't you know, you take some — and so you use it all up, don't you know!

ANISYA. This is extra. The money is n't touched at all.

AKIM. Is n't touched? How do you mean "is n't touched"? You take it out, and still it is n't touched? Now suppose you put flour, don't you know, yes, flour, in a closet or, don't you know, in a pantry, and then you keep taking out from it, don't you know, will it be untouched? Of course it won't be; it 's all a mistake, don't you know? You just try it; it 's all a mistake, don't you know? How can it be untouched? You mean to say you draw it out and still it 's there?

ANISYA. Well, I don't know anything about it. Ivan Moseïtch advised about it. "Put the money in the bank," says he, "and the money 'll be safe, and you 'll get a percentage on it."

MITRITCH (*has finished eating*). That 's so. I lived at a merchant's. They did that way. Deposit your money and lie on the oven, and it keeps coming in.

AKIM. What you say is wonderful, don't you know! How is it? You get it, you see, you get it — that is the money, don't you know, but who is it you get it of — the money, I mean.

ANISYA. They give it to you at the bank.

MITRITCH. What are you talking about? You 're a woman, you can't explain it. Now, look here, I 'll just

make it all plain for you. Just pay attention. Suppose, for example, you have some money, and suppose spring has come and the ground is ready for sowing, or you have taxes to pay. Now, suppose I come to you. "Akim," I say, "let me have a red bill, and when I 've harvested my field, next Intercession, I 'll give you back your ten rubles, and I 'll harvest your field in return for the favor." And then suppose, for example, you see I have something to draw with: a little horse or a little cow, and you say, "Give me two or three rubles for the favor, that 's all." I 'm in a bad fix, and I can't get out of it. "All right," I say, "I will take the ten rubles." In the autumn I make the exchange, I carry it back to him, and you get three rubles out of me to boot.

Akim. But, you see, don't you know, only crooked men do that way; of course, don't you know, if any one forgets God, why then, of course, don't you know, they might do that way.

Mitritch. You just wait! Now, you remember, of course, how you did, — how you plundered me, — and suppose Anisya has some money laid up, for example. She does n't know what to do with it. Of course it is n't a woman's business, and so she has nowhere to put it. And she comes to you and asks you if you can't make some use of her money for her. "Why, of course I can," you say, if she 'll only wait. Well then, the next summer, I come again: "Let me have another little red note, and I 'll return it with due respect." .... Well, you think it over. If my skin has n't been turned once too often, if I am still able to be plucked, then you give me Anisya's money. But if, for example, I have nothing left, and nothing to eat, then of course you know there 's nothing to be got out of me, and you say, "Pack yourself off, brother, and God be with you," and you try to find some one else, and you give your money and Anisya's, and so you pluck that one. That 's what a bank does. It keeps going round in a circle. It is a clever trick, brother.

Akim (*growing indignant*). What is that you say? Of course, that 's downright rascality, don't you know!

Why! Muzhiks who do that sort of thing, don't you know, consider it a sin, don't you know! Why! It is contrary to the law, don't you know, contrary to the law. It 's downright rascality. But how educated folks, don't you know, can....

MITRITCH. Why, brother, that 's what they like to do better than anything else. Just mark my word, any one who 's rather stupid, or a woman, for instance, who can't use their money in business, why, they take it to bank, and, as it were, barley pirogs fall into their mouths all cooked with that money; but it cheats the people. It 's a clever trick.

AKIM (*sighing*). Ekh! I see how it is! Why, don't you know, when you have n't any money, it 's woe and tribulation; but when you have, it 's twice as bad, don't you know? Anyhow, God commanded us to work. But, don't you see, you put your money in the bank and go to sleep, and expect it to feed you, don't you know. Why! it 's rascally business, don't you know, and contrary to the law!

MITRITCH. Contrary to law? Folks don't mind that these days! They cheat you out of your eye-teeth. But that 's all business.

AKIM (*sighs*). Well, well, what times we 've come to! There I saw the water-closets, don't you know, the kind they have in town. Polished, polished, don't you know! made like a tavern. But what 's the use of it? It 's no use! Okh! they 've forgotten God. Why, of course they have. Yes, we 've forgotten God, forgotten him! Thanks, daughter, had enough, I 'm all full! (*Comes round from behind the table.* MITRITCH *climbs up on the oven.*)

ANISYA (*clears away the dishes, and eats*). I wonder if his father would warn him, but it 's a shameful thing to speak.

AKIM. What?

ANISYA. No matter, I was talking to myself.

Scene VI

The Same, and Anyutka

(Anyutka *enters*)

Akim. Ah, clever girl! you 're always busy! You 're frozen, are n't you?

Anyutka. Oh, I 'm awful cold! How are you, grandpa?

Anisya. Tell me, was he there?

Anyutka. No! but Andryan was just over from town, and said he saw them in town, at a tavern. "Your pa," says he, "was drunk; very drunk."

Anisya. Do you want something to eat? Here 's something for you.

Anyutka (*goes to the stove*). Oh, I 'm cold. My hands are just stiff. (Akim *undoes his leg-wrappers;* Anisya *washes the dishes.*)

Anisya. Batyushka.

Akim. What do you say?

Anisya. Is it true Marishka is well settled?

Akim. Pretty well. She 's getting along. Why you see, she 's a sensible, quiet woman, you know; she tries hard. Of course she 's a good woman, and she 's painstaking, you know, and she 's not topping; she 's a woman as is a woman.[1]

Anisya. Well, they say some one from your village — a relation of Marinka's husband — wants to marry our Akulina. Tell me, have you heard anything about it?

Akim. Can it be the Mironofs. The women have been gossiping about it. Of course, I 've not paid any attention to it. I don't know anything at all about it, you see. The old women have talked about it more or

[1] *Zabotchka, znatchit, nitchavo znatchit;* literally, little woman (it also means butterfly), of course, nothing, of course. *Nitchavo* is for *nitchevo*, genitive of *nitchto*, nothing; a word of extraordinary significance in a Russian mouth. Any translation of Akim's disconnected repetitions must necessarily be largely guesswork. — Ed.

less. But you see I don't remember, I don't remember. But the Mironofs are good peasants, well-to-do, you know.

ANISYA. Well, I don't know; but the sooner she gets married off the better.

AKIM. Why so?

ANYUTKA (*listens*). Here they come.

ANISYA. Well, don't mind them! (*Continues to wash the spoons without turning her head.*)

SCENE VII

The Same, and NIKITA

NIKITA. Anisya, wife — who 's come? (ANISYA *glances at him and turns away without answering.*) Who 's come, I say. Have you lost your tongue? (*Angrily.*)

ANISYA. Trying to swell, is he? Come in.

NIKITA (*still more threateningly*). Who has come?

ANISYA (*approaches and takes him by the arm*). Well, my husband has come. Go into the izba.

NIKITA (*resists*). All right! It 's your husband, but how do you receive your husband? Speak properly!

ANISYA. Deuce take you! Mikita!

NIKITA. So far so good! Clumsy! Why don't you add my father's name?

ANISYA. Akimuitch! There!

NIKITA (*still in the doorway*). So far so good! Now tell my family name!

ANISYA (*laughs and pulls him by the arm*). Chilikin! There!

NIKITA. That 's all right! He 's drunk! (*Clutches by the door-post.*) No! tell me which leg Chilikin puts out first when he goes into the izba.

ANISYA. Now, stop your nonsense; you let the cold in.

NIKITA. Speak, which leg first? You 've got to tell me!

ANISYA (*to herself*). He 's a nuisance now. Well, the left leg. Now come in, will you!

NIKITA. All right.

ANISYA. You look and see who 's inside.

NIKITA. My father! Well, I 'm not afraid of my father. I can pay him my respects. How 's your health, father?[1] (*Bows before him and gives him his hand.*) Our respects to you!

AKIM (*not replying to him*). Liquor, oh, liquor; what harm it does! It 's scandalous!

NIKITA. Liquor? What have I drunk? That 's just the trouble! I drank with a friend — drank to his health.

ANISYA. Go in and lie down, will you?

NIKITA. Wife, tell me where am I, anyway?

ANISYA. It 's all right, go in and lie down.

NIKITA. Wait till I have the samovar and have a drink with my father. Start the samovar. Akulina, come in!

SCENE VIII

The Same, and AKULINA

AKULINA (*in gala dress, enters with her purchases; to* NIKITA). What made you mix everything up? Where 's my yarn?

NIKITA. Yarn? Your yarn's there. Hey! Mitritch! Where are you? Are you asleep? Go and put up the horse!

AKIM (*does not see* AKULINA, *but looks at his son*). What is he doing? The old man is dead tired, don't you know, he 's been threshing; but *he* is drunk. "Put up the horse," indeed. Tfu! rascality!

MITRITCH (*climbs down from the oven and puts on his felt boots*). O merciful Lord! Is the horse in the yard? Dead tired, I've no doubt! Ish! The devil take him! How full he is! Chock full! O Lord! Saint Mikola! (*Puts on his shuba, and goes to the yard.*)

NIKITA (*sits down*). Forgive me, father. I 'm drunk, that 's a fact; but what 's to be done about it? Even a

[1] *Batyushka.*

hen will drink! Won't she? But forgive me. As for Mitritch, he won't care; he 'll put up the horse.

ANISYA. Truly; shall I start the samovar?

NIKITA. Yes; father 's come, and I want to talk with him, and drink a little tea. (*To* AKULINA.) Have you brought in all the purchases?

AKULINA. The purchases? I brought in mine, but the other things are in the sledge. Oh, here 's something which don't belong to me. (*Throws a bundle on the table and stores away her own things in a trunk.* ANYUTKA *watches* AKULINA *putting her things away;* AKIM *does not look at his son, but arranges his leg-wrappers and bark shoes on the oven.*)

ANISYA (*goes out with the samovar*). There, her trunk is full — and yet he has bought more!

SCENE IX

AKIM, AKULINA, ANYUTKA, *and* NIKITA

NIKITA (*assumes a sober air*). Now, father, don't be vext! Do you think I'm drunk? Really, I can attend to anything; tho' I drink, I don't lose my wits. I can talk with you any time, father. I remember everything: you sent a message about money; your little horse died — I remember. That 's all right. That 's in our power. If you needed a large sum of money, then we might have to postpone it a little; but this I can do for you. Here it is.

AKIM (*continues to occupy himself with his foot-gear*). Ah! my poor, a spring road, don't you know, it's no highway....

NIKITA. What do you mean by that? Talk with a drunken man is no conversation. But don't you worry. Let us have a little tea. I'm all right; really I can attend to everything.

AKIM (*shakes his head*). Eh! Ekh-khe-khe!

NIKITA. Money — here 's some. (*Feels in his kaftan, takes out his pocket-book, unrolls some bills, selects a ten-*

ruble note.) Take it for the horse. Take it for the horse. I can't forget my father. Really, I won't go back on you — because you're my father. Here, take it. It's very simple, I don't grudge it. (*Goes to* AKIM *and offers him the money, but* AKIM *refuses to take it.* NIKITA *thrusts it into his hand.*) Take it! I give it ungrudgingly.

AKIM. Why, I can't take it, don't you know, and I can't talk with you, don't you know, because, don't you see, you're not in a fit condition ....

NIKITA. I won't take "No." Take it! (*Thrusts the money into* AKIM'S *hand.*)

SCENE X

The Same, and ANISYA

ANISYA (*enters and pauses*). Yes, you'd better take it. You see he won't give it.

AKIM (*takes it, shaking his head*). Ekh! Liquor! A man's not a man, don't you know ....

NIKITA. There, that's the better way. You can return or not, just as you please. God be with you! That's the way I'm made. (*Sees* AKULINA.) Akulina, show your presents.

AKULINA. What?

NIKITA. Show your presents.

AKULINA. My presents? Why should I show them? I have already put them away.

NIKITA. Get them out, I tell you; Anyutka will like to see them. Show them to Anyutka, I say. Undo the shawl. Give it here!

AKIM. O-okh! it's a wretched sight. (*Climbs up on the oven.*)

AKULINA (*takes out her things and lays them on the table*). There, now; what do they want to look at them for?

ANYUTKA. Oh, that's pretty! It's as nice as Stepanida's!

AKULINA. Stepanida's? Stepanida's does not compare with it! (*Becoming animated and spreading out the shawl.*) Just look here! That cost something — it 's French.

ANYUTKA. And that chintz is just fine! Mashutka has some like it, only hers is brighter on a light blue background. This is awfully pretty.

NIKITA. That 's so! (ANISYA *goes angrily to the closet and returns with the pipe and stand, and approaches the table.*)

ANISYA. There you are, spreading out all that stuff!

NIKITA. Just come and look at it!

ANISYA. Why should I look at it? Have n't I seen things? Put them away! (*Pushes the shawl on the floor.*)

AKULINA. What are you knocking my things about for? Knock your own things. (*Picks them up.*)

NIKITA. Anisya! Look!

ANISYA. Why should I look?

NIKITA. Do you think I forgot you? Look here! (*Shows a bundle and sits on it.*) It 's a present for you. Only deserve it! Wife, what am I sitting on?

ANISYA. You can swell round if you want to. I 'm not afraid of you. But I should like to know whose money you are squandering? buying presents for your fatty!

AKULINA. Your money? How 's that? You tried to steal it, but you did n't succeed. Go away! (*Tries to pass, and pushes* ANISYA.)

ANISYA. What are you pushing me for? I 'll slap you.

AKULINA. Slap me? All right, strike! (*Approaches her.*)

NIKITA. There, women, women! Hush! (*Stands between them.*)

AKULINA. She has to meddle. You had better hold your tongue. Perhaps you think folks don't know.

ANISYA. What do folks know? Speak, speak! What do folks know?

AKULINA. I know a fine work of yours!

ANISYA. You slut! You live with another woman's husband!

AKULINA. Well, you poisoned yours.

ANISYA (*flings herself on* AKULINA). You lie!

NIKITA (*holds her*). Anisya! Do you forget?

ANISYA. You threaten me, do you? I 'm not afraid of you!

NIKITA. Out of here! (*Turns* ANISYA *round and pushes her out.*)

ANISYA. Where should I go? I won't go out of my own house!

NIKITA. Out of here, I say! Don't you dare come in!

ANISYA. I won't go! (NIKITA *pushes her*, ANISYA *weeps and shrieks, clinging to the door.*) Why should I be pushed out of my own house? What are you doing, you villain? Do you think there 's no justice for you? Just you wait!

NIKITA. There! there!

ANISYA. I 'll go to the elder, to the policeman.[1]

NIKITA. Away, I tell you! (*Keeps pushing her.*)

ANISYA (*outside the door*). I will hang myself.

SCENE XI

NIKITA, AKULINA, ANYUTKA, *and* AKIM

NIKITA. Never mind!

ANYUTKA. O-o-o! my dear mother, my own mother!

NIKITA. There now, I only scared her! What are you crying for? She 'll come back, never you fear! Go, look after the samovar. (*Exit* ANYUTKA.)

SCENE XII

NIKITA, AKIM, *and* AKULINA

AKULINA (*collects her purchases and puts them away*). Look at that, the wretch, how she messed it! Just you wait; I 'll tear her cloak[2] for her. Truly, I will!

[1] *Uryadnik*, village policeman.

[2] *Bezrukavka*, from *bez*, without, and *rukaf*, a sleeve: a sleeveless garment.

NIKITA. I 've turned her out; what more do you want?

AKULINA. She soiled my new shawl? Indeed, if the bitch had not gone out, I 'd have torn her eyes out!

NIKITA. Don't be resentful. Why should you be resentful? As if I loved her!

AKULINA. Loved her! Is that thick-mouth any one to love? If you 'd only turned her off *then*, there would n't have been any trouble. You ought to have sent her to the devil! But the house is mine, all the same, and the money, too. "I am the mistress," says she. Mistress![1] What kind of a wife[1] was she to her husband! She is a murderess, that 's what she is. She 'll do the same to you.

NIKITA. Okh! You can't stop a woman's tongue! You don't know what you are talking about!

AKULINA. Yes, I do know, too! I will not live with her. I 'll drive her out of the house. She and I can't stay under one roof. I am the mistress of this place. She is n't the mistress — she 's a jail-bird!

NIKITA. There now, shut up! What can you do with her? Don't look at her. I 'm the master here. I will do what I please. I don't love her any more and I do love you. I 'll love any one I please. That 's my right. I have had enough of her. *There 's* where she is! (*Points to the ground.*) Ekh! No harmonica here!

The cakes are on the stove,
The kasha on the stair,
And we will try to live
And have an easy time,
But death will surely come,
And we shall be at peace.
The cakes are on the stove,
The kasha on the stair.

[1] *Khozyaïka* in both cases.

Scene XIII

The Same, and Mitritch

Mitritch (*enters, takes off his coat, and climbs on the stove*). So it seems the women have been quarreling again; fighting! O Lord! Blessed Mikola!

Akim (*sits on the edge of the stove, gets his leg-wrappers and bark shoes, and begins to put them on*). Get in, get into the corner there.

Mitritch (*creeps up*). Evidently they have n't got things settled yet. O Lord!

Nikita. Get out the liquor; we 'll have some with the tea.

Scene XIV

The Same, and Anyutka

Anyutka (*enters: to* Akulina). Sister,[1] the samovar is all ready to come in.

Nikita. Where is your mother?

Anyutka. She is in the entry, crying.

Nikita. All right, call her in; tell her to bring the samovar. And, Akulina, you put on the glasses.

Akulina. The glasses? Very well! (*She gets the glasses.*)

Nikita (*gets out the liquor, biscuits, and herring*). This, of course, is for myself; the yarn for the woman; the kerosene is out there in the entry. And here 's the money. Wait! (*Takes the abacus.*) I shall soon find out. (*Reckons.*) Wheat flour, eighty kopeks; oil .... ten rubles to father. Father, come and drink some tea! (*Silence.* Akim *sits on the stove and winds his leg-wrappers around him.*)

[1] Nyanka, diminutive of *nyanya*, nurse.

Scene XV

The Same, and Anisya

Anisya (*bringing in the samovar*). Where shall I put it?

Nikita. Put it on the table. Tell me, did you go to the Starosta? It 's all right! Speak, and bite it off! Now stop being mad! Sit down and have a drink. (*Pours her out a glass of liquor.*) Here 's a little present for you. (*Hands her the package on which he had been sitting.* Anisya *takes it silently, shaking her head.*)

Akim (*gets down and puts on his shuba. He approaches the table and lays the bank note on it*). No, here 's your money. Take it.

Nikita (*does not see the money*). Where are you hurrying off to?

Akim. Well, I am going, yes, I am going, don't you know; forgive me, for Christ's sake. (*Takes his cap and wallet.*)

Nikita. What a pity! Where are you going at night?

Akim. I can't stay, don't you know; no, I can't stay, that is, in your house, I can't stay. Forgive me.

Nikita. But where are you going when tea is on?

Akim (*buckles his belt*). I am going, don't you see, because, you know, it 's all wrong; yes, all wrong, Mikishka, at your house, all wrong, you know. You see, you are living a wicked life, Mikishka, a wicked life. So I 'm going.

Nikita. There, now, stop your nonsense; sit down and drink some tea.

Anisya. What do you mean, babyushka? Why, it 'll shame us before folks. What have you taken offense at?

Akim. No offense at all, don't you know, no offense. Of course not; only I see my son is going to ruin, yes, to ruin, don't you know; my son going to ruin; my son, to ruin.

NIKITA. Ruin? What ruin? Just tell us.

AKIM. Ruin, yes, to ruin; you are absolutely going to ruin. What did I tell you last summer?

NIKITA. Yes, you told a little something.

AKIM. I told you, you know, about the orphan girl that you had wronged, the orphan girl. I mean you had wronged Marina.

NIKITA. Ek! You 've a great memory for old, stale tattle; the thing is past.

AKIM (*growing hot*). Past? Nay, brother, 't is not past. One sin, don't you know, hooks on to another, and brings a whole train of them; and you have entangled yourself in sin, Mikishka. I see how it is; you 're entangled in sin, don't you know. Entangled, sunk in deep, don't you know!

NIKITA. Sit down and have some tea, and we 'll talk it all over.

AKIM. I can't drink your tea, don't you know. For I feel terrible sad, don't you know, terrible sad over your wicked ways, and so you see, I can't, no, I can't possibly drink your tea.

NIKITA. What a fuss you make! Come to the table!

AKIM. Your riches are like a net, don't you know, a net to you. Ah, Mikishka! your soul is in need!

NIKITA. What right have you to come to my house and reproach me? And why do you insist so on it? I am a child to let you pull my hair. All that sort of thing is done away with nowadays.

AKIM. That 's so. I have heard that nowadays they pull the fathers' beards, you know; but you see it leads to ruin, yes, it leads to ruin.

NIKITA (*angrily*). We live; we ask no favors of you, and here you come to us with your wants.

AKIM. Money? There is your money. I will sooner beg, don't you know; but I would n't take this, of course I would n't.

NIKITA. Now hush up! And what are you vexed about? What are you spoiling our party for? (*Holds him by the arm.*)

AKIM (*screams*). Let me go! I won't stay, I 'd rather sleep under the fence than in your vile company. Tfu! God forgive you! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XVI

NIKITA, AKULINA, ANISYA, *and* MITRITCH

NIKITA. It 's too bad of you!

SCENE XVII

The Same, and AKIM

AKIM (*opens the door*). Come to yourself, Nikita. Your soul is in danger! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XVIII

NIKITA, AKULINA, ANISYA, *and* MITRITCH.

AKULINA (*brings the cups*). Tell me, shall I pour? (*All are silent.*)

MITRITCH (*bellows*). O Lord, have mercy on me a sinner! (*All shudder.*)

NIKITA (*lies down on the bench*). Oh, how annoying, how annoying! Akulina, where is the harmonica?

AKULINA. The harmonica? Don't you remember? You carried it to be mended. I have poured the tea; drink it.

NIKITA. I don't want any. Put out the light. .... Oh, how annoying! how annoying for me! (*Weeps.*)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

PERSONAGES OF ACT IV

NIKITA.	MATRIONA.
MITRITCH.	ANISYA.
NEIGHBOR.	ANYUTKA.
KUMA.	MATCHMAKER: A morose muzhik.

Autumn. Evening. The moon shines. Interior of the courtyard. In the middle of the stage, at the right, the winter izba and the gates; at the left, the summer izba and cellar. In the izba are heard loud talk and drunken shouts. The NEIGHBOR *comes forth from the entry, and beckons to* ANISYA'S *godmother — the* KUMA.

SCENE I

KUMA *and* NEIGHBOR

NEIGHBOR. Why has n't Akulina come?

KUMA. Why has n't she come? She 'd be glad enough to come, but they say she can't. The matchmakers are here to inspect the bride, but, my dear mother,[1] she is lying in the summer room, and does n't show her face, my dear.

NEIGHBOR. What does that mean?

KUMA. Between us, they say she has the gripes!

NEIGHBOR. You don't say!

KUMA. Well, it 's this way. (*Whispers in her ear.*)

NEIGHBOR. Really? Well that 's a sin. Why, the matchmakers will find out about it.

KUMA. How will they find out? They 're all drunk. Besides, what they 're after chiefly is the dowry. It 's a good one: why, my dear mother, they give, with the girl, two shubas, six sarafans, a French shawl, a whole lot of linen, and in money, they say, two hundred rubles.

[1] *Matushka moya*, little mother mine. The speakers are two women introduced as *sosyedka*, neighbor, and *kuma*, gossip or godmother, as in Acts II and III. — ED.

NEIGHBOR. Well, even that money won't make them glad. What a disgrace!

KUMA. Sh! Here's the matchmaker![1] (*They stop talking and go into the entry.*)

SCENE II

MATCHMAKER (*comes out alone from the entry; hiccoughs*). I'm all of a sweat. It was horribly hot! I must get cooled off a little. (*Stands, and draws a long breath.*) And God knows how it is..... There's something about this does n't please me..... Well, it 's as the old woman ....

SCENE III

MATCHMAKER *and* MATRIONA

MATRIONA (*comes out from the same entry*). Here, I am looking: where's the matchmaker? Where 's the matchmaker? Ah, here you are, friend; I've been looking for you..... Well, good father, glory be to God, everything has gone off honorably. It is not the time to boast. Besides, I was taught never to boast. But in this case you've made a good bargain, and God grant you may be everlastingly grateful to me. And the bride, I tell you, is a rarity. You would n't find such another girl in the whole district.

MATCHMAKER. It seems all right; but as regards the money, we must look out.

MATRIONA. Don't speak about the money. What she received from her parents is all safe. In these days a hundred and fifty rubles is no small sum.

MATCHMAKER. We don't find any fault, but we all want to do the best we can for our children.

MATRIONA. I will tell you one thing that 's true: if it

[1] *Svat.* The matchmaker arranges for the marriage settlement. In the present case the *svat* is the father of the prospective groom; he is accompanied by his *starukha*, or old woman. — ED.

had n't been for me, you never would have found such a one in your whole life. They came to them from the Kormilins, but I took your part. And as far as the money is concerned, I tell you honestly, when her late father died — his be the kingdom of heaven — he left orders that the widow should take Nikita into the house; and this I know because my son told me all about it; but the money went to Akulina. Any other man would have claimed it, but Nikita gave it all to her most honorably. It 's not an easy thing to get so much cash.

MATCHMAKER. People say more money than that was promised with her; your son is also pretty sharp.

MATRIONA. Oh, the white doves! In others' hands the slice is great. They give all they got. I tell you, don't you worry about the money. You 'd better have it securely settled. What a girl she is, good as ripe seed!

MATCHMAKER. That is so. But the wife and I suspect there may be something the matter with the girl; why does n't she appear? We think she may be sickly.

MATRIONA. I-i! She sickly? There 's no one around here so sound! The girl 's like cast steel! You can't pinch her. Why, you saw her the other day. She 's a terror at working. She 's a bit deaf, that 's a fact. But a worm-hole does n't spoil a red apple. But you see why she does n't come out: there 's a spell on her. And I know what bitch cast it. You see they knew about the betrothal and tried to stop it. But I know of a counter-spell. To-morrow the girl will be all right. Don 't you worry about the girl.

MATCHMAKER. Well, then, the matter is decided.

MATRIONA. All right, and don't you back out. And don't you forget me. I also have worked hard for this. Don't go back on me. ....

A WOMAN'S VOICE (*in the entry*). Come, Ivan, it 's time to go, is n't it?

MATCHMAKER. All right. (*Exit. There is a crowding into the entry and a sound of people departing.*)

Scene IV

Anisya *and* Anyutka

Anyutka (*runs out of the entry and beckons to* Anisya). Mamushka!

Anisya (*from the entry*). What is it?

Anyutka. Mamushka, come quick, or they 'll hear! (*Goes with her toward the shed.*)

Anisya. Tell me, what is it? Where is Akulina?

Anyutka. She went into the storehouse. And what she is doing there is awful! "As true as I live," she says, "I can't endure my sufferings. I shall scream at the top of my voice," she says. As true as I live!

Anisya. Perhaps she 'll wait a little. Let us get rid of the guests.

Anyutka. Okh! Mamushka! How hard it is for her! And she scolds, too! "It 's no use their drinking my health!" says she, "I shan't marry," says she, "I shall die," says she. Oh mamushka! Supposing she should die! It 's awful! I 'm afraid!

Anisya. Never fear, she won't die! but don't you go to her. Go away! (*Exeunt* Anisya *and* Anyutka.)

Scene V

Mitritch (*alone. Approaches from the gates and carefully picks up the scattered hay*). O Lord! Mikola the merciful! How they did blow in the liquor! And how they smelt of it! The whole yard stinks! No, I don't like it, can't abide it! And see how they scattered the hay. They did n't eat it, simply wasted it. Would you look at the bundle of it! What a smell! Right under one's nose! The deuce take it. (*Yawns.*) It 's bedtime! But I don't want to go in! How it fills my nose! What a cursed smell! (*Sounds of departure are heard.*) Well, they 've gone! O Lord, Mikola the merciful! They throw dust in each other's eyes. But it 's all nonsense!

Scene VI

Mitritch *and* Nikita

Nikita (*enters*). Mitritch! Go to your place on the stove; I will fasten up.

Mitritch. All right, give this to the sheep. So you 've seen them off, have you?

Nikita. Yes, but it 's not all right. I don't know what 'll come of it.

Mitritch. What rot! In such a case there 's the hospital. Whoever 's their father, they take 'em all. Give as much as you please; they ask no questions. Sometimes they even pay money; they like to get wet nurses. It 's very simple these days.

Nikita. Now be careful, Mitritch; if anything happens don't you chatter about it.

Mitritch. As far as I 'm concerned, cover your traces as best you can. Eka! how you smell of liquor! I 'll go indoors! (*Exit, yawning.*) O Lord!

Scene VII

Nikita (*stands silent a long time; then seats himself on a sledge*). Well, here 's trouble!

Scene VIII

Nikita *and* Anisya

Anisya (*enters*). Where are you?

Nikita. Here!

Anisya. What are you sitting here for? It 's no time to be dallying! *It* must be got rid of immediately.

Nikita. What are we going to do?

Anisya. I will tell you what. You do it.

Nikita. I suppose you 'd take it to the Foundling Hospital.

ANISYA. Take it and carry it wherever you please. You're very clever at getting into mischief, but weak enough at getting out of it, I see.

NIKITA. What is to be done?

ANISYA. I say go into the cellar and dig a hole.

NIKITA. But you find some other way.

ANISYA (*mocking him*). Some other way! It's impossible. You ought to have thought of this before. Go where you're sent.

NIKITA. Akh! trouble! trouble!

SCENE IX

The Same, and ANYUTKA

ANYUTKA. Mamushka! Granny's calling. Sister's surely got a baby! It's squalling, as true as I'm alive!

ANISYA. What are you gabbling about; plague take you! It's some cats yowling there. Go into the izba and go to bed, or I'll give it to you.

ANYUTKA. But, my dear mamushka, I'm right, as true as there's a God. ....

ANISYA (*threatens her*). I'll give it to you. Don't let me hear a sound from you! (ANYUTKA *runs out. Addressing* NIKITA.) Go, do what I told you, or else look out! (*Exit.*)

SCENE X

NIKITA (*alone; is silent a long time*). Now this is trouble! Oh, these women! It's a shame! "You ought to have thought of this before," said she. When could I have thought of it? When could I? Why it was only last summer Anisya here began to follow me. Well, what of it? Am I a monk? The master died and I atoned for the sin as I was in duty bound. It wasn't my fault. Aren't there lots of such cases? And then those powders. Did I suggest her doing such a thing? If I had known about it then I'd have

killed her on the spot — the bitch! Truly I'd have killed her! She's made me a partner in these vile doings — the wretch! She grew disgusting to me from that moment! As soon as mother told me — then she grew disgusting, she grew disgusting to me; my eyes would n't look at her! How can I live with her? And so this came about!.... This girl began to hang about me. What was it to me? If I had n't done it, some one else would. And now this has come! And this was n't my fault either. Okh! what troubles!.... (*Sits down and ponders.*) Well, those women are bold!.... What have they concocted now? I certainly won't meddle with it!

Scene XI

Nikita *and* Matriona

Matriona (*enters in haste, with lantern and a spade*). What are you sitting there for, like a hen on a roost? Did n't your wife tell you to do something? It 's all ready.

Nikita. What are you going to do?

Matriona. Well we know what to do; you attend to your own affairs.

Nikita. You are trying to involve me.

Matriona. What are you talking about? Do you expect to get out of it? You go so far, and try to crawl out!

Nikita. But you see this is such a crime! Why, it 's a living soul!

Matriona. A living soul, is it? Why, there 's scarcely any life in it! And what could you do with it, anyway? If you went and took it to the Foundling Hospital, it would die just the same. And the betrothal would stop, and every one would know about it, and the girl would be left on our hands!

Nikita. But supposing it should be known?

Matriona. In one's own house one can do things

We can do it so that it won't smell. Only do what I bid you. This is not a woman's work; we can't get along without a man. Here, take the spade and crawl down under there and make the place ready. I'll hold the light.

NIKITA. Make what place ready?

MATRIONA (*in a whisper*). Dig a hole. Then we'll bring it and put it in lively. There she is calling again. Go and see. I will come.

NIKITA. But tell me, is it dead?

MATRIONA. Certainly it's dead. Only you must make haste. The people haven't gone to bed yet. They have their ears and their eyes open; they have to know everything, the dogs! And the Uryadnik was here this evening. So here's for you! (*Gives him the spade.*) Get down into the cellar. Dig a hole in one corner; the soil is soft there; then you can smooth it over again. Mother Earth[1] won't tell any one how the cow licks with her tongue. Go on; go, my dear!

NIKITA. You are trying to involve me! Hang you! Truly, I am going. Do what you please by yourselves.

SCENE XII

The Same, and ANISYA

ANISYA (*outside the door*). Well, has he dug it yet?

MATRIONA. Why did you come away? Where is it?

ANISYA. I covered it with a sacking. It won't be heard. Say, has he dug it?

MATRIONA. He won't do it.

ANISYA (*flies into a passion*). Won't do it! Do you want to feed the vermin in prison? .... I'll go this minute and tell the Uryadnik! It'll be all the same. I'll certainly tell him this minute.

NIKITA (*panic-struck*). What is that you say?

ANISYA. What? I'll tell the whole story! Who took

[1] *Zemlya Matushka.*

the money? You did! (NIKITA *is silent.*) And who gave him the poison? I gave it. But you knew it, you knew it, you knew it! I was in league with you.

MATRIONA. There, that 'll do. Mikishka, why are you so obstinate? Now, what is to be done? You must help! Go on, little berry!

ANISYA. Would you mind! What a chicken-liver! Won't do it! You've abused me long enough, now end it! You 've run over me long enough, now it 's my turn. Go on, I say, or else I 'll do something!.... Na! there 's the spade? Na! go on!

NIKITA. There now, why press me so? (*Takes the spade, but hesitates.*) I don't want to, I won't do it!

ANISYA. You won't do it? (*She begins to call.*) Help here! hey-y-y!

MATRIONA (*covers her mouth*). What are you doing? Are you out of your mind? He 'll do it.... Go on, little son; go on, dear!

ANISYA. I will certainly summon the guard!

NIKITA. There now, hush! Ekh! what people! Be lively about it, will you! It 's all the same. (*Goes to the cellar.*)

MATRIONA. Yes, little berry, that 's the way it goes. You may have a good time, but you must take the consequences.

ANISYA (*still excited*). He 's come it over me long enough with his mistress. I won't be the only one; let him be a murderer, too. He 'll know what it means!

MATRIONA. There, there, she 's raging hot! Now, my dear little girl, don't be impatient; be calm; take it gently, that 's the best way! Go back to the girl. He 'll do the work. (*Follows* NIKITA *with the lantern.* NIKITA *crawls down into the cellar.*)

ANISYA. I 'll make him smother his dirty cub! (*Still excited.*) I was the only one to be tormented about Piotr's bones. Let him learn what it is! I have no pity on myself — I tell you, I have no pity on myself.

NIKITA (*from the cellar*). Let us have some light!

MATRIONA (*holds down the light. To* ANISYA). He 's digging; go bring it.

ANISYA. Watch him; if you don't, the scoundrel, he 'll be sneaking off. I 'll go and bring it.

MATRIONA. See here, don't you forget to christen it. Or else I 'll do it. Have you a cross for it? [1]

ANISYA. I 'll find one; I know where. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIII

MATRIONA *alone, and* NIKITA *in the cellar*

MATRIONA. How sharp she spoke, that woman! There 's no denying it 's insulting. Well, glory be to God, we 'll soon have this matter settled, and no one will know anything about it.[2] We 'll get the girl off our hands without any trouble.[3] Then my little son will be able to live in peace. The house, glory be to God, is well furnished, and they won't forget me, either. What would have become of them if it had n't been for Matriona? They would n't have had an idea what to do! (*Bending toward the cellar.*) Tell me, are you ready, my son?

NIKITA (*crawls out, just his head visible*). What, is it there? Bring it along! Why are you so slow about it? I suppose it 's got to be done.

SCENE XIV

The Same, and ANISYA

(MATRIONA *enters the entry and meets* ANISYA. ANISYA *enters with the baby wrapped up in rags.*)

MATRIONA. Well, did you christen it?

ANISYA. Certainly I did. I took it away by main force; she did not want to give it up. (*Approaches* NIKITA, *and hands him the baby.*)

[1] In case of emergency a person, even though not a priest, may give valid baptism to a dying infant.

[2] Idiom: *Kontsui f vodu;* literally, the ends in the water.

[3] *Bez grekham;* literally, without sins.

NIKITA (*refuses to take it*). Carry it down yourself!

ANISYA. Take it, I say! (*Flings the child at him.*)

NIKITA (*catches it*). It 's alive! Oh, mother, my own mother![1] It moves! It 's alive! What shall I do with it?....

ANISYA (*snatches the baby out of his hands and flings it into the cellar*). Choke it quick and it won't be alive. (*Pushes* NIKITA *down cellar.*) It 's your affair; finish it!

MATRIONA (*sits on the step*). He 's tender-hearted. It 's hard for him, poor fellow. Well, supposing he is? It 's his fault.

(ANISYA *stands near the cellar.* MATRIONA *sits on the doorstep, looks at her, and ponders.*)

MATRIONA. I-i-i! How scared he is! Well, hard as it is, it can't be avoided. What could be done with it? Just think how other people pray for children; and then God does n't grant them, or they 're still-born. That 's the way it is with the pope's wife!.... And here this one is n't wanted, and it 's alive! (*Peers down into the cellar.*) It must be all over. (*To* ANISYA.) How is it?

ANISYA (*peering into the cellar*). He 's covered it with a board; he 's sitting on the board. It must be all over.

MATRIONA. O — okh! You 'd be glad not to do the sin; but how could it be helped?

NIKITA (*crawls up all of a tremble*). It 's still alive! I can't do it! It 's alive!

ANISYA. Suppose it is alive? Where are you going? (*Tries to hold him.*)

NIKITA (*rushes at her*). Away with you, or I 'll kill you! (*Seizes her by the arm; she tears herself away from him; he runs after her with his spade.* MATRIONA *rushes to intercept him, and stops him.* ANISYA *runs to the doorsteps.* MATRIONA *tries to take away the spade from him.*)

NIKITA (*to his mother*). I 'll kill you, too! Go away;

[1] *Matushka rodimaya;* literally, my own little mother; or perhaps like the Italian peasant exclamation, *Mamma mia!* — ED.

I 'll kill you! (MATRIONA *runs to* ANISYA *on the steps.* NIKITA *pauses.*) I 'll kill you! I 'll kill you all!

MATRIONA. This comes from his fright. It 's nothing. He 'll get over it.

NIKITA. Why have they done this? What have they made me do? How it wailed!.... How it crunched under me! What have they made me do?.... And it 's still alive! truly it 's alive! (*He is silent and listens.*) It 's screaming! There, it 's screaming! (*Runs back to the cellar.*)

MATRIONA (*to* ANISYA). There he goes; he 's going to bury it, most likely. Nikita, don't you want the lantern?

NIKITA (*without replying, listens near the cellar*). I don't hear anything. It was my imagination. (*Walks a little farther, and pauses.*) How its little bones cracked under me!.... Kr!.... kr!.... What have they made me do? (*He listens again.*) There it 's crying again, surely it is! What does it mean? Matushka, oh, matushka! (*Goes toward her.*)

MATRIONA. What is it, little son?

NIKITA. Oh, mother, I cannot endure it any more. I cannot stand it! Mother dearest, pity me!

MATRIONA. Okh! you are just frightened, my dear fellow. Go, go and get some brandy! Drink some, and it will brace you up.

NIKITA. Mother dear, it 's come to me now! What have you made me do? How those little bones cracked and how it screamed! Mother dear, what have you made me do? (*He goes away and sits on a sledge.*)

MATRIONA. Go, my dear, and get a drink. It is rather cruel to do such a thing at night. But after a while, when morning comes and you see the daylight, it will be a different thing. Just wait; we 'll marry off the girl and we'll forget all about it. And now go and get a drink. I 'll put everything to rights in the cellar.

NIKITA (*starts up*). Is there any liquor left? I might drink a little. (*Exit.*)

(ANISYA, *who has been standing all the time at the entry, silently steps aside.*)

Scene XV

MATRIONA *and* ANISYA

MATRIONA. Go; go, little berry. I'll finish up the work. I'll go down my own self and fill up the hole. Where did he throw down the spade? (*She finds the spade and descends into cellar till she is only half seen.*) Anisya, come here; give me a little light!

ANISYA. Why does n't he do it?

MATRIONA. He 's half sick with terror. You see, you were very hard on him. Let him be! He 'll come to himself. God help him! I 'll do the work myself. Put the lantern here. I can see then. (MATRIONA *goes down into the cellar.*)

ANISYA (*at the door where* NIKITA *made his exit*). Well, have you had your good time out? You cut a wide swath.[1] Now you 'll know how it is yourself. You 'll come off your high horse!

Scene XVI

The Same, and NIKITA

NIKITA (*hurries out of the entry toward the cellar*). Matushka, say, matushka!

MATRIONA (*appearing at the entrance of the cellar*). What do you want, little son?

NIKITA (*listens*). Don't bury it! Don't you hear? It 's alive! Hear it scream!.... There! distinctly!

MATRIONA. Where is it screaming? You crushed it as flat as a pancake! You crushed its head all in!

NIKITA. What is that? (*Stops his ears.*) It still wails! I have ruined my life — ruined it! What have they made me do?.... Where shall I go?.... (*Sits on the steps.*)

CURTAIN

[1] *Shirok tui buil;* literally, broad you were.

Variant

In place of Scenes XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., Act IV., the following Variant may be read.

TABLEAU

THE IZBA OF ACT I

Scene I

(Anyutka, *undressed, lies on the sleeping bench covered with a kaftan.* Mitritch *sits on the bunk and smokes.*)

Mitritch. Oh, what a stench they 've let loose. May pie and peas choke 'em! They must have spilt something. Not even with tobacco can I stifle it! It gets into the nose so! O Lord; well, let 's go to sleep. (*Goes to the lamp to put it out.*)

Anyutka (*startled, sits up*). Grandfather, don't put out the light, please![1]

Mitritch. Why not put it out?

Anyutka. What a noise they are making in the yard! (*Listens.*) Do you hear? they went into the barn again!

Mitritch. What is that to you? They are not asking for you, are they? Lie down and go to sleep. I 'll turn down the light. (*Turns it down.*)

Anyutka. Grandfather, darling! Don't put it quite out. Leave just enough for a mouse's little eye, else I shall feel timid.

Mitritch (*laughs*). Well, all right, all right. (*Sits down near her.*) What are you timid about?

Anyutka. How can I help being, grandfather! How sister writhed. She beat her head against the floor! (*In*

[1] She calls him *dyedushka*, little grandfather, and *galubchik*, little dove; also, just below, *zolotoï*, golden one. Of course they are not related.

a whisper.) You see, I know. .... She was going to have a little baby born. .... I 'm sure it 's born already. ....

MITRITCH. Oh, what a crazy girl! Always on the jump! You have to know all that 's going on. Lie down and go to sleep. (ANYUTKA *lies down.*) There, that 's right! (*Covers her up.*) There, that 's right! If you know so much, you 'll soon be growing old.

ANYUTKA. Are you going to climb up on the stove?

MITRITCH. Where else should I go? .... How stupid you are! You have to know all that 's going on. (*Covers her up again and gets up to go.*) There now, lie down and go to sleep. (*Goes toward the stove.*)

ANYUTKA. It cried once, but now I don't hear it any more.

MITRITCH. O Lord, blessed Mikola! .... What is it you don't hear any more?

ANYUTKA. The baby.

MITRITCH. Since there is n't one, you most likely don't hear it.

ANYUTKA. But I did hear it; as true as I breathe, I heard it. Such a shrill little cry!

MITRITCH. You hear all sorts of things. And have you heard how the bug-a-boo Letoseka takes little girls like you and puts them into his bag.

ANYUTKA. What is this Letoseka?

MITRITCH. Why, he is a bug-a-boo! (*Climbs on the stove.*) Ah! the stove feels warm to-day; it 's good! Lovely! O Lord, blessed Mikola!

ANYUTKA. Grandfather! are you going to sleep?

MITRITCH. What else do you suppose? shall I sing songs? (*Silence.*)

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, oh, grandfather! They are digging, really,[1] they are digging. Don't you hear? As true as I 'm alive, they 're digging!

MITRITCH. What imagination you have! digging? digging at night! Who 's digging? The cow is scratching herself, and you think — they are digging! Go to sleep, I say, or I 'll put out the light this instant.

ANYUTKA. Dearest grandfather! Don't put it out.

[1] *Veĭ Bogu*, By God.

I won't any more, honest I won't! It seems awful to me!

MITRITCH. Awful to you! Don't be afraid, and it won't seem awful to you. But they say they amount to pretty much the same thing. How can it help seeming awful when you 're afraid? Oh, what a stupid little girl. (*Silence. A cricket.*)

ANYUTKA (*in a whisper*). Grandfather, oh, grandfather, are you asleep?

MITRITCH. What is it this time?

ANYUTKA. What kind of a thing is the Letoseka?

MITRITCH. This is the way of it. When he finds any little girl like you not asleep, he comes with his sack and chucks her into it, pops his head into it, lifts up her little shirt and switches her.

ANYUTKA. But what does he whip her with?

MITRITCH. He takes a broom.

ANYUTKA. But he can't see her in the sack, can he?

MITRITCH. Never you fear, he can!

ANYUTKA. But I 'll bite him.

MITRITCH. No, my dear, you won't bite him!

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, some one is coming. Who is it? Aï! ye saints![1] who is it?

MITRITCH. Suppose some one is coming! What 's that to you? Your mother 's coming, I guess.

SCENE II

The Same, and ANISYA

ANISYA (*enters*). Anyutka! (ANYUTKA *pretends to be asleep.*) Mitritch!

MITRITCH. What is it?

ANISYA. What are you burning a light for? We shall sleep in the summer izba.

MITRITCH. I 've only just put things to rights. I 'll put the light out.

[1] *Matushki rodimuiya;* literally, own mothers. In the sentence before, Mitritch calls the little girl *bratyets*, little brother.

ANISYA (*searches in her chest and mutters to herself*). When you want a thing you never can find it.

MITRITCH. What are you hunting for?

ANISYA. I 'm hunting for a cross. It 's got to be christened. God have mercy if it should die unchristened! It would be a sin.

MITRITCH. Why, of course everything must be done in due form. .... Say, have you found it?

ANISYA. Yes, I 've found it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III

MITRITCH *and* ANYUTKA

MITRITCH. All right; if she had n't I 'd have given her mine. O Lord!

ANYUTKA (*starts up all of a tremble*). O-oh, grandfather! Don't go to sleep, for Christ's sake! How horrible it is!

MITRITCH. What is horrible?

ANYUTKA. It will die, I know it will — the poor little baby! Grandma christened Aunt Arina's baby and it died the same way.

MITRITCH. If it dies, they 'll bury it.

ANYUTKA. Well, perhaps it would n't die, but grandma Matriona is there. You see, I heard what grandma said; as true as I 'm alive, I heard.

MITRITCH. What did you hear? Go to sleep, I say. Cover your head up, that is all!

ANYUTKA. But if it lived I would nurse it.

MITRITCH (*bellows*). O Lord!

ANYUTKA. Where will they put it?

MITRITCH. They 'll put it where it 's proper. It 's not your funeral. Go to sleep, I say. Here, your mother 'll be coming. She 'll give it to you. (*Silence.*)

ANYUTKA. Grandfather! You said they did n't kill that little girl.

MITRITCH. Which one do you mean? Oh, that little girl grew up.

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, tell me; how did you say they found her?

MITRITCH. Yes, they found her.

ANYUTKA. But where did they find her? Tell me.

MITRITCH. They found her in some one 's house. The soldiers came to a village and began to pillage the houses, and there that very same little girl was lying on her belly. They wanted to put an end to her. But then I felt sorry for her and I took her in my arms, but she did n't want to be taken. She made herself heavy as if a hundred pounds were in her, and she clung with her hands to everything that came in her way, and you could not make her let go. Well, I took her and patted her on the head, on the head. She was as shaggy as a hedgehog! I smoothed her and smoothed her, and at last she calmed down. I soaked a biscuit and gave it to her. She understood that. She devoured it. But what was to be done with her? We took her. We took her and began to feed her and feed her, and she got used to us; we used to take her on our expeditions; wherever we went she went. She was a pretty little girl.

ANYUTKA. Well, was n't she christened?

MITRITCH. Who knows? They used to say she was n't properly christened. Because her people were n't of our kind.

ANYUTKA. Germans?

MITRITCH. That 's just like you! Germans — no, not Germans, but Asiatics. They were just like Jews, but they were n't Jews either. Sort of Polyaks, but Asiatics. Krudlin .... Kruglin .... is their name. But I forget. We called the little girl Sashka .... Sashka .... and she was pretty. You see, I 've forgotten everything but that little girl — may she have all that 's good![1] I seem to see her this minute. She 's all I remember out of my whole service. I remember how they flogged me, and that girl I remember. She used to hang round my neck, and I 'd carry her. She was such a fine girl; you would n't look for a better any-

[1] Literally, may her mouth be filled with a sifted flour pirog and peas.

where. Then we gave her away. The colonel's wife adopted her. And she grew up. How the soldiers worshiped her!

ANYUTKA. Well, grandfather, I remember how papa died. You were n't living with us then. He called Mikita, and said to him, "Forgive me," says he, "Mikita"; and he cried. (*Sighs.*) How sad, was n't it?

MITRITCH. Well, so it was. ....

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, oh, grandfather! what a noise they 're making in the cellar again! Aï! Oh, ye saints![1] Oh, grandfather, they 're doing something to it! They 'll kill it! Such a tiny little thing — O-oh!" (*Covers her head and cries.*)

MITRITCH (*listens*). They 're certainly up to some deviltry, blast them! These women are vile! You can't praise muzhiks, but these women .... These are like wild beasts. They 're not afraid of anything.

ANYUTKA (*lifts herself up*). Grandfather, oh, grandfather!

MITRITCH. Well, what is it now?

ANYUTKA. Lately a traveler spent the night here. He said that when a little one dies, its soul goes straight to heaven. Is that true?

MITRITCH. Who knows? It must be so. What of it?

ANYUTKA. But supposing I were to die? (*Whispers.*)

MITRITCH. If you died, you 'd be out of the account.

ANYUTKA. One is a child till she 's ten years old; her soul might go to God then; but afterward, you see, she gets spoiled.

MITRITCH. Indeed she gets spoiled; how can you women help getting spoiled? Who teaches you? What do you see? What do you hear? Nothing but base things! Though I don't have much learning, still I know something, — not very well grounded, but better than a peasant woman in the country. What is a country peasant woman? Just mire! There are more than a million of you in Russia, and all like blind moles.

[1] *Matushki sestritsui-golubushki;* literally, little mothers, little sisters, dear little pigeons.

You don't know anything! How to cast death spells on a cow, and all kinds of witchcraft, and how to make children roost in the hen-house with the hens — they know all that!

ANYUTKA. Mamushka has done that.

MITRITCH. Of course she has![1] How many millions of you women, yes, and girls, too, and all like beasts of the forest! As you 're born, so you die! You don't see anything, you don't hear anything! The muzhik .... he goes to the tavern, or even to the prison .... and he hears something there, or in the army, as I was, and learns. But the peasant woman, what can she do? She does not know much of anything about God, and she does n't know anything reasonable about Friday! Friday, Friday, — but ask her what Friday is, she does n't know! They crawl around like puppies with their eyes unopened and sticking their heads into the mud. .... All they know is their foolish songs: *Ho-ho, ho-ho!* .... But what does *Ho-ho* mean? They themselves have n't an idea! ....

ANYUTKA. But, grandfather, I know the Lord's Prayer[2] half through.

MITRITCH. You know lots! One can't expect much of you. Who teaches you? No one but a drunken muzhik with a rope sometimes. That's the only teaching you have. So I don't know who will be responsible for you. There 's an officer to look after the recruits. But there 's no one to be responsible for you women. So you are a shepherdless flock, most troublesome cattle. Oh, these women, they 're the stupidest of all creatures — a most empty-headed class!

ANYUTKA. But what can we do?

MITRITCH. Don't bother yourself! .... Cover your head up and go to sleep! O Lord! (*Silence. The cricket.*)

ANYUTKA (*suddenly sits up*). Grandfather! some one 's screaming! There 's some one in trouble! Mercy

[1] Mitritch says, "*A to-to i ono-to*"; literally, "But this-this and it-this."

[2] *Votcha*, for the Slavonic *Otche nash.*

on me! some one's screaming! Grandfather dear, they're coming here!

MITRITCH. I say, cover your head.

SCENE IV

The Same, NIKITA *and* MATRIONA

NIKITA (*enters*). What have these women made me do? What have they made me do?

MATRIONA. Drink, little berry; drink some brandy. What's the matter with you? (*Gets the liquor and sets it out.*)

NIKITA. Give it here, perhaps I might drink.

MITRITCH. Hush! You see, they aren't asleep. There, drink.

NIKITA. What made you do that! Why did you plan such a thing? You might have taken it somewhere!

MATRIONA (*in a whisper*). Sit down, sit down here. Have another drink, or else smoke. It will settle your thoughts.

NIKITA. My dear mother, this has hit me hard. How it squealed, and how those little bones crackled under me.... kr — kr. It unmanned me!

MATRIONA. I-i! What you say has no sense to it. It's all right.... you feel a little timid at night-time, but just wait till dawn; as soon as day comes you'll forget all about it. (*She approaches* NIKITA *and lays her hand on his shoulder.*)

NIKITA. Go away from me! What have you made me do?

MATRIONA. Tell me, my little son, what is really the matter with you? (*Takes him by the hand.*)

NIKITA. Go away from me! I'll kill you! It's all the same to me now. I'll kill you!

MATRIONA. Akh! akh! how frightened you are! There now; you'd better go to bed.

NIKITA. I've nowhere to go to; I'm lost!

MATRIONA (*shakes her head*). Okh! okh! I must go and finish that job. He 'll sit here for a while; then he 'll get over it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V

NIKITA, MITRITCH, *and* ANYUTKA

NIKITA (*sits down, covering his face with his hands.* MITRITCH *and* ANYUTKA *are silent as death*). It squeals, truly it squeals — there .... there — plain as day. She 'll bury it, truly, she 'll bury it! (*Runs to the door.*) Matushka! don't bury it — it 's alive! ....

SCENE VI

The Same, and MATRIONA

MATRIONA (*returning; in a whisper*). What 's the matter with you? Christ be with you! What are you dreaming about? How could it be alive? Why, all its little bones were broken to pieces.

NIKITA. Give me some more liquor. (*Drinks.*)

MATRIONA. Go, little son! You 'll sleep now. It 's nothing.

NIKITA (*stands listening*). It 's still alive! .... there .... it 's squealing! Don't you hear it? There!

MATRIONA (*in a whisper*). Nothing of the sort!

NIKITA. Dear mother! I have decided my fate. What have you made me do? Where shall I go? (*Runs out of the izba,* MATRIONA *following him.*)

SCENE VII

MITRITCH *and* ANYUTKA

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, dear! galubchik! they have been killing it!

MITRITCH (*sternly*). Go to sleep! I say. May the frogs kick you! I 'll beat you with a broom! Go to sleep, I say!

ANYUTKA. Grandfather, golden one! Something clutches me by my little shoulder; clutches me, I tell you, clutches me with its claws! Dear grandfather, as true as I'm alive, I'm coming to you. Grandfather, golden one, let me climb up on the stove! Let me come to you for Christ's sake! It clutches me — it clutches me .... Aa! (*She runs to the stove.*)

MITRITCH. Ish! how they scared the poor little girl. They're vile; may the frogs kick 'em! Well, climb up here.

ANYUTKA (*climbs up on the stove*). Don't go away and leave me.

MITRITCH. Where should I go? Climb up! climb up! O Lord! Mikola the blessed! O most holy mother of God of Kazan! .... How they scared the poor little girl! There, then, you silly little girl! truly you're a little goose! .... How they frightened her, the vile wretches; may they be choked with pie and peas!

CURTAIN

ACT V

PERSONAGES IN ACT V

NIKITA.
ANISYA.
AKULINA.
AKIM.
MATRIONA.
ANYUTKA.
MARINA.
MARINA'S HUSBAND.
FIRST GIRL.
SECOND GIRL.
URYADNIK.
IZVOSHCHIK.
WEDDING MARSHAL.
MATCHMAKER.
AKULINA'S HUSBAND.
STAROSTA.

Guests, women, girls, people at the wedding

A threshing-floor. In the foreground a rick of grain; at the left a platform; at the right the barn; the barn doors are open, straw in the doorway; in the distance

can be seen the dvor; songs and bells are heard. Two girls are discovered coming along the path in front of the barn to the izba.

Scene I

Two Girls

First Girl. There, do you see how we got along? We have n't soiled our shoes. But by way of the village it 's a caution; filthy! (*They stop and wipe their feet on the straw. The first girl peers into the straw and sees something.*) What 's that there?

Second Girl (*looks carefully*). That 's Mitritch, their man; see how drunk he is!

First Girl. But I thought he never drank!

Second Girl. Evidently he 's been drinking to-day.

First Girl. Look! evidently he came here after straw. You see he 's got a rope in his hand, and he must have fallen asleep.

Second Girl (*listens*). They 're still singing the couple's praises! They can't have got through the congratulations yet. Akulina, they say, did not lament at all.[1]

First Girl. Mamushka said she did n't marry of her own free will. Her stepfather threatened her, else she would never have married. That 's what they say about her.

Scene II

The Same, and Marina

Marina (*overtakes the girls*). How are you, girls?

The Girls. How are you, auntie?

Marina. Been at the wedding, little ones?

[1] At a typical wedding among the Russian people a chorus of women and girls praise the bride and bridegroom with elaborate comparisons. The bride, who has been compared to the red sun and the moon and to various beautiful birds, replies with a lamentation over her past youth and her better fate. If she does not, something is wrong.

First Girl. Yes, it's all over now. We came to look on.

Marina. Please call out my old man, Semyon of Zuevo. You know him, I guess.

First Girl. Of course I do. He's a relation of the bridegroom's.

Marina. Certainly. The bridegroom is my man's nephew.

Second Girl. Why don't you go yourself? Don't you want to go to the wedding?

Marina. I don't care anything for it, little girl, and have no time. Must be going. We didn't count on coming to the wedding. We were going to town with some oats. We stopped to bait our horse, and they invited my old man.

First Girl. Where did you go? to Feodoruitch's?

Marina. Yes. I'll just stay here; and you just go call him, dearie, call my old man. Bring him out, darling. Tell him: "Your wife Marina wants to go; the hostlers are harnessing."

First Girl. All right, if you won't go yourself.

(*The girls exeunt along the path leading to the yard. Songs and bells are heard.*)

Scene III

Marina (*alone*)

Marina (*soliloquizes*). I suppose I might go, but I don't care anything about it, because I have not seen him since the time he threw me over. It's the second year. But I should like to see with my own eyes how he lives with his Anisya. People say they're not harmonious. She's a rough, self-asserting woman. I reckon he's thought of me more than once. He hankered after a comfortable life. He took her instead of me. Well, God be with him. I bear no ill-will against him. Then it was insulting to me.... Akh!

it was painful. But now I've got over it and forgotten it. But I should like to have a look at him..... (*She looks toward the dvor and sees* NIKITA.) Would you mind! Why is he coming? Could the girls have told him? Why has he left the guests? I'll go away.

SCENE IV

MARINA *and* NIKITA

(NIKITA *walks along at first with head bent, swinging his arms, and muttering.*)

MARINA. Why, how melancholy he seems!

NIKITA (*sees* MARINA *and recognizes her*). Marina! dear friend, Marinushka. What brings you here?

MARINA. I came after my husband.[1]

NIKITA. Why didn't you come to the wedding? You would have seen how it was, and laughed at me.

MARINA. Why should I have laughed at you? I came after my husband.

NIKITA. Ekh, Marinushka! (*Tries to embrace her.*)

MARINA (*tears herself away angrily*). Now, Mikita, put an end to those tricks. What used to be has gone by. I came after my husband. He's in your house, isn't he?

NIKITA. That means you won't remember old times, does it? You forbid it, do you?

MARINA. I put the old times out of my remembrance. What has been is past.

NIKITA. You mean you won't come back?

MARINA. It never will come back. But tell me why have you come out? You are the master, and here you have left the wedding!

NIKITA (*sits on the straw*). Why have I come out? Ekh! if you only knew and could see!.... I felt gloomy, Marina; so gloomy, I could n't see out of my eyes. So I crept away from the table, and came out, came away from people, so as not to see any one.

[1] *Starik*, old man. In the next speech she calls him her *khozyaïn*.

MARINA (*comes nearer to him*). What is the matter?

NIKITA. Something so that in eating I can't eat it away, and in drinking I can't drink it away, and in sleeping I can't sleep it away. Akh! it's loathsome to me, so loathsome! And worse than all, Marinushka, I am alone, and have no one to share my sorrow with.

MARINA. No one, Nikita, lives without sorrow. I cried over mine, and it has passed away.

NIKITA. That was about the former day, about the old times. Oh, my dear! You cried over your trouble, but now it has come to me!

MARINA. What is it?

NIKITA. Something which has made my whole life disgusting to me. I am disgusted with myself. Ekh! Marina, you were n't able to keep me, and so you ruined me and yourself too. Tell me, is this living?

MARINA (*stands by the barn weeping and trying to restrain herself*). I do not complain of my life, Nikita. May God give all men as good! I do not complain. I confessed everything to my old man. He forgave me. And he never reproaches me. And I cannot find fault with my life. My husband is kind. He likes me, and I wash and dress his children. He sympathizes with me. Why should I complain? This has evidently been God's judgment. And what is the matter with your life? As far as wealth goes ....

NIKITA. My life? .... Except that I don't want to cloud the wedding, I would take a rope — this one here (*he picks up the rope from the straw*) — and I 'd throw it over. Then I 'd make a nice little noose, and I 'd climb up and put my head in it. That 's what my life is!

MARINA. There, there! Christ be with you!

NIKITA. Do you think I am joking? Do you think I am drunk? I am not drunk. To-day drunkenness[1] did not take hold of me. But I am eaten up with melancholy, with melancholy. At the dinner, when I was eating, nothing tasted good to me. Ekh! Marinushka, the only life I ever had was with you; do you

[1] *Khmyel;* literally, hops.

remember how we used to kill the time those nights at the station?

MARINA. Nikita, don't touch the place where it pains. I have taken on the law, and so have you. My sin has been pardoned; don't bring up the past. ....

NIKITA. What can I do with my heart? Where shall I hide myself?

MARINA. What shall you do? You have a wife; don't lust after other women, but cherish your own. You used to love Anisya — love her still.

NIKITA. Ekh! That Anisya is as bitter as wormwood to me! Just like witch-grass she twined herself round me.

MARINA. Whatever she is, she 's your wife. .... Why talk so foolishly? You 'd better go to your guests, and send my husband out to me.

NIKITA. Ekh! if you only knew the whole trouble! But then, what 's to be said?

SCENE V

NIKITA, MARINA, *her* HUSBAND, *and* ANYUTKA

MARINA'S HUSBAND (*comes out of the dvor flushed and drunk*). Marina! Wife! Old woman! Where are you?

NIKITA. Here 's your husband coming; he 's calling for you. Go!

MARINA. What are you going to do?

NIKITA. I? I 'll lie here. (*Flings himself down in the straw.*)

MARINA'S HUSBAND. Where is she?

ANYUTKA. Here she is, uncle, near the barn.

MARINA'S HUSBAND. What are you standing here for? Go in to the wedding. The host and hostess bid you come, and do them the honor. The wedding will be over soon, and then we 'll go.

MARINA (*goes toward her* HUSBAND). Well, I did n't care to.

MARINA'S HUSBAND. Go, I say. You 'll drink a little glass, and congratulate Petrunka, the rascal. The folks 'll feel offended; we 'll have time enough for all our business.

(MARINA'S HUSBAND *puts his arm round her, and, staggering, goes up with her.*)

SCENE VI

NIKITA *and* ANYUTKA

NIKITA (*gets up, then sits on the straw*). Ekh! I've seen her; and I feel gloomier than ever. The only joy I ever had was with her. I have ruined my whole life all for nothing! I have ruined myself[1] completely. (*Lies down.*) Where can I go? Akh! Open and swallow me, moist Mother Earth!

ANYUTKA (*sees* NIKITA *and runs to him*). Father, oh, father,[2] they 're asking for you. All of them have given their congratulations — even the godfather! As true as I breathe, they 've already given their congratulations; they 'll be angry with you!

NIKITA (*to himself*). Where shall I hide?

ANYUTKA. What is the matter with you? What are you saying?

NIKITA. I 'm not saying anything. What are you chasing me for?

ANYUTKA. Father! Come, let us go! (NIKITA *is silent.* ANYUTKA *pulls him by the hand.*) Batya! Come and give them your blessing. Truly they are angry; they 're saying hard things about you.

NIKITA (*snatches away his hand*). Let me be!

ANYUTKA. There now!

NIKITA (*threatens her with the reins*). Get you gone, I say! else I 'll give it to you.

ANYUTKA. Then I 'll send mamushka. (*She runs away.*)

[1] Literally, my head. [2] *Batyushka.*

Scene VII

Nikita (*alone*)

Nikita (*gets up*). Now how can I go? How can I take the holy image? How can I look into her eyes? (*Lies down again.*) Okh! if only the damp earth would open and let me hide there! Then folks would n't see me, they 'd never see me more. (*Again he gets up.*) No, I won't go!.... May they perish, every one of 'em! I won't go! (*He takes off his boots and picks up the rope; then he makes a noose with it and fits it to his neck.*) This is the way!

Scene VIII

Nikita *and* Matriona

(Nikita *sees his mother, takes off the rope from his neck, and lies down again in the straw.*)

Matriona (*comes hastily up to him*). Mikita, oh, Mikita! Would you mind, he does n't even answer! Mikita, what 's the matter with you? or are you drunk? Come, Mikitushka; come, little berry! The people are waiting.

Nikita. Akh! what have you made me do? I am unmanned.

Matriona. Tell me, what 's the matter? Come, dear, give them the honor of your blessing; and it 'll be done with. See, the people are waiting.

Nikita. How can I give them my blessing?

Matriona. It 's easy enough. Don't you know how?

Nikita. I know, I know. But who is it I 'm to bless? What have I done with her?

Matriona. What have you done? The idea of remembering such a thing! No one knows anything

about it — neither cat nor king![1] And the girl marries of her own accord.

NIKITA. How does she?

MATRIONA. Well, of course, there was some threat used. But she marries all the same. And what else could be done? She should have counted the cost beforehand. It 's too late for her to resist. There 's no complaint from the matchmakers. They inspected the girl twice, and she 's got money. All is settled and covered.

NIKITA. But what 's in the cellar?

MATRIONA. What 's in the cellar? Cabbages, mushrooms, potatoes, I reckon. Why recall what 's past?

NIKITA. I should be glad not to, but I can't help it. When my thoughts turn on it, then I hear it. Okh! what have you made me do?

MATRIONA. Why do you make up such wry faces?

NIKITA (*turns over and lies on his face*). Matushka! Don't torment me! I have more than I can bear.

MATRIONA. But still you must do it. The people, even as it is, are talking; and here the father suddenly goes out and does n't come back! He 's afraid to give his blessing! They 're going to kiss the images immediately. If you show yourself so timid they 'll instantly suspect. Walk boldly if you don't want to be taken for a thief.[2] If you run from the wolf you fall into bruin's paws. Above all, don't show your feelings; don't be timid, my boy, or else they 'll put on it the worst construction.

NIKITA. Ekh! you have entrapped me!

MATRIONA. There now, stop, and let us go! Come, give them your blessing. Let everything be done honorably and that 'll be the end of it.

(NIKITA *still lies on his face.*)

[1] *Ni kot, ni koshka,*
Ni pop Yermoshka:
Neither grimalkin, nor pussy-cat, nor the priest Yermoshka.

[2] Another of Matriona's rhymed bits of wisdom:

Khodi torom
Nye polozhat vorom.

MATRIONA (*to herself*). Now what has happened to him? He was all right before; it came upon him suddenly. It's evidently an affliction. Nikita, get up! Look, here comes Anisya. She has left the guests!

SCENE IX

NIKITA, MATRIONA, *and* ANISYA

ANISYA (*in holiday attire, flushed with drinking*). How jolly it's been, matushka! — so fine and honorable! And how contented the people are! .... Where is he?

MATRIONA. Here, little berry, here! He's lying on the straw, and won't get up! He won't come.

NIKITA (*glances at his wife*). Ish! she's drunk, too. When I see her it makes me sick. How can I live with her? (*Turns over on his belly again.*) I'll kill her sometime. It'll be worse!

ANISYA. So here you are, perched in the straw. Have you been taking too much? (*Laughs.*) I would lie down with you, but I have no time. Let us come; I'll lead the way. And how nice it is in the house! Charming to look at! And the harmonica! The women are singing! How lovely! All are tipsy: it's a creditable affair! So nice!

NIKITA. What is nice?

ANISYA. The wedding; a jolly wedding. All the people say such a wedding does n't happen every day. It's all so fine and honorable. Come now. Let us go together. .... I've been drinking, but I can lead the way. (*Takes him by the hand.*)

NIKITA (*snatches his hand away in disgust*). Go by yourself. I'll come.

ANISYA. What makes you so cross? All our troubles are past. We've got rid of the impediment. We can live now. All we've got to do is to rejoice. Everything is so honorably arranged — according to law. I'm so glad, I can't begin to tell it. It's just as if I were marrying you again. I-i! How satisfied the people are!

All are giving their congratulations. And such fine guests we have. Even Ivan Moseyitsh and the Uryadnik. They 've sung their glory, too.

NIKITA. Well, go and sit with them! What made you leave them?

ANISYA. There! you must come! It is not proper for the host and hostess to go away and leave their guests, and the guests all such fine ones.

NIKITA (*gets up and brushes off the straw*). You go. I 'll follow immediately.

MATRIONA. The night cuckoo cuckooed louder than the day cuckoo! He would not listen to me; but he instantly follows his wife. (MATRIONA *and* ANISYA *start to go.*) Will you come?

NIKITA. I 'll come immediately. You go, and I 'll follow. I 'll come and give the blessing.... (*The women hesitate.*) Go, and I 'll follow. Go, I say! (*The women leave him*; NIKITA *watches them in thoughtful mood.*)

SCENE X

NIKITA *alone; then* MITRITCH

NIKITA (*sits and takes off his shoes and stockings*). So I 'm expected to go! How could I? No, if you hunt you 'll find me on the beam perhaps. I unslipped the noose, jumped from the beam, and thus you 'll find me! And here are some reins, fortunately. (*Ponders.*) I could banish any kind of sorrow; I could banish it. But this of mine, it is heavy in my heart; I can 't get rid of it. (*He looks toward the door.*) There is n't any one coming again. (*Mimicking* ANISYA.) "How nice, and how nice! I would lie down with you!" Uh! the ugly old hag! Curse you! You can throw your arms around me when they take me down from the beam. There can be but one end![2] (*Takes hold of the rope and pulls at it.*)

MITRITCH (*tipsy; gets up and clings to the rope*). I

[1] Russian, *Odin konets*, "one end."

won't let go. I won't give it up to any one. I'll carry it myself. Mikita .... is it you? (*Laughs.*) Oh, the devil![1] are you after straw?

NIKITA. Give me the rope.

MITRITCH. No, you wait. The muzhiks sent me. I'll carry it. .... (*Staggers to his feet, begins to gather up straw, but totters; tries to save himself, and finally falls.*) *She's*[2] got the upper hand! *she's* won the day! ....

NIKITA. Give me the reins.

MITRITCH. I told you, I would n't give it. Akh! Mikishka, you 're stupid, like a fat pig. (*Laughs.*) I like you, but you 're stupid! You look at me as if I was drunk. The devil take you, as far as I 'm concerned. You think I need you. .... Look at me, will you! I 'm a non-commissioned officer:[3] fool! you can't say 'Under-officer of the first regiment of his Majesty's grenadiers.' I have served the Tsar and my fatherland faithfully and well. But who am I? Do you think I 'm a soldier? No! I 'm not a soldier! I 'm the very last man. I 'm an orphan, I 'm a waif! I swore off from drinking, and now I 've begun again. .... Say, do you think I 'm afraid of you? Why should I be? I 'm not afraid of any one. .... When it comes to drinking, I 'll drink! Now for two weeks I 'll just spree it; I 'll be drunk every day. I 'll drink up everything down to my baptismal cross; I 'll drink up my hat, I 'll pawn my billet, and I 'm not afraid of any one. They flogged me in the regiment to keep me from drinking. They thrashed and they lashed. "Will you stop it?" said they. "No, I won't," said I. Why should I be afraid of them? That 's the kind of man I am.[4] A man is as God made him. I swore off from drinking. I did not drink. Now I 've been drinking again, and I 'm going to drink. And I 'm not afraid of any one. For I don't lie, I tell the truth. .... Why should I fear them, — so much muck! That 's the kind of man I am, I tell you. A priest once told me: "The devil himself is a braggart. As soon as you begin to

[1] *Akh, chort.*
[2] *Eya,* "She," the *vodva!*
[3] *Ya unter; unter* for *unter-ofitser.*
[4] *Vot on ya,* literally "here he I."

boast," says he, "that shows you're a coward." As soon as you are timid before folks, then he, the devil, comes and carries you off and keeps you where he wants you. And so I'm not timid at all before folks; it's easy for me. I sneeze in the devil's beard and his fire shovel, and his mother, the pig. He won't do anything to me.

NIKITA (*crosses himself*). What am I in fact? (*Throws down the rope.*)

MITRITCH. What?

NIKITA (*gets up*). Didn't you tell me not to be afraid of folks.

MITRITCH. What's there to be afraid of; the muck? Look at them in the bath, all of one clay. One has a stouter belly, another's thinner; that's the only difference among them. Away with them! What's there to be afraid of?.... May their mouths be stuffed with pie and peas!

SCENE XI

NIKITA, MITRITCH, *and* MATRIONA

MATRIONA (*comes from the dvor and calls*). Well, are you coming?

NIKITA. Okh! Yes, I suppose it's better. I'm coming. (*Goes toward the dvor.*)

CURTAIN

Change of stage. The Izba of Act I. filled with people, sitting at table and standing about. In the front room AKULINA *and the groom. On the table ikons and bread. Among the guests* MARINA, *her husband, and the uryadnik. The women are singing songs.* ANISYA *is passing liquor. The songs cease.*

[In the original this is called Stsena II. It might be called TABLEAU II]

SCENE I

ANISYA, MARINA, MARINA'S HUSBAND, AKULINA, THE BRIDEGROOM, *an* IZVOSHCHIK, THE MATCHMAKER, THE BEST MAN, MATRIONA, Guests, *and* People.

IZVOSHCHIK. It 's time to start; the church is not very near.

THE BEST MAN. Oh, just wait! the stepfather is going to give his blessing. But where is he?

ANISYA. He 's coming; he 'll be here directly, my dear friends. Have a little more to drink; don't be afraid.

THE MATCHMAKER. Why is he so long? What a time we 've been waiting already!

ANISYA. He 's coming; he 'll be here directly. A girl with close-cropped hair would n't have time to braid her tresses before he gets here. Have some more wine, friends. (*Offers liquor.*) He 'll be here directly! Sing another song, my beauties, till he comes.

IZVOSHCHIK. They 've sung all their songs while waiting.

(*The women sing; in the middle of the song,* NIKITA *and* AKIM *enter.*)

SCENE II

The Same, NIKITA, *and* AKIM

NIKITA (*holds* AKIM *by the arm and pushes him in front of him*). Go on, batyushka; it can't be done without you.

AKIM. I don't like it .... that is .... of course ....

NIKITA (*to the women*). Hush! cease your singing. (*Looks round at all in the izba.*) Marina, are you here?

THE MATCHMAKER. Come, get the image, and give the blessing.

NIKITA. Wait! give me time. (*Looks around.*) Akulina, are you here?

THE MATCHMAKER. What are you singling out people like that for? Where else should she be? What makes him act so strangely?....

ANISYA. Ye saints! why has he taken off his boots?

NIKITA. Batyushka! are you here? Look at me! Orthodox Commune, you are all here, and I am here. See what a kind of man I am! (*Falls on his knees.*)

ANISYA. Mikitushka, what 's the matter with you? O my poor head![1]

THE MATCHMAKER. Here, now!

MATRIONA. I say! he 's been drinking too much French wine. Come to your senses, do! (*She tries to get him to his feet; he pays no attention to any one, but looks straight ahead.*)

NIKITA. Orthodox Mir! I am a guilty man. I want to confess!

MATRIONA (*pulls him by the shoulder*). What is the matter with you? are you out of your senses? He has gone crazy, dears; we must take him away!

NIKITA (*frees his shoulder from her hand*). Let me be! And do you listen to me, batyushka! First thing! Marina, look here (*prostrates himself at her feet and then gets up*), I am guilty toward you; I vowed to marry you. I seduced you, I broke my word, I abandoned you; forgive me, for Christ's sake. (*Again he prostrates himself at her feet.*)

ANISYA. What nonsense are you giving us? This is not to the point at all. No one asked you anything. Get up. Why are you so impudent?

MATRIONA. O-okh! an evil spell has brought this on him. What has done this? He is bewitched! Get up! What empty nonsense you talk! (*Pulls him.*)

NIKITA (*shakes his head*). Don't touch me! Forgive

[1] *O golovushka moya; golovushka* is the diminutive of *golova*.

me, Marina. I have sinned toward you; forgive me, for Christ's sake!

(MARINA *covers her face with her hands and says nothing.*)

ANISYA. Get up, I say. Why are you so impudent? Come to your senses! Stop making a fool of yourself. It's shameful! oh, my poor head. Oh, he's gone perfectly crazy!

NIKITA (*pushes aside his wife and turns to* AKULINA). Akulina, now I have something to say to you. Listen to me, orthodox Mir! I am cursed! Akulina, I am guilty toward you. Your father did not die a natural death. He was poisoned!

ANISYA (*screams*). My poor head! What is the matter with him?

MATRIONA. The man is beside himself. Take him away. (*The people approach to lead him away.*)

AKIM (*opens out his arms*). Wait! you boys, just wait, don't you know ....

NIKITA. Akulina, I poisoned him. Forgive me, for Christ's sake.

AKULINA (*jumps up*). He lies! I know who it was!

THE MATCHMAKER. What's the matter with you?[1] Sit down!

AKIM. O Lord! what a sin! what a sin!

URYADNIK. Guard him! And send for the Starosta and the assistants. We must draw up the indictment. You get up and come here.

AKIM (*to the* URYADNIK). Say, you, bright buttons, don't you know, you just wait. Let him say what he's got to say, don't you know.

THE URYADNIK (*to* AKIM). Look here, old man, don't you interfere. I must draw up the paper.

AKIM. What kind of a man are you! Wait, I tell you. Don't talk about a paper now, don't you know. This affair here's in God's hands — the man, don't you see, is confessing his sins — and talk about an indictment! ....

[1] *Chto tui*, "What, thou?"

THE URYADNIK. Send for the Starosta.

AKIM. Let God's work go on! When that's done, don't you know, you may do yours, of course.

NIKITA. Akulina, my sin toward you is great. I seduced you; forgive me, for Christ's sake! (*Prostrates himself at her feet.*)

AKULINA (*comes out from behind the table*). Let me be, I will not be married. He ordered me to, but now I will not.

URYADNIK. Repeat what you said.

NIKITA. Wait, Mr. Uryadnik; let me speak to the end.

AKIM (*in rapture*). Speak, my dear child, tell it all — it will be easier. Confess to God; don't be afraid of men. God — God, He is here! ....

NIKITA. I poisoned the father, dog that I was; I ruined the daughter, she was in my power; and I destroyed the baby.

AKULINA. That's the truth, the truth!

NIKITA. I killed the little baby under a board in the cellar. I sat on it. .... I killed it. .... And its little bones cracked under it! (*Sobs.*) And I buried it in the ground. I did it — I alone!

AKULINA. He lies! I told him to ....

NIKITA. Don't shield me! I 'm not afraid of any one now. Forgive me, orthodox Mir! (*Prostrates himself on the ground.*)

(*Silence*)

THE URYADNIK. Bind him; your wedding, of course, is declared off. (*The men approach with their girdles.*)

NIKITA. Wait, you 'll have time enough. .... (*He prostrates himself at his father's feet.*) My dear father,[1] forgive your abandoned son. You warned me at the very beginning. When I first began this wicked life, you told me, — "If but one claw is caught the whole bird is lost." But I did not heed your words, dog that I was, and it has turned out as you said it would. Forgive me, for Christ's sake!

[1] *Batyushka rodimui.*

AKIM (*in rapture*). God will forgive! my dear child. (*Embraces him.*) You have not spared yourself. He will have mercy on you. God — God, He is here!

SCENE III

The Same, and THE STAROSTA

THE STAROSTA (*enters*). There are many witnesses here.

THE URYADNIK. We will take the depositions immediately. (*They bind* NIKITA.)

AKULINA (*approaches and stands next him*). I will tell the truth. Ask me also!

NIKITA (*bound*). It 's of no use questioning the witnesses. I did it all myself. It was my idea, and my own act. Take me where you please. I will say nothing more.

CURTAIN

THE FRUITS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

(1889)

PERSONAGES

LEONID FEODOROVITCH ZVYEZDINTSEF[1]: A retired lieutenant of horse-guards, the possessor of twenty-four thousand desyatins of land in various governments; a ruddy man of about sixty, an easy-going, agreeable gentleman. Believes in spiritism, and likes to surprise others with his tales.

ANNA PAVLOVNA ZVYEZDINTSEVA: His wife, a stout, youngish woman, absorbed in social functions, despising her husband and blindly believing her doctor; an irritable woman.

BETSY: Their daughter, a society girl of twenty, with free and easy manners, affectedly masculine; she wears a pince-nez. Coquettish and fond of laughing. Speaks very rapidly, and very precisely, compressing her lips like a foreigner.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH: Their son, twenty-five years old, a candidate in legal studies; without definite occupation; a member of a bicycle club, of a horse-racing club, and a club for breeding greyhounds. A young man, enjoying excellent health and unbounded self-confidence. Talks loudly and abruptly. Sometimes he is very serious, almost glum; then again boisterously gay and laughs noisily.

PROFESSOR ALEKSEÏ VLADIMIROVITCH KRUGOSVETLOF: A scientific gentleman of fifty, with calm, agreeable, self-confident manners, and a drawling, singsong way of speaking. A great talker. Those that do not agree with him he treats with gentle scorn. He smokes continually. A thin, lively man.

THE DOCTOR: Forty years old; healthy, stout, ruddy man; loud-voiced and bluff. He keeps up a self-satisfied smile.

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA: A young lady of twenty, a pupil at the Conservatory, a music-teacher with bangs on her forehead, in an exaggeratedly stylish toilet; very ingratiating; blushes easily.

[1] *Zvyezdina*, the *star* on a horse's forehead, from *zvyez*, a star.

PETRISHCHEF: Twenty-eight years old; a candidate in philological studies seeking for a position; a member of the same societies as VASILI LEONIDUITCH, and also of a Society for the Arrangement of Print and Calico Balls. Bald, quick in his movements and speech, and very courteous.

THE BARONESS: A woman of importance; fifty years old; stolid, speaks without intonations.

THE PRINCESS: A society lady; a visitor.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS: a society girl; she grimaces; a visitor.

THE COUNTESS: A country lady, who moves with great difficulty; she has false teeth and curls.

GROSSMANN: A dark-complexioned man, of Jewish type; very lively and nervous; speaks very loud.

MARYA VASILYEVNA TOLBUKHINA: A stout lady; very distinguished, rich, and good-natured; acquainted with all the celebrities of the past and present. Very stout; speaks rapidly, trying to out-talk the others. She smokes.

BARON KLINGEL (Kokò): A candidate of Petersburg University; a Kammer-yunker, attached to the embassy; perfectly correct and therefore tranquil in mind and quietly gay.

A LADY.

A BARUINYA (who does not speak).

SAKHATOF, SERGYEÏ IVANOVITCH: Fifty years old; a former member of the ministry; an elegant gentleman of broad European culture, without occupation and interested in everything. Holds himself with dignity and even with some reserve.

FEODOR IVANUITCH: A chamberlain, about sixty; a cultivated man loving culture, making excessive use of eye-glasses and handkerchief, which he slowly unfolds. Follows politics. An intellectual and excellent man.

GRIGORI: A lackey, twenty-eight years old; a handsome fellow, dissolute, spiteful, and audacious.

YAKOF: The butler, forty years old; bustling, good-natured, living only in the interest of country families.

SEMYON: Butler's assistant, twenty years old; a healthy, fresh, country lad, light-complexioned; without a beard as yet, calm and smiling.

COACHMAN: Thirty-five years old, with mustache only; gruff and decided.

THE OLD COOK: Forty-five years old; ragged, unshaven, bloated, sallow, trembly; dressed in a torn nankeen summer paletot and dirty trousers, in worn boots. His words are spoken as if he had an impediment in his speech.

THE COOK: A chatterer; discontented, thirty years old.

THE SWISS: A retired soldier.

TANYA: The chambermaid, nineteen years old; an energetic, strong, jolly girl of changeable moods. In moments of strong emotion she squeals with delight.

FIRST MUZHIK: Sixty years old; has acted as *starshina* or headman; supposes that he understands intercourse with gentlemen, and loves to hear himself.

SECOND MUZHIK: Forty-five years old; master of his own house, gruff and outspoken; does not like to speak. SEMYON'S father.

THIRD MUZHIK: Seventy years old, in *lapti* or bark shoes; nervous, restless, quick in his motions; shy, but hides his shyness by talking.
THE FIRST FOOTMAN TO THE COUNTESS: An old man of the old régime, pride characteristic of a lackey.
THE SECOND FOOTMAN: Huge, healthy, rude.
ERRAND-BOY: From a shop; wears a blue *poddyovka*, or sleeveless jacket; has a clean, ruddy face. Speaks distinctly, suggestively, and clearly.

[*The action takes place at the Capitol in the house of the* ZVYEZDINTSEFS.]

ACT I

The theater represents the anteroom of a rich house in Moscow. Three doors; the outside door, the one leading into LEONID FEODOROVITCH'S *private room, and the one leading into* VASILI LEONIDUITCH'S *room. A staircase leading up to the interior chambers; behind it an entrance to the butler's pantry.*

SCENE I

GRIGORI (*a young and handsome lackey, looks at himself in the mirror and prinks*)

GRIGORI. Too bad about my mustaches! "Mustaches," says she, "are not suitable for a lackey." Why not, pray? So that it may be evident that you are a lackey! Otherwise how would one fail to excel her favorite son! What's he? Even without mustaches one could get ahead of him. .... (*Looks at himself with a smile.*) And how many of them have run after me! But no one here pleases me like this Tanya here! .... A simple chambermaid. That's true, but she's nicer than the young lady (*smiles*), and she's pretty. (*Listens.*) Here she comes. (*Smiles.*) Just hear how she taps with her little heels. .... v-va!

Scene II

GRIGORI *and* TANYA (*with a fur cloak and shoes*)

GRIGORI. My respects to Tatyana Makarovna!

TANYA. Tell me, are you always looking at yourself? Do you imagine you're very handsome?

GRIGORI. Well, am I not good-looking?

TANYA. So-so.... neither good-looking nor ill-looking, but betwixt and between. But why are all these shubas hanging up here?

GRIGORI. I shall immediately remove them, young lady. (*He takes a shuba and wraps it round* TANYA, *at the same time hugging her.*) Tanya, what shall I say to you?....

TANYA. Get away! What do you mean by such conduct? (*Angrily tears herself out of his arms.*) I say.... let me be!

GRIGORI (*glancing round*). Give me a kiss!

TANYA. What are you thinking about? I'll kiss you this way!.... (*Threatens him with her hand.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. (*A bell is heard behind the scenes, and then a voice.*) Grigori!

TANYA. There, go! Vasili Leoniduitch is calling.

GRIGORI. Let him wait! He's only just opened his eyes. Listen, now! why don't you love me?

TANYA. Great notion you have of loving. I don't love any one.

GRIGORI. That's not true! You love Siomka! You've found a fine kind of fellow — a butler's muzhik, a regular clown!

TANYA. Well, whatever he is, you're jealous of him.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*behind the scenes*). Grigori!!

GRIGORI. You're in a hurry!.... There's something to be jealous about! Here you are beginning to grow cultivated and you take up with such a fellow! It would be different if you were in love with me.... Tanya!....

TANYA (*angrily and severely*). I tell you it's none of your business.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*behind the scenes*). Grigori!!!

GRIGORI. You treat me very severely.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*behind the scenes; calls persistently, monotonously, at the top of his voice*). Grigori! Grigori! Grigori!

(TANYA *and* GRIGORI *laugh.*)

GRIGORI. Such nice girls have been in love with me! (*Bell.*)

TANYA. Well, go to him, and let me be!

GRIGORI. You are dull, I see. Why, I 'm not Semyon!

TANYA. Semyon wants to marry and does n't care for nonsense.

SCENE III

GRIGORI, TANYA, *and* ERRAND-BOY

ERRAND-BOY (*brings a great pasteboard box with a gown*). Good-morning.

GRIGORI. How are you? Who from?

ERRAND-BOY. From Bourdier, a gown, and here 's a note for the lady.

TANYA (*takes the note*). Sit down; I will deliver it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV

GRIGORI, *the* ERRAND-BOY, *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*puts his head out of the door; he is in shirt-sleeves and slippers*). Grigori.

GRIGORI. Presently.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Grigori! Can't you hear?

GRIGORI. I 've only just come.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Warm water and tea.

GRIGORI. Semyon will bring them immediately.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. What is that? From Bourdier?

ERRAND-BOY. That 's just what it is!

(VASILI LEONIDUITCH *and* GRIGORI *exeunt. Bell.*)

Scene V

ERRAND-BOY *and* TANYA

TANYA (*runs to answer the bell and opens the door; To the* ERRAND-BOY). Wait!

ERRAND-BOY. That 's just what I 'm doing.

Scene VI

ERRAND-BOY, TANYA, *and* SAKHATOF (*who enters*)

TANYA. Excuse me, the lackey just went out. If you please, permit me. (*Takes his shuba.*)

SAKHATOF (*adjusting his dress*). Is Leonid Feodorovitch at home? Is he up? (*Bell.*)

TANYA. Certainly, long ago!

Scene VII

ERRAND-BOY, TANYA, *and* SAKHATOF. *The* DOCTOR *enters. Looks round for the lackey. Sees* SAKHATOF

DOCTOR (*deferentially*). Ah! my respects to you!

SAKHATOF (*gazes fixedly*). The doctor, I believe?

DOCTOR. I thought you were abroad. Have you come to see Leonid Feodorovitch?

SAKHATOF. Yes! And what brings you? Any one sick?

DOCTOR (*smiling*). Not exactly sick, but you know .... with these fine ladies there 's always trouble. She sits up over her whist every night till three o'clock, and takes an occasional glass. Then she 's fat and stout, and she 's pretty well along in years.

SAKHATOF. Do you give Anna Pavlovna the benefit of your diagnosis this way? She would n't be pleased, I imagine.

DOCTOR (*smiling*). Well, I 'm right. They all keep up these tricks, and then comes lesion of the digestive organs, pressure on the liver, ... nervous. .... Well, then

she writes for you and you have to prescribe. Too bad about them. (*Smiles.*) But how are you? So you are also a spiritualist, are you?

SAKHATOF. I? No, I 'm not a spiritualist, also! .... Well, my respects to you. (*Starts to go, but the* DOCTOR *detains him.*)

DOCTOR. No, I don't entirely deny it when such a man as Krugosvetlof takes stock in it. It 's impossible .... a professor, of European celebrity! There must be something in it. I should like to see something, but I never have the chance; I have other fish to fry.

SAKHATOF. Yes, yes. My respects to you.

(*Exit with a slight bow.*)

DOCTOR (*to* TANYA). Is she up yet?

TANYA. She 's in her bedroom. Will you go in?

(SAKHATOF *and the* DOCTOR *go out by different doors.*)

SCENE VIII

ERRAND-BOY, TANYA, *and* FEODOR IVANUITCH

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*enters with a newspaper in his hands; to the* ERRAND-BOY). What do you want?

ERRAND-BOY. I 'm from Bourdier with a gown and a note. I was told to wait.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Oh, from Bourdier. (*To* TANYA.) Who was it came?

TANYA. Sakhatof Sergyeï Ivanuitch and the doctor. They stopped here and talked a little while about spiritichism.

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*correcting her*). About spiritualism.

TANYA. Yes, that 's what I said; about spiritichism. And did you hear, Feodor Ivanuitch, how well it went last time? (*Laughs.*) There were raps and things flew around.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. And how did you know?

TANYA. Well, Lizavieta Leonidovna said so.

Scene IX

TANYA, FEODOR IVANUITCH, *the* ERRAND-BOY, *and* YAKOF *the butler*

YAKOF (*comes running in with a glass of tea; to the* ERRAND-BOY). How are you?

ERRAND-BOY (*gloomily*). How are you?

(YAKOF *knocks at* VASILI LEONIDUITCH'S *door.*)

Scene X

The Same, and GRIGORI

GRIGORI. Give it here.

YAKOF. Yesterday's glasses have not yet been returned or the tray from Vasili Leoniduitch. I have been asked for them.

GRIGORI. The tray is in his room with cigarettes.

YAKOF. Then put them somewhere else. You see they ask me for it.

GRIGORI. I 'll bring it. I 'll bring it.

YAKOF. You say you 'll bring it, but it does n't come. The other day they were wanting it, but it was nowhere to be found.

GRIGORI. I 'll bring it, I tell you. What a fuss!

YAKOF. It 's well for you to say so; but here for two whole days with me, it 's "serve tea" and "get breakfast ready." You 're kept on the jump, on the jump, all the day's day. Who in the house has more to do than I have? And always in the wrong!

GRIGORI. Who has better work? .... How fine you are!

TANYA. To you all are in the wrong except yourself. ....

GRIGORI (*to* TANYA). No one asked you! (*Exit.*)

Scene XI

Tanya, Yakof, Feodor Ivanuitch *and the* Errand-boy

Yakof. Well, I 'm not offended. .... Tatyana Makarovna, did n't the baruinya say something about last evening's performance?

Tanya. That about the lamp, you mean?

Yakof. And how it was torn out of my hands, only God knows! I had just started to wipe it, had scarcely taken it up, when somehow it slipped out .... in little bits of pieces! Just my bad luck! It 's all right for him, for Grigori Mikhaïluitch, to talk, since he 's a single man; but when one has a family .... one must think about things and furnish provisions. But I don't look at the work. So she did n't say a word? Well, glory to God for that! .... How many spoons have you, Feodor Ivanuitch — one or two?

Feodor Ivanuitch. One, one! (*Reads the paper.*)

(*Exit* Yakof.)

Scene XII

Tanya, Feodor Ivanuitch, *and the* Errand-boy

(*A bell is heard. Enter* Grigori *with a tray and the* Swiss.)

The Swiss (*to* Grigori). Announce to the barin[1] some peasants from the country.

Grigori (*points to* Feodor Ivanuitch). Give your errand to the steward; I have no time. (*Exit.*)

[1] Barin means nobleman and gentleman; *baruinya* is the corresponding term for a married lady; *baruishnya* for an unmarried lady; a *barsky dvor* is any seigniorial residence. — Ed.

Scene XIII

Tanya, Feodor Ivanuitch, *the* Swiss, *and the* Errand-boy

Tanya. Where are the muzhiks from?

The Swiss. From Kursk, I think.

Tanya (*squeals*). They! oh, it must be Semyon's father about the land! I 'll go and meet them.

(*Exit, running.*)

Scene XIV

Feodor Ivanuitch, *the* Swiss, *and the* Errand-boy

The Swiss. Tell me; shall I admit them, or what? They say they 've come about the land, the barin knows.

Feodor Ivanuitch. Yes, about buying some land. Yes, yes. He has company just now. This is what you must do; tell them to wait.

The Swiss. Where shall they wait?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Let them wait in the courtyard; I will send for them. (*Exit* Swiss.)

Scene XV

Feodor Ivanuitch, Tanya, *behind her* Three Muzhiks, Grigori, *and the* Errand-boy

Tanya. To the right. This way, this way!

Feodor Ivanuitch. I did not order them to be admitted here.

Grigori. She 's flighty!

Tanya. No matter, Feodor Ivanuitch, they 'll wait here with their crust.

Feodor Ivanuitch. Their feet will soil the floor.[1]

Tanya. They have wiped their feet, and I 'll brush up after them. (*To the muzhiks.*) You stand here.

[1] All expressed in one word in Russian, *natapchut.*

(*The muzhiks enter, carrying presents in their handkerchiefs, Easter cakes, eggs, towels. They look for the ikons, to cross themselves. They cross themselves toward the stairs, bow low before* FEODOR IVANUITCH, *and range themselves stiffly.*)

GRIGORI (*to* FEODOR IVANUITCH). Feodor Ivanuitch, they say that Pironnet is the only shoemaker who can make gaiters; but what could be better than what that man's got on! (*Points to the* THIRD MUZHIK, *who wears felt chungi.*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH. All you can do is to be always laughing at people! (*Exit* GRIGORI.)

SCENE XVI

TANYA, FEODOR IVANUITCH, *and the* THREE MUZHIKS

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*gets up and goes to the muzhiks*). So you are from Kursk, are you, and come to see about the buying of the land?

FIRST MUZHIK. That 's right. We came, for instance, to finish up about the sale of it. How, could we be announced?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Yes, yes. I know, I know. You wait here; I will announce you immediately. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XVII

TANYA *and the* THREE MUZHIKS. VASILI LEONIDUITCH *behind the scenes*

(*The muzhiks look round and know not what to do with their gifts.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. What is the thing — I mean what do you call what you hand things on? Something to make a thing look like something. What is it? a platter?

TANYA. Wait a minute, wait a minute! Give them

to me; for the time being let them lie here. (*Lays them on the settee.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. What do you call that man, for instance, who just came up to us?

TANYA. That, the Kammerdien.

FIRST MUZHIK. That's simple — Kamardin. Of course he looks after things.... (*To* TANYA.) And you, for example, what do you have to do here?

TANYA. I'm one of the chambermaids. I'm also from Demen. You see I know you, and I know you, too; but that old uncle I don't know. (*Points to the* THIRD MUZHIK.)

THIRD MUZHIK. You know their names, but you don't know mine?

TANYA. You are Yefim Antonuitch.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely![1]

TANYA. And you are Semyon's father, Zakhar Trifonuitch.

SECOND MUZHIK. Truly.

THIRD MUZHIK. And I, we will say, am Mitri Chilikin. Will you know now?

TANYA. Now we shall be able to call you by name.

SECOND MUZHIK. And whose daughter may you be?

TANYA. I'm Aksinya's daughter; my father was a soldier, but he's dead.

FIRST MUZHIK } (*in surprise*). Indeed!
THIRD MUZHIK }

SECOND MUZHIK. There's some reason in the saying:—

"Pay a groat
For a shoat,
Feed it high
On the rye,
And then 't will swell
Very well!"

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely! Just exactly like a mamsell!

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord! what a queer world!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*behind the scene, rings and then calls*). Grigori! Grigori!

[1] He says *dvistitel'no* for *dyeĭstvitel'no.*

First Muzhik. Who is it making such a fuss in there, for example?

Tanya. That's the young barin.

Third Muzhik. O Lord! I said we'd better wait outside.

(*Silence.*)

Second Muzhik. Is it you Semyon wants to marry?

Tanya. So he wrote, did he? (*Covers her face with her apron.*)

Second Muzhik. Of course he wrote. What a crazy notion he's got! I see the lad has been getting spoiled.

Tanya (*with spirit*). No! He has n't been getting spoiled at all. Shall I send him to you?

Second Muzhik. Why send him? There 's plenty of time; we shan't hurry.

Vasili Leoniduitch (*is heard crying in despair*). Grigori! The devil take you!

Scene XVIII

The Same, and Vasili Leoniduitch (*at the door in his shirt-sleeves and putting on his pince-nez*)

Vasili Leoniduitch. Are you all dead?

Tanya. He's not here, Vasili Leoniduitch. .... I'll send him immediately. (*Goes toward the door.*)

Vasili Leoniduitch. I heard some one talking! What sort of scarecrows are these? What?

Tanya. These are muzhiks from the Kursk village, Vasili Leoniduitch.

Vasili Leoniduitch (*looking at the errand-boy*). And who 's this? Oh, yes, the Errand-boy from Bourdier.

(*The peasants bow low.* Vasili Leoniduitch *pays no attention to them.* Grigori *meets* Tanya *at the door.* Tanya *pauses.*)

Scene XIX

The Same, and Grigori

Vasili Leoniduitch. I told you .... the other shoes! I can't wear these.

Grigori. But the others are right there.

Vasili Leoniduitch. Where are they?

Grigori. Why, there.

Vasili Leoniduitch. You lie!

Grigori. Come! you 'll see.

(Vasili Leoniduitch *and* Grigori *exeunt.*)

Scene XX

Tanya, *the* Three Muzhiks, *and the* Errand-boy

Third Muzhik. I say, maybe now ain't the right time; perhaps we 'd better go to our lodgings[1] and wait there till it 's time.

Tanya. No, it 's all right; you wait. Here, I 'll bring you a plate for your presents. (*Exit.*)

Scene XXI

The Same, Sakhatof, Leonid Feodorovitch, *and behind them* Feodor Ivanuitch

(*The muzhiks bring their presents and take their positions.*)

Leonid Feodorovitch (*to the muzhiks*). Presently, presently, just wait. (*Indicating the errand-boy.*) Who is this?

The Errand-boy. From Bourdier.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Oh, from Bourdier!

Sakhatof (*smiling*). Oh, I don't deny it; but you 'll

[1] *Fatera,* colloquial, quarters.

agree that those of us, the unenlightened, who don't witness all these things you tell about, find it hard to believe them.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. You say, "I can't believe." But we don't demand belief. We demand examination. Why! I can't help believing in this ring. This ring was brought to me *from there!*

SAKHATOF. What do you mean "from there"? From where?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. From the other world! Yes.

SAKHATOF (*smiling*). Very interesting, very interesting.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But let us suppose you think that I'm a man carried away by enthusiasms, who imagines to himself what does not exist; but here's Alekseï Vladimirovitch Krugosvetlof, he's certainly no ordinary person, but a professor, and he recognizes it. Nor is he the only one. There's Crookes. There's Wallace.

SAKHATOF. But you see I don't deny it. I only say it's very interesting. Interesting to know how Krugosvetlof explains it.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. He has his theory. But you just come this evening. He will undoubtedly be there. But chiefly Grossmann will be there. .... You know the celebrated mind-reader.

SAKHATOF. Yes, I have heard about it, but haven't yet had a chance to see it.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, do come. First Grossmann, and then Kapchitch, and our mediumistic séance .... (*to* FEODOR IVANUITCH) Hasn't the messenger from Kapchitch come back yet?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Not yet.

SAKHATOF. How should I know, then?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Come anyway, it doesn't make any difference .... Come! If Kapchitch is n't there, we'll find our medium. Marya Ignatyevna is the medium; not so strong as Kapchitch, but good enough.

Scene XXII

The Same, and Tanya *who enters with plates for the presents. She listens to the conversation*

Sakhatof (*smiles*). Yes, yes; but here's one circumstance; why are mediums always from the so-called cultivated circle? Both Kapchitch and Marya Ignatyevna. If this is a peculiar force, then surely we ought to find it among the people, among the muzhiks.

Leonid Feodorovitch. And so we do! It so often happens, that we have one muzhik and he has proved to be a medium. One day we called him during the time of a séance — a divan had to be moved — and we forgot all about him. He had apparently gone to sleep. And just imagine: our séance was at an end, Kapchitch had come out of his trance, and suddenly we noticed that at the other end of the room mediumistic phenomena were beginning to manifest themselves; the table moved and started to walk.

Tanya (*aside*). That was when I crept out from under the table.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Evidently he is also a medium — the more so that he looks very much like Home.... Do you remember Home?.... light-complexioned, naïve!

Sakhatof (*shrugging his shoulders*). Indeed. This is very interesting. So, then, you would experiment on him, I suppose.

Leonid Feodorovitch. And we shall. But he's not the only one. There are lots of mediums. Only we don't know them. Why, only the other day an old woman who was sick moved a stone wall.

Sakhatof. Moved a stone wall?

Leonid Feodorovitch. Yes, yes! She was lying in bed, and did not have the slightest idea that she was a medium. She leaned her hand on the wall and the wall moved.

Sakhatof. And it did not fall down?

Leonid Feodorovitch. No, it did not fall down.

SAKHATOF. Strange! .... Well, I 'll come this evening.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Come, do come! We 'll have the séance in any event.

(SAKHATOF *puts on his coat.* LEONID FEODOROVITCH *shows him out.*)

SCENE XXIII

The Same, without SAKHATOF

ERRAND-BOY (*to* TANYA). Do announce me to the baruinya! Do you expect me to spend the night here?

TANYA. Wait! She is going to drive with the young lady; they 'll be coming very soon now. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XXIV

The Same, without TANYA

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*approaches the muzhiks, who bow and present their gifts*). That is not necessary.

FIRST MUZHIK (*smiling*). This comes as our first duty. It 's what the commune bade us do.

SECOND MUZHIK. This is the way it 's usually managed.

THIRD MUZHIK. Don't speak about it, because we 're very happy to do it. .... As our fathers, I say, served your fathers, so we wish, I say, with all our hearts, to do the same. .... (*Bows low.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But who are you? What is it exactly that you want?

FIRST MUZHIK. We have come to your grace, of course.

Scene XXV

The Same, and Petrishchef

Petrishchef (*comes in hastily, wearing a great-coat*). Is Vasili Leoniduitch awake yet? (*Seeing* Leonid Feodorovitch, *he nods to him.*)

Leonid Feodorovitch. Have you come to see my son?

Petrishchef. I — I want to see Vovò for a little minute.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Go in, go in!

(Petrishchef *takes off his cloak and quickly goes up.*)

Scene XXVI

The Same, without Petrishchef

Leonid Feodorovitch. Well, now what do you want?

Second Muzhik. Accept our presents.

First Muzhik (*smiling*). That is, the offering from the village.

Third Muzhik. And don't mention it: it 's no consequence. Our wishes to you as to our own father. And don't mention it.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Very good — Feodor, take them.

Feodor Ivanuitch. Well, give them here. (*Takes the presents.*)

Leonid Feodorovitch. Now what is the trouble?

First Muzhik. Well, we've come to your grace.

Leonid Feodorovitch. I see you have come to me; but what do you want.

First Muzhik. To take steps about completing the purchase of the land. It comes to this that....

Leonid Feodorovitch. Well, are you going to buy the land?

First Muzhik. Reely, this is the way of it. It comes to this that..... Of course we want to buy the land

for our own. So the mir empowered us, for example, to get it through the Imperial Bank, as is customary, by affixing a stamp of the prescribed amount.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. That is, you wish to buy some land by means of the bank — that 's it, is it ?

FIRST MUZHIK. That is as you proposed to us last summer. It comes to this, of course, that the whole sum complete amounts to 32,864 rubles to make the land ours.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. That 's right : but how about the payment ?

FIRST MUZHIK. Well, the mir proposes, as was said last summer, to pay by instalments, according to the law, and four thousand rubles down.

SECOND MUZHIK. You 'll receive four thousand in cash now, that is, and the rest you 'll wait for.

THIRD MUZHIK (*while he unrolls the money*). You need n't fear, we 'll pledge ourselves, and we won't do nothing. I should say we won't do something, that is, anything — in other words — we 'll do as we ought.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, you see, I wrote you that I would agree to it only on condition you put up all the money.

FIRST MUZHIK. That reely would be pleasanter, but you see it 's impossible.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What 's to be done, then ?

FIRST MUZHIK. The mir, for example, expected to do as you proposed last summer in regard to postponing the payments. ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. That was last year. Then I agreed to it ; but now I can't. ....

SECOND MUZHIK. But how is that ? You assured us — we have prepared the document and got the money.

THIRD MUZHIK. Have pity on us, father. We have so little land — scarcely room to keep cattle, or even a hen. (*He bows.*) Don't be hard on us, father. (*He bows.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. It is true, and I 'll admit it, that last year I agreed to wait, but now circumstances have changed .... So that now it is inconvenient for me.

SECOND MUZHIK. It is impossible for us to get along without this land.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, without land we can't live; we are ruined.

THIRD MUZHIK (*bows*). Father! We have so little land — really not enough for a cow, I say, or a hen. Father! show your kind heart! Take the money, father!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*who has meantime looked at the paper*). I understand. I should like to do you a favor. You wait. I will give an answer in half an hour .... Feodor, tell any one that I 'm not receiving.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Very well.

(*Exit* LEONID FEODOROVITCH.)

SCENE XXVII

The Same, without LEONID FEODOROVITCH. *The muzhiks show signs of depression*

SECOND MUZHIK. My! What a scrape! Give the whole, says he. But where shall we get it?

FIRST MUZHIK. If he hadn't encouraged us last summer! And that 's the reason we reely supposed it would be as was said in the summer.

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord! I was just taking out the money! (*Rolls up the bills again.*) Now what shall we do?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What is your trouble?

FIRST MUZHIK. Our trouble, worthy sir, for instance, lies in this: He proposed last summer to let the payments hang over. The mir voted to empower us to act for it; but now, for instance, he proposes that we pay the whole sum at once. And we are unable to do that.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Much money?

FIRST MUZHIK. The whole sum to be paid in advance is four thousand rubles, of course.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, then! Strain every nerve and get some more.

First Muzhik. We have got it as well as we could. Sir, there 's no powder in these thoughts.

Second Muzhik. Where people have nothing you can't get it out of them, even by pulling their teeth!

Third Muzhik. We should like with all our hearts to do it, I can tell you; but even if we drove them with a broomstick we couldn 't get any more from them.

Scene XXVIII

The Same, Vasili Leoniduitch *and* Petrishchef (*at the door, both with cigarettes*)

Vasili Leoniduitch. There! I have already said — I will try. I will do the very best I can. Well, what?

Petrishchef. Understand that if you don't get it, the devil only knows how ill it will go with us!

Vasili Leoniduitch. But I have said I will try — and I will. Well, what?

Petrishchef. Nothing. I only say I must have it, anyway. I will wait. (*Exit, closing the door.*)

Scene XXIX

The Same, without Petrishchef

Vasili Leoniduitch (*waving his hand*). The Devil knows what it means. (*The muzhiks bow low.* Vasili Leoniduitch *looks at the* Errand-boy. *To* Feodor Ivanuitch.) Why have n't you sent away this fellow from Bourdier's? He seems to have come to live with us entirely. Look at that — he 's asleep. What do you say?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Well, they 've delivered the note..... They ordered him to wait till Anna Pavlovna should come.

Vasili Leoniduitch (*looks at the muzhiks and eyes the money greedily*). What is that — money? Whom is that for? Is that money for us? (*To* Feodor Ivanuitch) Who are these men?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. They are peasants from Kursk; they are buying land.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Tell me, is it sold?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Not yet; they have n't come to terms yet. They 're very close-fisted.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Ah?.... We must talk it over with them. (*To the muzhiks.*) Well, are you going to make your purchase? What?

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, we propose to get the land as our possession.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Then don't be close-fisted, you know. I will tell you how necessary land is to a good muzhik. Say, it 's very necessary, is n't it?

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, land is of prime importance; that is so.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, then, don't be close-fisted. Let us see — what land is it? Why, I tell you, you can sow winter-wheat on it in rows; you can get three hundred puds[1] from it; at a ruble a pud, that makes three hundred rubles. Well, now! Suppose you put in mint? I tell you, you can screw out of it a thousand rubles a desyatin!

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, that 's a fact; any one who has the know-how can produce all sorts of products in reality.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Then don't fail to put in mint. You see, I know all about that. That is all printed in books. I will show you. What do you say?

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, all that concerns that is plainer in books. Brains, of course.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. So you 'd better buy it; don't be close-fisted, but hand over your money. (*To* FEODOR IVANUITCH.) Where is papa?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. At home. He asked not to be disturbed for a little.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, probably he is consulting the spirits as to whether he shall sell the land or not. Is that so?

[1] About half a long ton; a pud has 40 Russian, 36.11 avoirdupois, pounds. A desyatin is 2.7 acres.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I can't say as to that. I know he was undecided.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. What do you think, Feodor Ivanuitch? Has he any money? Tell me.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. That I don't know. I doubt it. Why do you ask? Did n't you win a tidy little sum at cards last week?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, I spent that for dogs. But now see here: our new society.... and Petrishchef has been elected.... and I borrowed some money of Petrishchef, and now I need some for him and for myself. How is it?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What is this new society of yours? Bicycles?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. No; I'll tell you by and by: it's a new society. I'll say this much, it's a very serious society. And do you know who is the president? What?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What's the idea of the new club?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. A Society for the Encouragement of the Breeding of the old Russian Poodle. What? And I will tell you: to-day is the first session and breakfast. But you see I have no money. I'll go to him and try it. (*Goes to the door.*)

SCENE XXX

The MUZHIKS, FEODOR IVANUITCH, *and the* ERRAND-BOY

FIRST MUZHIK. Who may that be, worthy sir?

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*smiling*). The young barin.

THIRD MUZHIK. The heir, I suppose. O Lord! (*He puts away the money.*) It's best to get in order while there's time.

FIRST MUZHIK. We've been told that he's in the army, a cavalry man for instance.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. No; he is an only son, and so he's free from military obligation.

THIRD MUZHIK. Left at home, I suppose, to support his parents. That is right.

SECOND MUZHIK (*nods his head*). This one must do it; there 's no doubt about it.

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

SCENE XXXI

FEODOR IVANUITCH, *the* THREE MUZHIKS, VASILI LEONIDUITCH *and behind them at the door* LEONID FEODOROVITCH

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. That 's the way it always is. It 's truly remarkable. First you say to me, "Why have n't you some occupation?" and now when I have found something to do and an occupation, and a serious society has been established, with noble aims, then I 'm grudged a paltry three hundred rubles. ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I have told you that I cannot — and I cannot! I have n't it.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. But here you have been selling land.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. In the first place, I have n't sold it, and chief of all — leave me in peace! (*Slams the door.*)

SCENE XXXII

The Same, without LEONID FEODOROVITCH

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I told you that now was n't the time.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. I tell you this is a pretty fix, what? I 'll go to mama — my one salvation. He 's stark staring mad with his spiritism, and forgets everything. (*Goes upstairs.*)

(FEODOR IVANUITCH *sits down and is just going to read his newspaper.*)

Scene XXXIII

The Same, Betsy *and* Marya Konstantinovna *come downstairs. Behind them* Grigori

Betsy. Is the carriage ready?

Grigori. It 's coming.

Betsy (*to* Marya Konstantinovna). Let us go, let us go! I saw that it was he!

Marya Konstantinovna. Who is he?

Betsy. You know very well that it was Petrishchef.

Marya Konstantinovna. But where is he?

Betsy. He 's with Vovò. You 'll see.

Marya Konstantinovna. But it may be not he!

(*The* Muzhiks *and* Errand-boy *make low bows.*)

Betsy (*to the* Errand-boy). Well, are you from Bourdier's with the gown?

Errand-boy. I am that. Please let me be dismissed.

Betsy. I don't know anything about it; it 's mama's affair.

Errand-boy. I can't tell who it 's for. I was ordered to bring it to you and to get the money.

Betsy. Well then, wait.

Marya Konstantinovna. Is this the costume for the charade?

Betsy. Yes; a charming costume. But mama won't take it, and does n't want to pay for it.

Marya Konstantinovna. Why not?

Betsy. Well, you must ask mama. For Vovò, it 's not dear to pay five hundred rubles for a dog, but for a gown to cost one hundred rubles is dear. I can't look like a fright. (*Indicating the muzhiks.*) But who are these?

Grigori. Muzhiks, trying to buy some land.

Betsy. Oh, I thought they were huntsmen. Are n't you huntsmen?

First Muzhik. Not at all, lady. We have come to see Leonid Feodorovitch about completing the purchase of land.

BETSY. How is it? Some huntsmen were to come to Vovò. Are you sure you are not huntsmen? (*The Muzhiks are silent.*) How stupid they are! (*Goes to the door.*) Vovò! (*Laughs.*)

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA. Why, then, we just met him.

BETSY. You 'd better be hunting for your tongues!.... Vovò, are you there?

SCENE XXXIV

The Same, and PETRISHCHEF

PETRISHCHEF. Vovò is not there, but I am ready to take his place and do everything required. How do you do? How are you, Marya Konstantinovna! (*Shakes* BETSY'S *hand long and vigorously; then* MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA'S.)

SECOND MUZHIK. Look! just as if he were pumping water.

BETSY. You can't take his place; still you 're better than nothing. (*Laughs.*) What business have you and Vovò on foot?

PETRISHCHEF. Business? Fie-nancial business: that is, our business is fie and at the same time nancial and moreover financial.

BETSY. What does "nancial" mean?

PETRISHCHEF. What a question. That 's where the joke lies: it does not mean anything.

BETSY. Then it missed fire, absolutely missed fire. (*Laughs.*)

PETRISHCHEF. It is impossible for every gun to go off. It 's a kind of an allegri.[1] Allegri, allegri, and then you may win.

(FEODOR IVANUITCH *goes into* LEONID FEODOROVITCH'S *private room.*)

[1] *Allegri*, a combination of masquerade and lottery; here "lottery," or perhaps "blank."

Scene XXXV

The Same, without Feodor Ivanuitch

Betsy. Well, that was a blank. But tell me, were you at the Mergasofs' yesterday?

Petrishchef. Not so much at *Mère Gassof's* as at *Père Gassof's*, and not at *Père Gassof's* but at *Fils Gassof's*.

Betsy. You can't get along without a *jeu de mots*. It 's a disease. Were the gipsies there also? (*Laughs derisively.*)

Petrishchef (*sings*): —

Na fartushki pyetushki
Zolatuiye grebeshki.

Betsy. Happy people. And we were bored at Fofo's.

Petrishchef (*continues to sing*): —

I bozhilas i klyalas
Pobuivat' ko mnye. ....

How does it go? What 's the rest of it, Marya Konstantinovna?

Marya Konstantinovna. *Ko mnye na chas.*[1]

Petrishchef. How is it? How is it, Marya Konstantinovna? (*Laughs.*)

Betsy. *Cessez! vous devenez impossible.*

Petrishchef. *J'ai cessé, j'ai bebé, j'ai dédé.*

Betsy. I see only one means of escaping your witticisms .... there 's no stopping you. Let us go to Vovò's room; besides, he has a guitar. Come, Marya Konstantinovna, come on!

(Betsy, Marya Konstantinovna, *and* Petrishchef *go into* Vasili Leoniduitch's *room.*)

[1] On her apron a cock with a golden comb, and she swore and vowed to spend an hour with me.

Scene XXXVI

Grigori, *the* Three Muzhiks *and the* Errand-boy

First Muzhik. Whose folks are those?

Grigori. One 's the young lady; the other 's mamzel — she teaches music.

First Muzhik. That is, she makes a science of it, does she? And how neat she is! a regular picture.[1]

Second Muzhik. Why don't she marry? She 's plenty old enough, I should think.

Grigori. Fifteen 's the right age, I suppose, as with you.

First Muzhik. And is that man, for instance, a musician?[2]

Grigori (*imitating him*). A musician! .... Can't you get anything through your head?

First Muzhik. Reely, that 's our stupidity — our lack of education.

Third Muzhik. O Lord!

(*The sound of gipsy songs with guitar is heard in* Vasili Leoniduitch's *room.*)

Scene XXXVII

Grigori, *the* Three Muzhiks, *the* Errand-boy. *Enter* Semyon, *followed by* Tanya. Tanya *watches the meeting between father and son*

Grigori (*to* Semyon). What do you want?

Semyon. I 've been on an errand to Mr. Kapchitch.

Grigori. Well, what of it?

Semyon. In so many words he told me to say that he could not possibly be there to-night.

Grigori. Very well. I 'll deliver the message. (*Exit.*)

[1] *Patret* for *portret.*

[2] The peasant says *iz muzuikanshchikof* instead of *iz muzuikantof*, "one of the musicians."

Scene XXXVIII

The Same, without Grigori

Semyon (*to his father*). How are you, father? Here's to you, Uncle Yefim — Uncle Mitri. All well at home?

Second Muzhik. How are you, Semyon?

First Muzhik. How are you, brother?

Third Muzhik. How are you, youngster? Are you all right?

Semyon (*smiling*). Tell me, batyushka, shall we go and drink a glass of tea?

Second Muzhik. Wait; let us get through our business first. Don't you see we have no time now?

Semyon. Well, all right. I'll wait for you at the steps. (*He starts to go.*)

Tanya (*runs after him*). Did n't you say anything?

Semyon. How could I speak now before folks? Have patience; we 'll go and drink our tea, and then I 'll tell him. (*Exit.*)

Scene XXXIX

The Same, without Semyon. (Feodor Ivanuitch *comes out and sits at the window with his newspaper*)

First Muzhik. Well, will you tell us, worthy sir, how our business is getting along?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Wait a little, he 'll be out directly; he will soon be done.

Tanya (*to* Feodor Ivanuitch). But, Feodor Ivanuitch, how do you know that he will soon be done?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Well, I know; when he ends the questions, then he reads the questions and answers aloud.

Tanya. Is it true that one can talk with spirits by means of a saucer?

Feodor Ivanuitch. It may be so.

TANYA. Well, if they tell him to sign, will he really sign?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What do you mean?

TANYA. They don't speak in words, do they?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. By an alphabet. Whatever letter they stop at, he notes it down.

TANYA. Well, and if at a see-ants?....

SCENE XL

The Same, and LEONID FEODOROVITCH

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, my friends, I cannot do it. I should like to, but I cannot possibly. If you paid all the money down, that would be another thing.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, that would be better. But the people have small means; and so it 's perfectly impossible.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I cannot, cannot possibly. Here is your paper. I can't sign it.

THIRD MUZHIK. Be merciful, father, show your kind heart.

SECOND MUZHIK. How can one do so? It 's an outrage!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. It 's no outrage, friends. Last summer I told you: if you want it, do it. You did n't want to; now I can't.

THIRD MUZHIK. Father! show your kind heart! How can we live now? We have little land. Not enough room for cattle nor even for a hen.

(LEONID FEODOROVITCH *goes and stands by the door.*)

SCENE XLI

The Same; the lady and the doctor come down. Behind them VASILI LEONIDUITCH, *in a gay and sprightly frame of mind, is putting money in his pocket-book*

THE BARUINYA (*tightly laced, with her bonnet on*). So it 's to be taken, is it?

THE DOCTOR. If the symptoms are repeated, it is assuredly to be taken. But the main thing is — conduct yourself more sensibly. Now how could you expect that a thick syrup would pass through a delicate capillary tube, when we still further compress that little tube? It 's impossible. So it is with the gall-duct. Why, this is all very simple.

THE BARUINYA. Well, very good, very good.

THE DOCTOR. It 's "very good," but it still remains just as before. It cannot go on, baruinya, it is impossible. Well, good-by.

THE BARUINYA. Not good-by.[1] I shall expect you this evening anyway. Without you I cannot decide.

THE DOCTOR. All right, all right. If I have time I will come. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XLII

The Same, without the DOCTOR

THE BARUINYA (*seeing the* MUZHIKS). What is this? What does it mean? What men are these? (*The* MUZHIKS *make low bows.*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH. These are peasants from near Kursk come about buying land of Leonid Feodorovitch.

THE BARUINYA. I see they are peasants, but who let them come in?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Leonid Feodorovitch gave the order. They have just been talking with him about the sale of the land.

THE BARUINYA. What sale, pray? We don't need to sell any land. But the main thing — what an idea to let men in from the street into the house. How could they let men in from the street. It is impossible to let people in who have been sleeping God knows where. .... (*She grows more and more excited.*) In their garments, I imagine every fold is just full of microbes: microbes

[1] The Doctor says *proshchaïte*; corresponding to the French adieu; the lady replies, *nye proshchaïte a da svidanya*, "till we meet," *au revoir.*

of scarlatina, microbes of smallpox, microbes of diphtheria. For you see they are from near Kursk, from the government of Kursk, where diphtheria is epidemic! .... Doctor, Doctor! Call the doctor back!

(LEONID FEODOROVITCH *goes out, closing the door.* GRIGORI *hastens after the doctor.*)

SCENE XLIII

The Same, without LEONID FEODOROVITCH *and* GRIGORI

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*puffs smoke over the muzhiks*). It's all right, mamma. If you wish I 'll smoke them so that it 'll be death to all microbes. What do you say? (THE BARUINYA *preserves a stony silence, waiting the* DOCTOR'S *return.*) (*To the muzhiks.*) Do you breed pigs? There's some profit in that.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, sometimes we have to do with pigs!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Like this .... i-u, i-u? (*Grunts like a young pig.*)

THE BARUINYA. Vovò, Vovò! Stop!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Good imitation. What do you say?

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, very like!

THE BARUINYA. Vovò, stop, I tell you!

SECOND MUZHIK. What does he do that for?

THIRD MUZHIK. I said we ought to go to our lodging while ....

SCENE XLIV

The Same, the DOCTOR, *and* GRIGORI

THE DOCTOR. Well, what is it now? What is the matter?

THE BARUINYA. Here you are telling us not to get excited. Well, how can one be calm? I have not visited my sister for two months. I deny myself to

every dubious caller. And suddenly, here in the middle of my house are men from Kursk — straight from Kursk, where diphtheria is epidemic!

THE DOCTOR. What — these galliards?

THE BARUINYA. Why, yes, straight from the diphtheria district.

THE DOCTOR. Yes, of course, if they are from a diphtheria district, then, of course, it's careless; still there's no reason for being excited.

THE BARUINYA. But you yourself prescribe extreme caution.

THE DOCTOR. Why, yes, why, yes; only there's no need of getting much excited.

THE BARUINYA. Why, what do you mean? We must have complete disinfection.

THE DOCTOR. No; why complete? That would cost too much — three hundred rubles, and probably more. And I will arrange it for you cheaply and just as effective. Add to one large bottle of water....

THE BARUINYA. Distilled?

THE DOCTOR. It makes no difference. Distilled water is better.... To one bottle of water, a tablespoonful of salicylic acid, and have everything washed with it which they have touched; and send away these galliards themselves, of course. That is all. Then it's safe. Then take two or three glassfuls of the same solution and spray it into the air with the atomizer, and see how good it will be. Perfectly harmless.

THE BARUINYA. Is Tanya there? Call Tanya.

SCENE XLV

The Same, and TANYA

TANYA. What do you wish?

THE BARUINYA. You know the large bottle in the dressing-room?

TANYA. From which you sprinkled the washerwoman yesterday?

THE BARUINYA. Why, yes — what other one is there? Now, then, take that bottle .... and first wash the place where they are standing with soap, then with this. ....

TANYA. I will obey. I know how.

THE BARUINYA. Then take the atomizer. .... However, I will come back; I 'll do that myself.

THE DOCTOR. Then do so, and don't be afraid. Well, then, *da svidanya!* — till this evening. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XLVI

The Same, without the DOCTOR

THE BARUINYA. And away with these men, away with them, so that not a breath from them may be left! Off with them! off with them! Go! What are you staring at?

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, we were so stupid, when we were told ....

GRIGORI (*leading the muzhiks away*). Well, well, go! go!

SECOND MUZHIK. Give me my handkerchief, then.

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord! I said it would be better to go to our lodgings.

(GRIGORI *pushes him out.*)

SCENE XLVII

The LADY, GRIGORI, FEODOR IVANUITCH, TANYA, VASILI LEONIDUITCH, *and the* ERRAND-BOY

ERRAND-BOY (*who has tried several times to speak*). Am I going to have an answer?

THE BARUINYA. Ah, it's the boy from Bourdier's (*growing angry*). There is none, there is none! and take it back. I told her that I had not ordered such a costume and I won't allow my daughter to wear it.

ERRAND-BOY. I know nothing about it — I was sent.

THE BARUINYA. Go! Go and take it back. I will go there myself.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*solemnly*). Mr. Ambassador from Bourdier, depart!

ERRAND-BOY. You might have said that long ago. Here I 've been sitting five hours.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Emissary of Bourdier, depart!

THE BARUINYA. Stop now, I beg of you.

(*Exit* THE ERRAND-BOY.)

SCENE XLVIII

The Same, without the ERRAND-BOY

THE BARUINYA. Betsy! where is she? One has to wait an age for her!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*screams at the top of his voice*). Betsy! Petrishchef! Come quick! hurry! hurry! What do you say?

SCENE XLIX

The Same, PETRISHCHEF, BETSY, *and* MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA

THE BARUINYA. We have to wait an age for you.

BETSY. On the contrary, I have been waiting for you. (PETRISHCHEF *nods and kisses the lady's hand.*)

THE BARUINYA. How are you? (*To* BETSY.) You always have an answer ready.

BETSY. Mamma, if you are not in good spirits, then I 'd rather not go with you.

THE BARUINYA. Are we going, or are we not going?

BETSY. Yes, let us go; what 's to be done?

THE BARUINYA. Did you see what Bourdier sent?

BETSY. I saw it, and I liked it very much. I ordered the costume, and I 'll wear it when it 's paid for.

THE BARUINYA. I won't pay for it, and I won't permit you to wear an improper costume.

BETSY. When did it become improper? At one time it was becoming, but then *pruderie* came over you. ....

THE BARUINYA. Not *pruderie;* but if the whole waist is made over, it might do.

BETSY. Mamma, truly that is impossible.

THE BARUINYA. Well, get your things on. (*They sit down;* GRIGORI *puts on their shoes.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Marya Konstantinovna! Do you see what emptiness reigns in the anteroom?

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA. What is it? (*Laughs in advance.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. The boy from Bourdier is gone. What do you say? Is that good? (*Laughs boisterously.*)

THE BARUINYA. Well, let us go! (*Goes to the door and immediately returns.*) Tanya!

TANYA. What do you order?

THE BARUINYA. Don't let Fifka take cold while I am gone. If she should beg to be let out, then don't fail to put on her little yellow coat. She is n't quite well.

TANYA. Very good.

(*Exeunt* THE BARUINYA, BETSY, *and* GRIGORI.)

SCENE L

PETRISHCHEF, VASILI LEONIDUITCH, TANYA, *and* FEODOR IVANUITCH

PETRISHCHEF. Well, now, tell me; did you get it?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. I'll tell you, it was hard work. First I went to my progenitor; he roared at me and drove me away. Then I went to my progenitrix and I got it. It's here! (*Slaps his pocket.*) If I undertake anything, there's no getting away from me! Regular nippers! What do you say? And they'll bring my wolf-hounds to-day.

(PETRISHCHEF *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH *put on their coats and leave the room.* TANYA *follows them.*)

Scene LI

FEODOR IVANUITCH *alone*

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Yes, always disagreeable scenes. Why is it they can't live in concord. Yes; to tell the truth, the young generation is different. And the rule of women? Why, only a short time ago how Leonid Feodorovitch wanted to favor them, but he saw that she was in a fret and he slammed the door to. He 's a man of rare goodness. Yes, of rare goodness. .... What does this mean? Tanya bringing them back again?

Scene LII

TANYA. Come in, come in, little uncles, it 's all right.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Why have you brought them in again?

TANYA. Why, you see, Feodor Ivanuitch, batyushka, we must try to work out some plan for them. I 'll wash up and make it as good as new.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Why, he won't agree to it; I can see that plainly enough.

FIRST MUZHIK. Tell us, respected sir, will our business be successful? You, your honor, might take a little trouble for us and we can express the full gratitude of the mir as a reward for your pains.

THIRD MUZHIK. Try, dear heart, — it is impossible for us to live. We have little land — there isn't room enough for cattle, even for a hen I might say. (*He bows.*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I am sorry for you, and I know how it is, brothers. I understand it very well. But you see he has refused. How can it be managed now? And the baruinya is also against it. It 's unlikely. However, give me your paper. I 'll go, I 'll see what I can do. I 'll implore him. (*Exit.*)

Scene LIII

Tanya *and* Three Muzhiks (*they sigh*)

Tanya. Will you tell me, little uncles, what your business is.

First Muzhik. Why, it was only to put his hand on as a signature.

Tanya. You mean that the barin should sign a paper? Yes?

First Muzhik. That 's all — just to put his hand to it and take the money, and that settles it.

Third Muzhik. All he would need to do is to sign! As the muzhiks want, so, let him say, do I want. And that 's all there is to it. He takes the money and signs, and — that's the end of it.

Tanya. All it needs is to sign? Simply to have the barin sign the paper? (*Ponders.*)

First Muzhik. Reely that 's all the affair depends on. When he has signed — of course, there 's nothing more needed.

Tanya. You wait a little and see what Feodor Ivanuitch will say .... If he does n't persuade him, I 'll try my hand.

First Muzhik. You 'll bring him round?

Tanya. I 'll try.

Third Muzhik. Aï! you 're going to work for us, girl? If only you make the business good; I say we 'll bind ourselves to support you all your life long at the expense of the mir. That 's something!

First Muzhik. If you succeed in carrying out such a scheme, reely, we can make you rich.

Second Muzhik. That 's the talk!

Tanya. Truly I can't promise, as the saying goes: —

"A trial
Is no denial,"

but ....

First Muzhik. But to ask is no task! It 's reely so.

Scene LIV

The Same, and Feodor Ivanuitch

Feodor Ivanuitch. No, brothers, your affair won't go; he did n't agree and he won't agree. Go, go!

First Muzhik (*takes the paper. To* Tanya). So, then, we shall have to depend on you.

Tanya. Presently, presently. You go wait outside, and in a minute I 'll come and tell you what.

(*Exeunt* Muzhiks.)

Scene LV

Feodor Ivanuitch *and* Tanya

Tanya. Feodor Ivanuitch, dearest, go and ask the barin to come out to me. I need to have a little word with him.

Feodor Ivanuitch. What news have you?

Tanya. It is important, Feodor Ivanuitch. Tell him, please; it 's no harm, I assure you.

Feodor Ivanuitch. What 's it about?

Tanya. Oh, it 's a little secret. I 'll tell you by and by. But please go and speak to him.

Feodor Ivanuitch (*smiling*). I don't understand what you are up to. However, I 'll tell him, I 'll tell him. (*Exit.*)

Scene LVI

Tanya *alone*

Tanya. Truly, I 'll do it. Why, he himself has said that Semyon has the power; and you see, I know just how to work it Then, no one has a suspicion. But now I 'll coach Semyon. And if the thing does n't work, there 's no harm done. What 's the sin?

Scene LVII

TANYA, LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *and, following them,* FEODOR IVANUITCH

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*smiling*). So here's the little petitioner. What is your trouble?

TANYA. It's a little secret, Leonid Feodorovitch. Permit me to tell you alone by ourselves.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What can it be?.... Feodor, leave us for a moment.

Scene LVIII

LEONID FEODOROVITCH *and* TANYA

TANYA. As I was born and have lived in your house, Leonid Feodorovitch, and as I am grateful to you for everything, I will open my heart as to my own father. Semyon, who is living with us, wants to marry me.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What is that?

TANYA. I will be open before you as before God. I have no one to consult with, as I am an orphan....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, why not? He seems like a good young fellow.

TANYA. That is so; and there would be no objection if I were not dubious about one thing.... and I wanted to ask you.... there is one thing about him, and I can't make out what to do.... whether it is anything bad.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What is it? Does he drink?

TANYA. No, thank God! But as I know, there is such a thing as spirit-alism....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. You know that?

TANYA. Certainly I do! I am greatly interested in it. Others, like as not, not being educated, don't understand it....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, what about it?

TANYA. Well, you see, I'm troubled about Semyon. This happens with him.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What happens?

TANYA. Well, it 's something like spirit-alism. Ask the domestics about it. As soon as he goes to sleep at the table, immediately the table begins to shake; everything squeaks like this, *tuk — tu — tuk*. All the domestics have heard it.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Why, that 's just what I told Sergyeï Ivanovitch this morning. Well? ....

TANYA. Then .... when was it? .... Yes, on Wednesday. We had just sat down to dinner. He had hardly sat down at the table when the spoon of itself jumped right into his hand!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Ah! that is interesting. Jumped into his hand? Tell me, was he asleep?

TANYA. I did not notice. I think he must have been.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well?

TANYA. Well, now I 'm afraid, and on this account I wanted to ask whether there would be any harm come of it? To live together a lifetime and such a thing in him!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*smiling*). No, don't be worried; there 's no harm in it. That simply signifies that he is a medium, merely a medium. I knew beforehand that he was a medium.

TANYA. Is that it? .... And I was really alarmed.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. No, don't be alarmed; it 's nothing. (*Aside.*) Now this is fine! Kapchitch can't be here, and we 'll experiment with him this evening. .... No, my dear, don't be alarmed. He will make you a good husband, and always. .... And this peculiar power, it 's in all people. Only in some it 's weaker, in others it 's stronger.

TANYA. I thank you humbly. Now I won't think about it any more. But I was alarmed! .... That of course comes from our lack of learning.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. No, no, don't be alarmed. .... Feodor!

Scene LIX

The Same, and Feodor Ivanuitch

Leonid Feodorovitch. I am going out. It 's to get everything ready for the séance this evening.

Feodor Ivanuitch. You know Kapchitch decided not to come.

Leonid Feodorovitch. No matter; it 's all the same! (*Puts on his cloak.*) A test séance we 'll have with our own medium.

(*Exit.* Feodor Ivanuitch *accompanies him.*)

Scene LX

Tanya *alone*

Tanya. He believed it, he believed it. (*Squeals and jumps.*) My gracious, he believed it! It 's a real miracle! (*Squeals.*) Now I 'll manage it, if only Semyon does n't lose his wits.

Scene LXI

Tanya *and* Feodor Ivanuitch

Feodor Ivanuitch (*coming back*). Well, have you told your secret?

Tanya. Yes, I have. And I will tell it to you — only afterward! And I have a favor to ask of you also, Feodor Ivanuitch.

Feodor Ivanuitch. What favor have you to ask of me?

Tanya (*blushingly*). You have been like a second father to me, and I will speak to you openly as before God!

Feodor Ivanuitch. Now don't you flatter; straight to the point!

TANYA. The point? The point is that Semyon wants to marry me.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What is that? That explains what I've noticed. ....

TANYA. Yes, why should I hide it. I am an orphan, and you yourself know how people behave here in the city: every one's after you — even Grigori Mikhaïluitch .... I can't get rid of him. .... That one also. .... You know? They think I have no soul, that I am made for their plaything. ....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Clever girl, I praise you! Well, what now?

TANYA. Well, Semyon wrote his father, and he, that is, his father, has seen me to-day, and first thing he says: he's spoilt — that is about his son .... Feodor Ivanuitch! (*bows*) take the place of my father, speak with the old man, with Semyon's father. I might take them into the kitchen and you might find them there and talk with the old man.

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*smiling*). That means, you want me to be your matchmaker, does it? Well, it's in my power.

TANYA. Feodor Ivanuitch, dear, take the place of my own father, and I will pray God for you as long as I live.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Very good, very good; I'll go by and by. I promise you, I'll do it. (*Takes up his newspaper.*)

TANYA. Be my second father.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Very good, very good.

TANYA. Then, I shall have some hope. .... (*Exit.*)

SCENE LXII

FEODOR IVANUITCH *alone*

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*wags his head*). Ah! she is a gentle, pretty little girl. Just think how many such are ruined! Why, if they take only one misstep — they go from hand to hand! .... Then there's no one to pull them out of the mire! Just as badly as that darling Natalya.

.... She also was pretty and her mother cherished her and looked after her and brought her up well. .... (*Takes his newspaper.*) Well now, how is our Ferdinand going to get out of it? ....

CURTAIN

ACT II

The stage represents the interior of the domestics' kitchen. The muzhiks with their coats off and all sweaty are sitting at the table drinking tea. FEODOR IVANUITCH, *with a cigar, is at the farther end of the stage. On the stove the old cook, but he is not visible during the first four scenes.*

SCENE I

The THREE MUZHIKS *and* FEODOR IVANUITCH

FEODOR IVANUITCH. My advice is that you don't stand in his way. If it 's his wish and hers too, then God be with them. The girl is pretty and honest. No matter if she is dressy. That 's the city way; you can't get along without it. Besides, the girl 's clever.

SECOND MUZHIK. Well, if that 's his wish. He 's got to live with her, not I. Only she 's too mighty fine. How can we get along with her in our izba? She won't let her husband's mother even pat her!

FEODOR IVANUITCH. That, my worthy brother, does n't come from fineness, but from character. If she has a good character, then she will be submissive and considerate.

SECOND MUZHIK. Well, I'll take her, if the lad is so set upon it that he must have her. It 's a bad thing for a man to live with one he does n't love. I 'll consult with my old woman, and then trust it to God.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Then your hand on it.

SECOND MUZHIK. Well, it seems to be settled so.

FIRST MUZHIK. How lucky you are, Zakhar! You come here to settle up some business and you get a regular queen for a daughter-in-law. Only you must wet it down a little, of course, to make it regular.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. That is not necessary at all. (*Awkward silence.*) You see, I understand very well the life you peasants lead. I will tell you I am thinking of buying a little land. I should like to build a little house and live like a peasant.[1] Perhaps in your region.

SECOND MUZHIK. It 's lovely work.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, with money one can buy every kind of comfort in the country.

THIRD MUZHIK. That 's the talk! Country life, I 'll say, is free at any rate, not at all as it is in the city.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Tell me, would you take me into your mir if I should settle among you?

SECOND MUZHIK. Of course we would. You 'd set up liquor for the elders and then they 'd admit you.

FIRST MUZHIK. You might open a drinking establishment, for instance, or a tavern; then you 'd have such a life that you 'd not need to die at all! You 'd reign like a little tsar and be at the tip-top!

FEODOR IVANUITCH. We 'll see. I should only wish to live a quiet life till old age. Even here I live well enough, and I should be sorry to leave it. Leonid Feodorovitch, you see, is a man of rare goodness.

FIRST MUZHIK. That 's reely so. But why did he treat our business so? Is it to be left as it is without results?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. He would like to.

SECOND MUZHIK. It seems he 's afraid of his wife.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Not afraid of her; but they don't agree.

THIRD MUZHIK. But, father, if you would only help us. For how are we to live? We have little land. ....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, let us see what will come about from Tatyana's labors. You know she has taken hold of it.

[1] *Krest'yanstvoval*, a verb from *krest'yanin*, a peasant, the "Christian."

THIRD MUZHIK (*drinks tea*). Father, show your kind heart. We have little land; there 's not room for cattle, nor even for a hen. ....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, if only this affair were in my hands! (*To the* SECOND MUZHIK.) So, it 's settled, brother;[1] you and I are to be the matchmakers. There 's nothing more to be said about Tanya?

SECOND MUZHIK. If I have already given my word I don't take it back, even though we have n't wet it down. If only our affairs could be settled.

SCENE II

The Same: enter the COOK; *she glances at the stove, makes gestures in that direction, and immediately begins to talk animatedly with* FEODOR IVANUITCH

THE COOK. They 've just called Semyon up-stairs from the "white" kitchen; the barin and that man who summons with him, the bald one, have sat him down and ordered him to act in place of Kapchitch.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What lie are you telling?

THE COOK. It 's a fact! Yakof just told Tanya.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. That 's strange!

SCENE III

The Same, and the COACHMAN

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What do you want?

THE COACHMAN (*to* FEODOR IVANUITCH). You may say that I was n't hired to live with dogs. Let some one else live with dogs, I don't agree to!

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What dogs?

COACHMAN. Vasili Leoniduitch has had three dogs sent to us, to the coachmen's quarters. They 've soiled all round, they are howling, and it 's impossible to come near 'em — they bite! They 're ugly devils — they 'll

[1] *Tak tak, bratyets; tak* means so or yes.

chew you up quick as a wink. I 'd like to smash their legs with a stick of wood.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. When did this happen?

COACHMAN. Well, they were brought to-day from the exhibition; some kind of costly thick-furred dogs — the demon only knows what they are. Either the dogs or the coachmen must leave the coachmen's quarters. Tell 'em so.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Yes, that 's out of order. I'll go and find out.

COACHMAN. Let them be brought here to Lukerya.

THE COOK (*hotly*). People eat here, and you want to shut dogs up in here! Even as it is....

COACHMAN. In my place there are kaftans, fur robes, and harnesses. And they expect neatness of us. Well, I suppose they can go to the dvornik's room.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I must talk with Vasili Leoniduitch.

COACHMAN (*angrily*). He'd better hang these dogs round his neck, yes, and go driving round with 'em. He likes nothing better than driving about. He 's ruined "Krasavchik," all for nothing. What a horse he was!.... ekh! what a life! (*He goes out, slamming the door.*)

SCENE IV

The Same, without the COACHMAN

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Yes, bad doings, bad doings! (*To the muzhiks.*) Well, boys, since it 's all decided, good-by for now.

THE MUZHIKS. *S Bogom* — God be with you!

(*Exit* FEODOR IVANUITCH.)

SCENE V

The Same, without FEODOR IVANUITCH

(*As soon as* FEODOR IVANUITCH *leaves the kitchen, groaning is heard on the stove.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. He's as smooth spoken as a general.[1]

THE COOK. That's the talk! A room to himself; all his washing done by the masters; tea, sugar — all furnished him, and food from their table.

THE OLD MAN-COOK. Why the devil should n't he steal? — he steals!

SECOND MUZHIK. Who's that — on the stove?

THE COOK. He's a little old man. (*Silence.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. Well, I saw you a little while ago; you were having supper: you must be quite rich folks.

THE COOK. We can't complain. As far as that goes, she's not stingy; white bread on Sundays, fish on fast days, and whoever wants eats meat.

SECOND MUZHIK. Does any one eat on fast days?

THE COOK. Eh! yes, probably all do. The only ones who fast are the coachman — not the one that came in, but the old one — and Sioma, yes, and I and the housekeeper — but all the rest eat meat.

SECOND MUZHIK. He himself does, I suppose.

THE COOK. Eh! what an idea. He's forgotten to remember what a fast is!

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

FIRST MUZHIK. That's the great folks' way; they find it in books. Because it's intellect!

THIRD MUZHIK. Sitnik-bread every day, I suppose!

THE COOK. Sitnik-bread! They never see such coarse bread! You should just see what they eat! What don't they have![2]

FIRST MUZHIK. Great folks' food, of course, is airy stuff.

THE COOK. Airy stuff, indeed! I tell you they are healthy eaters.

FIRST MUZHIK. With an eppetite,[3] of course.

THE COOK. Because they drink with it. Those sweet kind of wines, brandies, frothy liquors; each course has its own kind. It's eat and drink, eat and drink.

[1] He calls it *anaral.*
[2] *Chevo, chevo nyet,* of what, of what, not.
[3] The peasant says "appekite."

First Muzhik. Of course it 's *pre*portioned out, and each kind is brought.

The Cook. It is a sight! what healthy feeders they are! With them it is n't sitting down, eating, crossing yourself, and getting up — but they keep at it.

Second Muzhik. Like hogs with their feet in the trough. (*The muzhiks laugh.*)

The Cook. Lord save us! Scarcely do they get their eyes open, immediately comes the samovar, tea, coffee, *shchikolat*. As soon as they have drunk up two samovars, then it 's "put on another." And then breakfast, and then it 's dinner, and there 's coffee again. As soon as they 've stuffed themselves then they have tea again. Then they 're eating little snacks: candy and jam, and there 's no end to it! Even lying in bed they 're still eating!

Third Muzhik. Yes, so it is. (*Laughs heartily.*)

First and Second Muzhiks. What 's the matter with you?

Third Muzhik. I 'd like to live one little day like that!

Second Muzhik. Well, but when do they do their work?

The Cook. What work do they do? Playing cards and on the piano is their only work. The young lady, just as soon as she opens her eyes, flies to the pianoforte and at it she goes! And that one who lives here, the teacher, she stands round and waits till they 're done with it, and as soon as it is free, she begins to pound at it! Sometimes they get two pianos and then four of 'em are hammering away, two at each. They hammer away till you can hear it down here.

Third Muzhik. O Lord!

The Cook. Well, that 's all their work; playing the piano and cards. As soon as they meet they have cards, they drink wine, they smoke, and so it goes all night. As soon as they 're up, they go to eating again.

Scene VI

The Same, and Semyon

Semyon. Tea and sugar!

First Muzhik. We beg you to sit down!

Semyon (*goes to the table*). Thank you humbly.

(First Muzhik *pours out tea for him.*)

Second Muzhik. Where have you been?

Semyon. Been up-stairs.

Second Muzhik. Tell us what is going on up there?

Semyon. It's beyond my comprehension. I don't know what you call it.

Second Muzhik. But tell us, what is it?

Semyon. I don't know what they call it. Some force they tried to find in me. I don't understand it. Tatyana says: "Do as I say and we'll get our muzhiks their land — he'll give it."

Second Muzhik. But how will she do it?

Semyon. I can't find out from her; she won't tell. "Only do as I tell you," says she.

Second Muzhik. But do what?

Semyon. Nothing especial at first. They made me sit down, they put out the light, they told me to go to sleep. And Tatyana was hiding there. They didn't see her, but I did.

Second Muzhik. What was that for?

Semyon. God knows, it's beyond me.

First Muzhik. Of course, it was to kill time.

Second Muzhik. Well, it's evident you and I can't make anything out of these things. But now tell me: have you taken much money in advance?

Semyon. I haven't taken any; it's all my wages; twenty-eight rubles are due me.

Second Muzhik. That's all right. Well, then, if God is willing and we come to terms about the land, I will take you home with me, Siomka.

SEMYON. That would be pleasant for me.

SECOND MUZHIK. You 've been spoilt, I fear. You won't want to plow, will you?

SEMYON. Plow? Give me a chance! Mowing and plowing — all that kind of thing suits my arm.

FIRST MUZHIK. But after living in the city things probably won't be very attractive to you.

SEMYON. Oh, no; one can live in the country, too.

FIRST MUZHIK. Now Uncle Mitri is after your place, for the soft living.

SEMYON. Well, Uncle Mitri, it gets tiresome. It looks easy at first, but there 's a lot of chasing round. You use yourself all up.

THE COOK. You just ought to see the balls they have, Uncle Mitri — that would surprise you.

THIRD MUZHIK. Tell me, do they keep eating?

THE COOK. The idea! You ought to see what takes place .... Feodor Ivanuitch took me along once. I looked on. The ladies were just elegant! Such dresses, such dresses! You 'd have been dumfounded — bare down to these places and with bare arms!

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

SECOND MUZHIK. Tfu! how vulgar!

FIRST MUZHIK. Why! does the climate admit of that?

THE COOK. And I saw it with my own eyes, little uncle! Think of that! All of them naked! Would you believe it — even the old ladies were naked — our baruinya — she has grandchildren, you know.

SECOND MUZHIK. O Lord!

THE COOK. Then I saw this: When the music struck up, when they began to play, then instantly the gentlemen each went to his lady, put his arm round her, and began to whirl around.

SECOND MUZHIK. Even the old women?

THE COOK. Even the old women!

SEMYON. No, the old women keep their seats.

THE COOK. Nonsense, I saw it myself.

SEMYON. It 's not so.

THE OLD MAN-COOK (*raising himself up, hoarsely*).

That 's the polka-mazurka. Eh, fool! you don't know anything — that 's the way they dance. ....

THE COOK. There now, you dancer, hold your tongue. Vo! Some one 's coming!

SCENE VII

The Same, and GRIGORI. *The* OLD MAN-COOK *quickly hides himself*

GRIGORI (*to the* COOK). Give me some sauer-kraut.

THE COOK. I 've only just come from the cellar, down I must go again! Who 's this for?

GRIGORI. A mess for the young ladies! Lively!

THE COOK. Here they eat so much sweet that they can't eat any more; then they crave sauer-kraut!

FIRST MUZHIK. As a purge, of course.

THE COOK. Well, yes; as soon as there is a little room they are at it again. (*Takes a dish and exit.*)

SCENE VIII

The Same, without the COOK

GRIGORI (*to the muzhiks*). See how they have taken possession! Look out! If the baruinya gets wind of it, she 'll hack e your flax for you worse than she did a while ago! (*Laughs and goes away.*)

SCENE IX

The THREE MUZHIKS, SEMYON, *and the* OLD MAN-COOK *on the stove*

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, she raised a storm a while ago .... it was a caution!

SECOND MUZHIK. At first, evidently, he was going to make the agreement with us; but then, when he saw that she would tear the roof off the izba, he slammed the door: "Go to the devil, I teil you."

THIRD MUZHIK (*waving his hand*). It 's the same

everywhere. So with my old woman. I tell you, when she gets red-hot .... she 's a terror! Then I get out of the izba. The devil take her. Look out, I tell you, or she 'll be after you with the poker. O Lord!

Scene X

The Same, and Yakof

Yakof (*comes running in with a recipe*). Sioma, run to the apothecary, quick, and get these powders for the baruinya.

Semyon. But, you see, he told me not to go off.

Yakof. You 'll have time enough. You won't be wanted till after tea .... tea and sugar!

First Muzhik. We ask your favor. (*Exit* Semyon.)

Scene XI

The Same, without Semyon

Yakof. No time .... well, pour me out a little cupful for company's sake.

First Muzhik. We were just holding a little talk: how very haughtily your lady behaved a while ago.

Yakof. Oh, she 's fiery; it 's a caution! So fiery .... she does n't know what she 's doing. Sometimes she actually weeps with rage!

First Muzhik. That, for instance, I waited to ask. She had something to say about the makrotes: .... "they 've brought makrotes, with them," says she, "makrotes," what do they use these same makrotes for?

Yakof. Those are makroves, not makrotes. They say they 're a kind of bug; from them all sorts of diseases spring. Now perhaps they are on you. As soon as you had gone they washed and washed and rinsed and rinsed where you had been standing. There 's a kind of drug which kills these bugs.

Second Muzhik. But where on us are these bugs?

YAKOF (*drinks tea*). Well, they say they are so small that you can't see even with a glass.

SECOND MUZHIK. But how do they know that they 're on me? Maybe there 's more of the vile things on her than on me.

YAKOF. I 'd go and ask her, if I were you.

SECOND MUZHIK. I think it 's all empty nonsense.

YAKOF. Of course it 's nonsense; but the doctors must invent something; else, why should we pay them our money? Here 's one comes to us every day. Comes in, talks awhile .... "ten rubles!"

SECOND MUZHIK. You don't say![1]

YAKOF. Well, there 's one so fine, he gets a hundred!

FIRST MUZHIK. What, a hundred?

YAKOF. A hundred! .... You say a hundred? Why, he gets it by the thousand, when he goes out of town. "Give a thousand," says he, "but if you don't give, you may perish."

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

SECOND MUZHIK. Tell us, does he know some spell?

YAKOF. It must be he knows. Where I lived before was at a general's .... near Moscow .... he was that stern, and proud .... he was terrible .... that general! Well, his little daughter took sick. They immediately sent for this one. "A thousand rubles and I 'll come." .... Well, they agreed .... he came. Well, something did not please him. .... O ye fathers, how he flew at the general! "Oh," said he, "this is the way you treat me, is it? Then I won't tend this case." Would you believe it! That general forgot his pride, coaxed him in every way. "Batyushka! please don't desert us!" ....

FIRST MUZHIK. And he gave him a thousand?

YAKOF. Indeed, he did.

SECOND MUZHIK. Foolish waste of money! What would n't us muzhiks have done with it!

THIRD MUZHIK. I think it 's all nonsense too. That time when my leg was gangrened, I went to the doctor

[1] Expressed by the one word *vre*, from the peasant word *vrat*, to babble, to lie.

and went to the doctor; I say I spent five rubles on medicine. I stopped doctoring, and it got well!

(*The* Old Man-cook *on the stove coughs.*)

Yakof. Again here, friend?

First Muzhik. What kind of a little man is that?

Yakof. He used to be our barin's cook; he comes to see Lukerya.

First Muzhik. Master-cook, I suppose. Tell me, does he live here?

Yakof. Nay! They don't allow him here. He spends his days in one place, his nights in another. If he has three kopeks, he sleeps under cover; when he's drunk up all he has he comes here.

Second Muzhik. How did he get so?

Yakof. Well, he lost his grip. And yet he was a fine man, like a barin! He wore a gold watch, and he had forty rubles a month wages. And now he'd have starved to death if it had not been for Lukerya.

Scene XII

The Same, and the Cook (*with sauer-kraut*)

Yakof (*to* Lukerya). So Paul Petrovitch is here again, is he?

The Cook. Where can he go — do you want him to freeze to death?

Third Muzhik. What does n't liquor do! Liquor, I say! (*Clucks his tongue with sympathy.*)

Second Muzhik. It 's well known if a man is strong — he 's stronger than granite; if he 's weak, he 's weaker than water.

The Old Man-cook (*climbs down from the stove with shaky legs and hands*). Lukerya, I say, give me a little glass.

The Cook. Where are you crawling to? I 'll give you such a glass ....

THE OLD MAN-COOK. Do you fear God? I'm dying! Brothers, a five-kopek piece....

THE COOK. I say, climb back on the stove.

THE OLD MAN-COOK. Cook! a h-half glass! For Christ's sake, I say; do you understand? I beg you for Christ's sake!....

THE COOK. Go, go! Here 's tea for you.

THE OLD MAN-COOK. What 's tea? tea? Slops! weak stuff! A little liquor .... just a mouthful .... Lukerya!

THIRD MUZHIK. Akh, friend, how tormented he is?

SECOND MUZHIK. Do give him some!

THE COOK (*gets a small glass from the cupboard and fills it up*). There, I won't give you any more.

THE OLD MAN-COOK (*seizes it and drinks it eagerly*). Lukerya! Cook! I drink and you understand....

THE COOK. Well, well, stop talking. Climb up on the stove, and don't make a sound.

(*The* OLD MAN-COOK *climbs up obediently, and mumbles something incessantly between his teeth.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. That 's what comes when a man 's weak!

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, human weakness!

THIRD MUZHIK. What 's to be said?

(*The* OLD MAN-COOK *stows himself away, and keeps mumbling. Silence.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. What I wanted to ask .... this girl from our place who lives here .... Aksinya's daughter. Now how about her? How does she live, — tell me, is she straight?

YAKOF. She 's a nice girl; you can praise her.

THE COOK. I 'll tell you truly, little uncle, for I know how things go on here; if you mean to take Tatyana for your son, take her quick before she 's spoilt, or else it 'll be too late.

YAKOF. Yes, that 's truly so. Here last summer Natalya was a girl living with us. She was a pretty girl

Still she fell — worse than him there.... (*Points to the* MAN-COOK.)

THE COOK. The fact is so many of us women are ruined — they would dam a pond! Every one is attracted by the easy work and the rich food. But you see, with the rich food one soon goes astray. And as soon as she 's gone astray, then they don't want her any more. They throw her aside — and get a fresh one in her place. So it was with Natasha, poor girl. She went astray; they immediately drove her off. She had a baby, took sick, last spring she went to the hospital, and died there. And what a girl she was!

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord! Folks are weak; they need our pity.

THE OLD MAN-COOK. Yes, how they pity us! the devils! (*Puts his legs down from the stove.*) For thirty years I roasted over the hearth-stone. And now I 'm no longer needed, die like a dog! that 's how they pity us!

FIRST MUZHIK. It 's reely so; every one knows how it is!

SECOND MUZHIK. While they 're drinking and eating they call you curly-head; when they 've done drinking and eating — good-by, frowsly-head!

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

THE OLD MAN-COOK. You know a lot! What does it mean: *soté à la bamong?* What does it mean: *bavasari?* What can't I do? Think of it! The emperor has eaten my work! But now I 'm no longer necessary to those devils. But I don't give in yet!

THE COOK. Well, well, he 's begun to talk! I 'll give it to you! Creep into your corner, lest you be seen, or else Feodor Ivanuitch will be coming, or some one else, and drive us both off together. (*Silence.*)

YAKOF. Do you know my place — Voznesenskoye?

SECOND MUZHIK. Of course, we know it! It 's seventeen versts, not more, by the river still less. Have you land there?

YAKOF. My brother has some, and I send him help. I myself have to stay here, but I 'm dying for home.

First Muzhik. Reely!

Second Muzhik. Anisim 's your brother, I suppose?

Yakof. Certainly, my own brother; at the farther end.

Second Muzhik. Of course.... the third place.

Scene XIII

The Same, and Tanya (*comes in running*)

Tanya. Yakof Ivanuitch! why are you taking your ease here? You 're called!

Yakof. Directly. What is it?

Tanya. Firka is barking; she wants something to eat, and her mistress is scolding about you: "What is that rascal up to? He has no pity," says she. "It 's time for his dinner long ago, and he does n't bring it." (*Laughs.*)

Yakof (*starts to go*). Oh, is she furious? I hope it has n't got so far as that!

The Cook (*to* Yakof). Take the sauer-kraut.

Yakof. Give it to me, give it to me!

(*Seizes the sauer-kraut and exit.*)

Scene XIV

The Same, without Yakof

First Muzhik. Who is to have dinner now?

Tanya. Oh, the dog. It 's her dog.... (*She sits down with them and reaches for the teapot.*) Is n't there any tea?.... If not, I 've brought some more! (*Shakes in some more.*)

Second Muzhik. Do they give dinner to the dog?

Tanya. Certainly. They have a special cutlet for her, so that she shan't get too fat. And I wash the clothes for her, for the dog.

THIRD MUZHIK. O Lord!

TANYA. Like that barin who had a funeral for his dog.

SECOND MUZHIK. How was that?

TANYA. This was the way of it .... a man was telling us about it .... a barin had a dog and it died. And it was winter and he went out to bury it. He buried it, and as he drove along he wept — this barin. But there was a healthy frost and the coachman's nose ran, and he had to wipe it. .... Let me fill up your glasses. .... (*Pours out tea.*) His nose ran and he kept wiping it. The barin noticed it: "What are you crying about?" says he. And the coachman said, "How can I help crying when it was such a dog!" (*She laughs.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. I suppose he said to himself: — "If it had been his funeral I should n't have cried. .... (*Laughs.*)

THE OLD MAN-COOK (*from the stove*). That 's straight, indeed it is!

TANYA. Good! The barin got home, and he said to his wife: "What a good coachman we have," said he, "he wept all the way .... he was so sorry for my Druzhok. Call him in! .... There, have some vodka to drink and here's a reward for you;" .... a ruble! And she 's just like that; if Yakof does n't take pity on her dog! (*The muzhiks roar with laughter.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. Capital!

SECOND MUZHIK. That 's the way.

THIRD MUZHIK. Aï! girl, you 're comical!

TANYA (*pours out more tea*). Take some more! .... It sometimes looks as if life was fine here; but then again it 's disgusting to clean up all these vile things after them; tfu! .... it 's better in the country. (*The muzhiks turn up their cups*, TANYA *fills them.*) Drink for your good health, Yefim Antonuitch. I pour out for you, Mitri Vlasyevitch.

THIRD MUZHIK. All right, fill up, fill up.

FIRST MUZHIK. Well, Miss Cleverness, how is our business progressing?

TANYA. It 's all right; it 's coming on. ....

FIRST MUZHIK. Semyon told us....

TANYA (*quickly*). Told?

SECOND MUZHIK. We could n't understand from him.

TANYA. I can't explain it now, but I 'm doing my best, doing my best. Here it is.... your document! (*Shows them a paper under her apron.*) If only my little game succeeds!.... (*She squeals.*) How nice that would be!

SECOND MUZHIK. Look out you don't lose the paper. We had to pay money for it!

TANYA. Don't you worry. His name put to it is all you want, is n't it?

THIRD MUZHIK. Why, what else? His signature and that caps it. (*Turns down his cup.*) There, that 'll do.

TANYA (*aside*). He will sign it, you 'll see; he 'll sign it.... Have a little more! (*Pours more tea.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. If only you succeed in accomplishing the sale of the land to us, maybe the men will pay for your marriage. (*He declines the tea.*)

TANYA (*pours tea and offers it to him*). Have some!

THIRD MUZHIK. Only manage it for us! And we 'll give you a wedding, and I say, I 'll come and dance at it! Though I have n't danced since I was born, I 'll dance for you!

TANYA (*laughs*). Well, I 'm in hopes! (*Silence.*)

SECOND MUZHIK (*studying* TANYA). That 's very well; but you are n't fitted for peasant's work.

TANYA. I? Why, do you think I 'm not strong? You should see me pull the baruinya together. A muzhik could n't pull harder.

SECOND MUZHIK. What do you mean.... "you pull her together"?

TANYA. Why, it 's made of bones, like a jacket, nowadays. And you have to pull the lacings as when you harness a horse; sometime even spit on your hands.

SECOND MUZHIK. You mean you lace her up?

TANYA. Yes, yes, I lace her up. And you see you can't brace against her with your foot! (*Laughs.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. But why do you lace her up!

TANYA. Because we do!

SECOND MUZHIK. Tell me, has she taken a vow or what?

TANYA. No; for beauty's sake!

FIRST MUZHIK. It means she strains in her belly for the sake of shape!

TANYA. You pull so that your eyes bulge out, and she says: "More! more!" Then you blister your hands, and you say, "That 's the best I can do." (*The muzhiks laugh and shake their heads.*) But here, I am talking too much! (*Runs away, laughing.*)

SECOND MUZHIK. What a girl she is; she 's full of fun!

FIRST MUZHIK. And how smart!

SECOND MUZHIK. She 'll do.[1]

SCENE XV

The THREE MUZHIKS, *the* COOK, *the* OLD MAN-COOK (*on the stove*). *Enter* SAKHATOF *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH. (SAKHATOF *has a teaspoon in his hand*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Not exactly a dinner but *un déjeuner dinatoire!* A fine breakfast, I tell you!.... ham of a young porker.... lovely! Rouillet feeds one well. I 've only just got back. (*Noticing the muzhiks.*) These muzhiks here again?

SAKHATOF. Yes, yes, all that was excellent, but we came here to hide something. Where shall we hide it?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Excuse me, one instant. (*To the* COOK.) Where are the dogs?

THE COOK. The dogs are in the coachman's room. Could we have them in the domestics' room?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Oh, in the coachman's room. Very good.

SAKHATOF. I 'm waiting.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Excuse me, excuse me! What

[1] The Russian word, translated "smart," is *akkuratna*, accurate, with all it implies. The third peasant says simply *nitchevo*, which in a Russian's mouth means anything, though it means "nothing." — ED.

is it? Hide something? Yes, Sergyeï Ivanovitch, I 'll give you a suggestion; take the pocket of one of these muzhiks. Here, this one! You listen! Say, where is your pocket?

THIRD MUZHIK. What do you want of my pocket? What! my pocket? I have money in my pocket!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, then, where 's your wallet?

THIRD MUZHIK. What 's that to you?

THE COOK. Mind you! That 's the young barin!

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*laughs*). Do you know why he 's so alarmed? I 'll tell you; he has a pile of money. What?

SAKHATOF. Yes, yes, I understand. Well, then, this way: you talk with them, and meantime I 'll slip the spoon in this wallet, so that they themselves won't know it and can't give it away. You talk with them.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. In a minute, in a minute. Well, how is it, boys,[1] shall you buy the land? What?

FIRST MUZHIK. We want to with all our hearts. Only things don't seem to progress.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, you must n't be close! Land is an important item. I 've told you about the mint. And you might raise tobacco, too.

FIRST MUZHIK. That 's reely so; all sorts of products can be raised.

THIRD MUZHIK. Now, father, you might intercede for us. How can we live otherwise? We have little land — not room even for a hen. ....

SAKHATOF (*placing the spoon in the* THIRD MUZHIK'S *wallet*). C'est fait. All right. Come on. (*Exit.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Now don't you be close! hey! Well, good-by! (*Exit.*)

SCENE XVI

The THREE MUZHIKS, *the* COOK, *and the* OLD MAN-COOK (*on the stove*)

THIRD MUZHIK. I advised going to our lodgings. For ten kopeks we might have had a comfortable room,

[1] *Rebyatushki*, little children.

at least; but here — God help us! — "Hand over your money," he says! What does that mean?

SECOND MUZHIK. They must have been drinking!

(*The muzhiks turn down their cups, get up, and cross themselves.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. Did you notice how he talked .... that we must sow mint? He must understand things.

SECOND MUZHIK. How sow mint, I 'd like to know! Just try it! Bend your back .... you pay dear for your mint. .... Well, we thank you humbly. .... Well, good friend, where can we sleep?

THE COOK. One of you can lie on the stove — the others on the benches.

THIRD MUZHIK. *Spasi Christos* .... (*He prays to God.*)

FIRST MUZHIK. If God would only prosper our affair (*lies down*), to-morrow after dinner we might start home on the railroad and get there by Tuesday.

SECOND MUZHIK. Will you put out the light?

THE COOK. The idea of putting it out! They 'll keep running in, wanting first this, then that. .... However, you lie down; I 'll diminish it.

SECOND MUZHIK. How can we live on so little land? Ever since Christmas I have been buying grain. And the oat straw is at an end. I 'd take four desyatins, I 'd have Siomka at home.

FIRST MUZHIK. You have a family; you 'd get the land without trouble if he 'll only let us have it. If only this business were ended!

THIRD MUZHIK. We must pray to the Queen of Heaven. Perhaps she may have mercy on us.

SCENE XVII

Quiet; sighs. Then clattering steps and a confusion of voices are heard, the door is thrown wide open, and in rush pell-mell: GROSSMANN, *blindfolded, holding* SAKHATOF *by the hand, the* PROFESSOR *and the* DOCTOR, *the* STOUT LADY *and* LEONID FEODOROVITCH,

BETSY *and* PETRISHCHEF, VASILI LEONIDUITCH *and* MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA, *the* BARUINYA *and the* BARONESS, FEODOR IVANUITCH *and* TANYA. *The* THREE MUZHIKS, *the* COOK, *and the* OLD MAN-COOK (*invisible*). *The muzhiks jump up.* GROSSMANN *enters with hasty steps, then pauses.*

THE STOUT LADY. Don't worry, I 'm watching; I 've undertaken to follow him, and I 'll fulfil my duty to the letter. Sergyeï Ivanuitch, you are not leading him?

SAKHATOF. Why, no!

THE STOUT LADY. Don't you lead him, but don't resist him. (*To* LEONID FEODOROVITCH.) I know these experiments. I have done them myself. I used to feel a sort of effluence, and as soon as I felt it....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Let me beg of you to observe perfect silence.

THE STOUT LADY. Akh! I understand that. I have felt that in my own case. As soon as my attention is diverted, I can't any longer....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Sh-h-h!....

(*They walk about, search around the* FIRST *and* SECOND MUZHIKS *and approach the* THIRD MUZHIK. GROSSMANN *stumbles over a footstool.*)

THE BARONESS. Mais dites-moi, on le paye?

THE BARUINYA. Je ne saurais vous dire.

THE BARONESS. Mais c'est un monsieur?

THE BARUINYA. Oh! oui!

THE BARONESS. Ça tient du miraculeux, n'est-ce pas? Comment est-ce qu'il trouve?

THE BARUINYA. Je ne saurais vous dire. Mon mari vous l'expliquera. (*She catches sight of the muzhiks, looks around, and sees the* COOK.) Pardon! What does this mean? (*The* BARONESS *joins the group. To the* COOK.) Who admitted the muzhiks?

THE COOK. Yakof brought them.

THE BARUINYA. Who told Yakof to?

THE COOK. I don't know. Feodor Ivanuitch saw them.

THE BARUINYA. Leonid! (LEONID FEODOROVITCH *does not hear, being occupied with the search, and cries* Sh-h-h.

THE BARUINYA. Feodor Ivanuitch! what does this mean? Did n't you see that I have been having the whole anteroom disinfected, and now they have infected my whole kitchen, the black bread, the kvass....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I supposed there was no danger here; and the men are on business. They came from a long distance, from my own home.

THE BARUINYA. That 's just the trouble, they came from the country near Kursk, where even the flies are dying of diphtheria. But the main thing is.... I gave orders not to have them here in the house.... Did I give orders or not? (*She approaches the group clustered round the muzhiks.*) Be careful! Don't touch them!— they 're all infected with diphtheria! (*No one heeds her: she goes away with dignity and stands waiting motionless.*)

PETRISHCHEF (*sniffs loudly*). It may be diphtheritic; I don't know, but there 's some infection in the air. Don't you perceive it?

BETSY. There 's too much talking. Vovò, in which wallet?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. In that one, that one!.... He 's coming to it, he 's coming to it!

PETRISHCHEF. What is it? here 's high spirits or low spirits.[1]

BETSY. This is a time when your cigarettes come in apropos. Smoke, smoke, close to me!

(PETRISHCHEF *bends down and puffs smoke at her.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. He 'll find it, I tell you. What?

GROSSMANN (*nervously fumbling about the* THIRD MUZHIK). Here, here! I feel it 's here!

THE STOUT LADY. Do you feel any effluence?

(GROSSMANN *stoops down to the wallet and takes out the spoon.*)

[1] ***Dukhi ili dúkhi,*** "perfumes or spirits."

ALL. Bravo! (*General enthusiasm.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Well, so that 's where our spoon is found! (*To the muzhiks.*) That 's the kind of a man you are!

THIRD MUZHIK. The kind of a man? I never took any of your spoons! Why does he bother me? I never took it, never did I take it, and my soul knows I did n't! Why did he come to me? I saw he meant me no good! "Give me your wallet," he said. And I did n't take the spoon, Christ is my witness, I did n't take it.

(*The young people approach him and laugh.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*angrily to his son*). Your everlasting nonsense! (*To the* THIRD MUZHIK.) Don't worry yourself, little friend. We know you did n't take it; it was only an experiment.

GROSSMANN (*takes off the bandage and pretends to be waking up*). Water, if I may have some .... please!

(*All bustle about him.*)

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Let us go to the coachman's room. I will show you what a fine cur I have there .... *épâtant!* What?

BETSY. What a vulgar word! Why can't you say dog?

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Can't do it! You see I could n't say of you, "What an *épatant* female Betsy is!" .... I must say girl. So it is here. What? Is n't that so, Marya Konstantinovna? Is n't that right? (*Laughs.*)

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA. Well, let us go!

(MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA, BETSY, PETRISHCHEF, *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH *exeunt.*)

Scene XVIII

The Same, without Betsy, Marya Konstantinovna, Petrishchef, *and* Vasili Leoniduitch

The Stout Lady (*to* Grossmann). Tell me! how is it? Have you recovered? (Grossmann *makes no reply. To* Sakhatof.) Did you feel any effluence, Sergyei Ivanuitch?

Sakhatof. I was n't conscious of anything. But it was admirable, admirable. A perfect success.

The Baroness. Admirable! Ça ne le fait pas souffrir?

Leonid Feodorovitch. Pas le moins du monde.

The Professor (*to* Grossmann). Permit me to ask you. (*Hands him the thermometer.*) At the beginning of the experiment it was thirty-seven [1] and two. (*To the* Doctor.) So, was n't it? Now, be good enough to test his pulse. Some diminution is inevitable.

The Doctor (*to* Grossmann). Well, sir, allow me to feel your pulse. We will test it, we will test it. (*Takes out his watch and holds it in his hand.*)

The Stout Lady (*to* Grossmann). Allow me. Is it permissible to call this state in which you found yourself a sleep?

Grossmann (*wearicdly*). A kind of hypnosis.

Sakhatof. Then it must be understood that you hypnotize yourself?

Grossmann. Why not? Hypnosis may be induced not only by association, by the sound of the tom-tom, for example, as with Charcot, but also by the mere entrance into the hypnotic zone.

Sakhatof. Let us grant that this is so, but at the same time it would be desirable to define more accurately what hypnosis is.

The Professor. Hypnosis is the phenomenon of the transformation of one energy into another.

Grossmann. Charcot does not define it so.

[1] Réaumur.

SAKHATOF. Excuse me, excuse me. This is your definition, but Liébault himself told me ....

THE DOCTOR (*letting go his wrist*). Very good, very good; all I want now is the temperature.

THE STOUT LADY (*pushing forward*). No, excuse me. I agree with Alekseï Vladimirovitch. And here is the very best proof of all for you. When after my illness I lay unconscious, I felt a great necessity upon me to talk. As a general thing I am very silent, but now appeared this impulse to talk, and talk, and they all told me that I talked so that it surprised them all. (*To* SAKHATOF.) However, I believe I interrupted you?

SAKHATOF (*with dignity*). Not at all! Go on, pray!

THE DOCTOR. Pulse eighty-two; the temperature has risen by three one hundredths.

THE PROFESSOR. Now, that's the very proof that we wanted. It was bound to be so. (*Takes out a note-book and writes in it.*) Eighty-two, was n't it? And thirty-seven and five. As soon as hypnosis is evoked, then infallibly there is increased action of the heart.

THE DOCTOR. As a physician I can testify that your prediction is fully confirmed.

THE PROFESSOR (*to* SAKHATOF). You were saying?....

SAKHATOF. I was going to say that Liébault himself told me that hypnosis is only a special psychical condition augmenting suggestibility.

THE PROFESSOR. Moreover, Liébault is far from being an authority, and Charcot has followed it up on all sides and has proved that hypnosis is produced by a blow, a trauma ....

SAKHATOF. Well, I don't deny Charcot's labors. I know him too. I only said what Liébault said to me.

GROSSMAN (*growing excited*). In the Salpétrière there were three thousand sick, and I took the full course.

THE PROFESSOR. Excuse me, gentlemen, this is not to the point.

TOGETHER

THE STOUT LADY (*putting herself forward*). I will explain it to you in two words. When my husband was sick, all the doctors gave him up ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Come, let us go into the house. Baroness, allow me!

(*Exeunt omnes, talking together, and interrupting one another.*)

SCENE XIX

The THREE MUZHIKS, FEODOR IVANUITCH, TANYA, *the* OLD MAN-COOK (*on the stove*), LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *and the* BARUINYA

THE BARUINYA (*detains* LEONID FEODOROVITCH *by the sleeve*). How many times I have begged you not to make arrangements in the house! All you know is your own stupidities, but I have charge of the house. You'll infect us!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Who will? What do you mean? I don't understand at all.

THE BARUINYA. Here are men sick with diphtheria spending the night in the kitchen, where there's constant coming and going between the house.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But I ....

THE BARUINYA. What about you?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But I don't know what you mean.

THE BARUINYA. As a father of a family, you ought to know. You can't do this.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I did not think .... I thought ....

THE BARUINYA. It 's disgusting to hear you. (LEONID FEODOROVITCH *remains silent. To* FEODOR IVANUITCH.) Have them out of here at once! Don't let them stay in my kitchen. This is horrible! No one heeds me, just out of spite. .... I send them away, and here they are let in here! (*She grows more and more agitated and almost in tears.*) All out of spite! all out of spite. And with my illness. .... Doctor, doctor! Piotr Petrovitch .... and he 's gone!

(*Bursts into tears and leaves the kitchen, followed by* LEONID FEODOROVITCH.)

Scene XX

The Three Muzhiks, Tanya, Feodor Ivanuitch, *the* Cook, *and the* Old Man-cook (*on the stove*). (Tableau. *All stand silent a long time*)

Third Muzhik. Now may God have mercy on them! If we don't look out, we shall fall into the hands of the police. In all my life I never went to court. Let's go to our lodgings, boys.

Feodor Ivanuitch (*to* Tanya). What *is* to be done?

Tanya. It's no consequence,[1] Feodor Ivanuitch. Take them to the coachman's room.

Feodor Ivanuitch. How take them to the coachman's room? Even as it is, the coachman is complaining; it's full of dogs!

Tanya. Well, then, to the dvornik's room.

Feodor Ivanuitch. And suppose they find it out?

Tanya. They won't find anything out. Be at ease on that score, Feodor Ivanuitch. Can we drive them out at night? They would n't find their way at this time.

Feodor Ivanuitch. All right; do as you think best; only don't let them be here any longer. (*Exit.*)

Scene XXI

The Three Muzhiks, Tanya, *the* Cook, *and the* Old Man-cook. (*The muzhiks pick up their wallets*)

The Old Man-cook. Vish! cursed devils! So fat and comfortable..... Devils!

The Cook. Hush you there! Lucky you were n't seen!

Tanya. So come on, little uncles, into the dvornik's room.

[1] *Nitchevo* again.

First Muzhik. Well, what about our affair? What do you think, for instance, about the signature? Will he put his hand to it? Do you think we may hope?

Tanya. We shall know all about it within an hour.

Second Muzhik. Will you be sharp enough?

Tanya (*laughs*). As God may grant!

Curtain

ACT III

The action takes place the evening of the same day in the small parlor where Leonid Feodorovitch's *experiments are always conducted.*

Scene I

Leonid Feodorovitch *and the* Professor

Leonid Feodorovitch. What think you, shall we risk the séance with our new medium?

The Professor. Certainly. The medium is undoubtedly strong. The main thing to be desired is that the mediumistic séance shall take place this same day with the same persons. Grossmann certainly ought to show himself very susceptible to the influence of the mediumistic energy, and then the connection and unity of the phenomenon will be still more evident. You will see that if the medium is as powerful as before, Grossmann will vibrate!

Leonid Feodorovitch. All right, then, I will send for Semyon, and invite those who wish to see it.

The Professor. Yes, yes, I only want to make a few notes. (*Takes his note-book and writes.*)

Scene II

The Same, and Sakhatof

Sakhatof. Yonder in Anna Pavlovna's room they are playing whist, but I as a man unattached .... and moreover interested in the séance, come to join you here. .... Tell me, will there be a séance.

Leonid Feodorovitch. There will be, there certainly will be.

Sakhatof. How will you get along without the mediumistic power of Mr. Kapchitch?

Leonid Feodorovitch, Vous avez la main heureuse. Fancy, that very muzhik whom I told you of, proved to be an undoubted medium!

Sakhatof. Indeed! Oh, yes, that is especially interesting.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Yes, yes. After dinner we made a little preliminary test with him.

Sakhatof. Did you succeed in doing anything and feeling convinced?

Leonid Feodorovitch. Fully, and he proved himself to be a medium of unusual power.

Sakhatof (*incredulous*). Indeed!

Leonid Feodorovitch. It seems that it has been remarked long ago among the domestics. He sits down to his cup, and the spoon of its own accord hops into his hand. (*To the* Professor.) Had you heard of that?

The Professor. No; I certainly had not heard of that.

Sakhatof (*to the* Professor). But still you admit the possibility of such phenomena?

The Professor. What phenomena?

Sakhatof. Well, in general, spiritistic, mediumistic, in general supernatural phenomena?

The Professor. The question is what we call supernatural. When a piece of stone — mind you, not a living man — attracted a nail, how did this phenomenon seem to the observer, as natural or supernatural?

SAKHATOF. Yes, assuredly; but such phenomena as the attraction of a magnet constantly repeat themselves.

THE PROFESSOR. It is exactly the same here. The phenomenon repeats itself, as we call it, and we institute an examination of it. Moreover, we subject the phenomena, when once they are investigated, to the laws that are common to other phenomena. Phenomena seem supernatural simply because the causes of the phenomena are ascribed to the medium himself. But you see that is incredible. The phenomena are not produced by the medium, but by a spiritual energy through the medium, and this is a great difference. The whole thing lies in the law of equivalency.

SAKHATOF. Yes, assuredly, but....

SCENE III

The Same, and TANYA (*enters and stands behind the portière*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Only you must know one thing, that as with Home and Kapchitch, so now with this medium, we must not take anything for granted. It may not prove a success, and it may be even a perfect materialization.

SAKHATOF. Even a materialization? What kind of a materialization can there be?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Such a kind that a dead person, your father, your grandfather, will take you by the hand, give you something, or some one will suddenly be lifted into the air, as happened last time at our house with Alekseï Vladimirovitch.

THE PROFESSOR. Assuredly, assuredly. But the main thing is in the explanation of the phenomena and their subjection to general laws.

Scene IV

The Same, and the Stout Lady

The Stout Lady. Anna Pavlovna has permitted me to join you.

Leonid Feodorovitch. We beg of you!

The Stout Lady. How fagged Grossmann seems! He can't hold a cup. Did you notice how pale he grew .... (*to the* Professor) the moment he came near it? I noticed it instantly; I was the first to mention it to Anna Pavlovna.

The Professor. Undoubtedly the loss of vital energy.

The Stout Lady. Now I tell you this should not be abused. Would you believe it: a hypnotizer suggested to a lady, a friend of mine, Vierotchka Konshin — why, you know her — to stop smoking, and her back began to pain her.

The Professor (*tries to begin to speak*). The change of temperature and the pulse evidently show ....

The Stout Lady. Permit me, one minute; I say to her; it is better to smoke than to suffer so with the nerves. Of course, smoking is injurious and I should like to get out of the habit of it, but what 's the use, I can't do it. I once went two weeks without smoking, and then I could n't hold out any longer.

The Professor (*again makes an attempt to speak*). Undoubtedly show ....

The Stout Lady. But no, permit me. Only two words: You say that there is a loss of power. And I wanted to say that when I traveled by post, ... the roads used to be horrible — you don't remember so long ago as that, but I have made the observation, and say what you please, our nervousness all comes from the railways. For example, I can't sleep on the road .... you might kill me, but I don't go to sleep.

The Professor (*again begins, but the* Stout Lady *gives him no chance to speak*). The loss of power ....

Sakhatof (*smiling*). Yes, yes.

(LEONID FEODOROVITCH *rings*)

THE STOUT LADY. For one, two, three nights I won't sleep a wink, and still I can't go to sleep.

SCENE V

The Same, and GRIGORI

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Please tell Feodor to get everything in readiness for our séance, and summon Semyon, the butler's assistant, Semyon — do you understand?

GRIGORI. I understand. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI

LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *the* PROFESSOR, *the* STOUT LADY, *and* TANYA (*hidden*)

THE PROFESSOR (*to* SAKHATOF). The change of temperature and the pulse have shown a loss of vital energy. The same thing will take place also in mediumistic phenomena. The law of the conservation of energy....

THE STOUT LADY. Yes, yes; I only wanted to add that I am very glad that a simple muzhik has proved to be a medium. It 's beautiful. I always said that the Slavyanophiles....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Meantime let us go into the drawing-room.

THE STOUT LADY. Permit me! I will tell you in two words: the Slavyanophiles are right, but I always said to my husband that such a tendency must not be exaggerated. The golden mean, you know. But how is it possible that everything is good among the people, when I myself have seen....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Would you not like to go into the drawing-room?

THE STOUT LADY. Here is a young boy already taking to drink. I gave him such a scolding. And he was thankful to me afterwards. They are children; and children, I have always maintained, need both love and severity. (*Exeunt omnes, talking.*)

SCENE VII

TANYA (*alone, comes out from behind the door*)

TANYA. Akh! if it would only succeed! (*She fastens some threads.*)

SCENE VIII

TANYA *and* BETSY

BETSY (*enters hastily*). Papa not here. (*Looks at* TANYA.) What are you doing here?

TANYA. Oh, I, Lizavieta Leonidovna, I only came in, I wanted .... I only happened to come in .... (*confused*).

BETSY. Is n't the séance to take place here presently? (*Notices* TANYA *drawing in threads, looks at her sharply, and suddenly bursts out laughing.*) Tanya, it is you who have been doing all these things! Now don't deny it! And it was you that time! It was, honestly, was n't it?

TANYA. Lizavieta Leonidovna, dear heart!

BETSY (*in rapture*). Akh! how good this is! I never dreamed of such a thing. But why did you do it?

TANYA. Baruinya! dear! don't betray me!

BETSY. Why, no! not for anything! I 'm awfully glad! But how do you do it?

TANYA. This is the way I do it: I hide, and when the lights are out I creep out and do it.

BETSY (*points to the thread*). And what is that for? No, you need n't tell me, I understand; you take hold of it ....

TANYA. Lizavieta Leonidovna, dear heart, I will tell

you everything. When I did it before I did it for fun, but now I have some business to accomplish.

BETSY. How? What? What sort of business?

TANYA. Well, you saw how the muzhiks came out and wanted to buy land, but your papasha would n't sell it them, and would n't sign the paper, and gave it back to them. Feodor Ivanuitch says the spirits forbade it. And so I invented a scheme.

BETSY. Akh! how clever you are! Do it, do it.... But how were you going to do it?

TANYA. Tnis was what I thought of; as soon as they put out the lights I shall begin to rap, to fling things about, to touch them on the head with the thread, and finally I shall flap the paper on the floor.... I have it with me.... and fling it on the table.

BETSY. Well, what then?

TANYA. Why, they will be surprised. The muzhiks had the paper and suddenly it is here! And then I command....

BETSY. Well, you see, Semyon is the medium to-day.

TANYA. So I command him.... (*She can't speak for laughing.*) I command him to choke with his hand whoever came near him. Only not your papasha — he would n't dare to do that — but let him choke any of the others, until he will sign.

BETSY (*laughs*). That is n't the way they do. The medium himself does n't do anything.

TANYA. No matter; it 's all one.... perhaps even so it will come out all right.

SCENE IX

TANYA *and* FEODOR IVANUITCH. (BETSY *makes a sign to* TANYA *and goes away*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*to* TANYA). What are you doing here?

TANYA. I came to see you, Feodor Ivanuitch, batyushka....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What is it you want?

TANYA. I came to see you about that affair of mine which I spoke to you about.

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*laughing*). I made the proposal, I made it, and we shook hands on it, but we haven't drunk it down yet.

TANYA (*squeals*). Are you telling me the truth?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I tell you honestly. He says, "I'll consult with the old woman, and then as God wills."

TANYA. Did he say so? (*Squealing.*) Akh! galubchik, Feodor Ivanuitch, I'll pray God for you as long as I live.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, all right, all right! No time for that now! I'm told to get things ready for the séance.

TANYA. Let me help you. What have you got to get ready?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What? Why, this: a table in the middle of the room, chairs, a guitar, a harmonica. A lamp is not needed, candles.

TANYA (*arranges everything with* FEODOR IVANUITCH). This way? The guitar here, the inkstand here.... (*sets it down*). This way?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Do they really have Semyon sit here?

TANYA. It must be, you see. They 've had him before.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Marvelous! (*Puts on his pince-nez.*) Is he clean?

TANYA. How do I know?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, then, you might....

TANYA. What, Feodor Ivanuitch.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Go, get the nail-brush and some Tridas soap.... you might get them from my room.... and trim his talons for him and wash him up spick and span.

TANYA. He can wash himself.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, you can at least tell him. And tell him to put on clean linen.

TANYA. Very well, Feodor Ivanuitch. (*Exit.*)

Scene X

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*alone, sits in a chair*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Learned, learned, especially Alekseï Vladimirovitch, he's a professor; but still I have my powerful suspicions of him. Coarse, popular superstitions are combated: faith in domovoïs, wizards, witches.... But if these things are investigated, it all comes to the same superstitions. Well, is it possible that the souls of the dead can talk and play on the guitar? Either they fool other people or themselves. This business with Semyon one can't make anything out of. (*Examines an album.*) Here is their spiritualistic album. Now, is it possible that they can take a photograph of a ghost? Now here's a picture — a Turk and Leonid Feodorovitch sitting together. .... Marvelous weakness of man.

Scene XI

FEODOR IVANUITCH *and* LEONID FEODOROVITCH

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*entering*). Tell me, is everything ready?

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*gets up without haste*). All ready. (*Smiling.*) Only I don't know whether your new medium may not put you in an unpleasant position, Leonid Feodorovitch.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. No, Alekseï Vladimir and I have already experimented with him. He's a wonderfully powerful medium.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I don't know anything about it. But is he clean? You probably haven't taken care to have him wash his hands. That wouldn't do at all.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. His hands? Ah, yes. You think they are not clean?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Why, yes, he's a muzhik. There'll be ladies here, and Marya Vasilyevna.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Excellent.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. There 's another thing I should like to report to you. Timofeï, the coachman, came to me to complain that he could n't keep clean on account of the dogs.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*arranging objects on the table absent-mindedly*). What dogs?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. A troïka of greyhounds was brought to-day for Vasili Leoniduitch, and they 've been taken to the coachman's quarters.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*with vexation*). Tell Anna Pavlovna; let her do what she pleases; I have no time for such things.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. But you know her passion. ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Let her do as she pleases. He gives me nothing but annoyance. .... And I have no time.

SCENE XII

The Same, and SEMYON (*in a sleeveless jacket, enters smiling*)

SEMYON. You ordered me to come.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes, yes. Show me your hands. Well, they 'll do, they 'll do. Now, little friend, do as you did before; sit down and give yourself up to your feeling. And put all thoughts out of your mind.

SEMYON. What thoughts should I have? The more one thinks, the worse it is.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. There, there, there! The less the consciousness, the stronger the force. Don't think, but give yourself up to your mood; if you want to sleep, sleep; if you want to walk, walk. Do you understand?

SEMYON. Certainly I understand! It does n't require much sharpness.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But above all .... don't be confused. You yourself might be surprised. You understand, that just as we live, so an invisible world of spirits lives around us here.

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*correcting him*). Invisible consciousnesses: do you understand?

SEMYON (*laughs*). Of course I understand! As you put it, it is very simple.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. You may rise into the air or something else may happen .... don't be afraid.

SEMYON. Why should I be afraid? All that is possible.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, then I'll go and call them all. .... Is everything ready?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I think so.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. The slates?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. They're down-stairs; I'll fetch them. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIII

LEONID FEODOROVITCH *and* SEMYON

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Now that's very good. So then, don't be confused, and feel perfectly free.

SEMYON. Shall I take off my jacket? I should feel freer.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Your jacket? No, no; it is not necessary. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XIV

SEMYON *alone*

SEMYON. She has told me to do the same things again, and she's going to fling things around, too. How is it she's not afraid?

SCENE XV

SEMYON *and* TANYA

TANYA (*enters in her stocking feet, in a dress the color of wall paper.* SEMYON *laughs.* TANYA *hushes him*). Sh-h! They'll hear! Here, fasten these matches to your fingers as you did before. (*He fastens them on.*) Tell me, now, do you understand everything?

SEMYON (*bending his fingers*). First and foremost, dampen the matches. Wave them — that's one. Sec-

ond, chatter my teeth, this way — that 's two. But I 've forgotten the third.

TANYA. And the third is the most important point. Now remember: when the paper falls on the table, I will ring the bell besides — instantly spread out your arms this way — open them wider, and seize any one. Any one who sits near, seize him! And as soon as you have seized some one, squeeze this way! (*she laughs*) whether lady or gentleman, you know — squeeze, squeeze hard and don't let go, just as if you were asleep; then gnash your teeth or roar this way .... (*she roars*), and when I play on the guitar, then pretend to wake up, stretch yourself, you know how, — then you are awake. .... Will you remember it all?

SEMYON. I 'll remember it all, only it 's killingly funny!

TANYA. But don't you laugh. Still, if you laugh — there 'll be no harm done. They 'll think it 's all in your dream! Only one thing — don't really go to sleep when they put out the lights.

SEMYON. Never fear, I 'll pull my ears.

TANYA. Now keep your eyes open, Semotchka, galubchik! Be sure and do everything; don't be afraid. He 'll sign the paper, you 'll see. They 're coming .... (*She creeps under the divan.*)

SCENE XVI

SEMYON *and* TANYA. *Enter* GROSSMANN, *the* PROFESSOR, LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *the* STOUT LADY, SAKHATOF, *and the* BARUINYA. SEMYON *stands at the door*

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. We beg your favor, all unbelievers! In spite of the fact that the medium is new and accidental, I expect some remarkable manifestations this time.

SAKHATOF. Very, very interesting!

THE STOUT LADY (*regarding* SEMYON). Mais il est très-bien.

THE BARUINYA. As the butler's muzhik — yes, but only ....

SAKHATOF. Wives always disbelieve in their husbands' doings. You don't allow it at all, do you?

THE BARUINYA. Of course not. In Kapchitch, to be sure, there is something special, but God only knows what it is.

THE STOUT LADY. No, permit me, Anna Pavlovna, it is impossible to decide the matter in this way. Before I was married I had a remarkable dream. Dreams, you know, are such things that you never know when they begin, or when they end; and I had such a dream ....

SCENE XVII

The Same, VASILI LEONIDUITCH *and* PETRISHCHEF *enter*

THE STOUT LADY. And much was revealed to me by that dream. Nowadays such young men as these .... (*She points to* PETRISHCHEF *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH) deny everything.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. But I tell you I don't deny anything at all. What?

SCENE XVIII

The Same. Enter BETSY *and* MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA, *and enter into conversation with* PETRISHCHEF

THE STOUT LADY. But how is it possible to deny the supernatural? They say it does not accord with reason. Well, maybe reason is dull, then what? You see once on Sadovaya Street — you have heard about it? .... they had manifestations every evening. My husband's brother, how do you call it .... not beau-frère, but in Russian — not *svyokor*,[1] but something like it — I never can remember those Russian words — why he went there three nights in succession, and still he did n't see anything, and so I say ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Now tell us, who is it; who is it that 's going to remain?

[1] *Svyokor* means the husband's father.

THE STOUT LADY. I, I!

SAKHATOF. I!

THE BARUINYA (*to the* DOCTOR). Are n't you going to remain?

THE DOCTOR. Yes, I must see for once, at least, what Alekseï Vladimirovitch finds in it. It 's impossible to deny it without proof.

THE BARUINYA. Then I must really take some this evening?

THE DOCTOR. Take what?.... Oh, yes, the powders. Yes, take them, if you will. Yes, yes, take them.... Yes, I will call.

THE BARUINYA. Yes, if you will. (*In a loud voice.*) When you have finished, messieurs et mesdames, you will be kind enough to come to my room to recover from your emotion; and we can finish our whist besides.

THE STOUT LADY. Certainly.

SAKHATOF. Yes, yes. (*Exit the lady of the house.*)

SCENE XIX

The Same, without the BARUINYA

BETSY (*to* PETRISHCHEF). I tell you, you 'd better stay. I promise you some extraordinary things. Do you want to wager?

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA. Why, do you believe in it?

BETSY. This time I do.

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA (*to* PETRISHCHEF). And do you believe?

PETRISHCHEF. "Your wily vows I trust them not. I trust them not." Well, yes, if Yelisavieta Leonidovna bids me....

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Let us remain, Marya Konstantinovna. What? I 'm thinking up something *épatant?*

MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA. No, don't you say anything ridiculous. You see I can't hold in.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH (*aloud*). I will remain.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*sternly*). I will only ask those that remain not to turn this into ridicule. It 's a serious matter.

PETRISHCHEF. Do you hear? Well then, we will remain. Vovò, sit here; but look out you don't get scared.

BETSY. Yes, you laugh, but you 'll see what 'll happen.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. What? in reality? .... There 's going to be some trick! What?

PETRISHCHEF. O, I 'm afraid, I 'm afraid. Marya Konstantinovna, I 'm afraid. .... My legs shake!

BETSY (*laughs*). Hush! (*All take seats.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Sit down, sit down. Semyon, take your place.

SEMYON. I obey. (*Sits on the edge of the chair.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Sit comfortably.

THE PROFESSOR. Sit squarely, in the middle of the chair, perfectly at your ease. (*Places* SEMYON *in the chair.*)

(BETSY, MARYA KONSTANTINOVNA, *and* VASILI LEONIDUITCH *roar with laughter.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*raising his voice*). I will beg those that remain not to make ridicule, and to treat the matter seriously. There might be evil consequences. Vovò, do you hear! If you can't sit quietly, go away.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Hush!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Alekseï Vladimirovitch, you put him to sleep.

THE PROFESSOR. No, why should I, when Anton Borisovitch is here? He has had far more practice in this sort of thing than I have, and more power .... Anton Borisovitch!

GROSSMANN. Gentlemen, strictly speaking, I 'm not a spiritualist. I have only studied hypnosis. I have studied hypnosis, it is true, in all its known manifestations. But what is called spiritism is entirely unknown to me. From the falling asleep of the subject, I may expect certain of the phenomena of hypnosis known to me: lethargy, aboule, anæsthesia, analgesia, katalepsy,

and every kind of suggestion. Here, not these, but a different kind of phenomena are proposed for our investigation; and therefore it would be desirable to know the nature of the expected phenomena, and what scientific significance they have.

SAKHATOF. I fully coincide with Mr. Grossmann's views. Such an exposition would be very interesting.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*to the* PROFESSOR). I think, Alekseï Vladimirovitch, you would not refuse to give us a brief explanation.

THE PROFESSOR. Why, I might expound it, if this is desired. (*To the* DOCTOR.) And will you please take the temperature and the pulse. My exposition will unavoidably be superficial and brief.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes, brief, brief. ...

THE DOCTOR. Directly. (*Takes his thermometer and gives it to* SEMYON.) There, my galliard! (*Arranges it.*)

SEMYON. As you wish.

THE PROFESSOR (*getting up and addressing the* STOUT LADY, *but afterward sitting down*). Gentlemen: The phenomenon which we are investigating is usually represented on the one side as something new; on the other side as something outside the rank of natural conditions. Neither the one nor the other is correct. This phenomenon is not new, but it is as old as the world, and it is not supernatural, but is wholly subjected to the same eternal laws that everything else in existence obeys. This phenomenon is usually defined as communication with the spirit world. This definition is not accurate. According to this definition the spirit world is put in opposition to the material world; this is not correct. There is no such antithesis. The two worlds are so closely connected that there is no possibility of drawing a line of demarcation separating one world from the other. We say: matter is composed of molecules....

PETRISHCHEF. Tiresome matter. (*Whispering, laughter.*)

THE PROFESSOR. (*Pausing, and then continuing.*) Molecules are composed of atoms, but atoms, having no dimensions, are in reality nothing but points for the ap-

plication of force. That is, strictly speaking, not force, but energy — that same energy which is just as much a unity, just as indestructible as matter. But as matter is one, while its forms are varied, so is it with energy. Till within recent times only four forms of energy, each convertible one into another, have been known to us: dynamic, thermal, electrical, and chemical. But the four forms of energy are far from exhausting all the variety of its manifestations. The aspects of energy are multitudinous in their manifestations, and one of these new, little-known aspects of energy is what we are investigating. I speak of this energy as mediumism. (*Again whispering and laughter in the young folks' corner. The* PROFESSOR *pauses, and, after glancing round sternly, continues.*) Mediumistic energy has been known to mankind since very early times: predictions, prognostications, presentiments, visions — and many other things — all these are nothing else than the manifestations of mediumistic energy. But the energy itself has not been recognized as such until the most recent times. Since there has come to be a knowledge of that medium, the vibrations of which produce mediumistic phenomena, and as the phenomena of light were inexplicable as long as there was no knowledge of the imponderable substance — ether — exactly so the mediumistic phenomena seemed mysterious until the truth now established beyond a question became known, that in the interstices of the particles of the ether exists another imponderable substance still more rarefied than ether, and not subject to the law of the three dimensions. .... (*Again whispering, laughter, and squeaking. The* PROFESSOR *again looks around sternly.*)

And just exactly as mathematical calculations have demonstrated beyond dispute the existence of the imponderable ether, giving rise to the phenomena of light and electricity, exactly so the brilliant series of most delicate experiments conducted by the gifted Herman, by Schmidt, and Joseph Schmatzhofen, unquestionably demonstrate the existence of that substance which fills the universe, and may be called the psychic ether.

THE STOUT LADY. Yes, now I understand. How thankful I am ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes; but is it not possible, Alekseï Vladimirovitch, to — to shorten just a little?

THE PROFESSOR (*not heeding him*). Thus a series of strictly scientific experiments and investigations, as I have had the honor of explaining to you, has made clear to us the laws of mediumistic phenomena. These experiments have made clear to us that the submersion of certain individuals into the hypnotic condition, which is different from ordinary sleep only in this, that by the submersion into this sleep the physiological activity is not only not lowered, but is always raised, as we have just seen, — it has been established that the submersion of any subject whatever into this condition infallibly brings with it certain perturbations in the psychic ether — perturbations perfectly analogous to those produced by the submersion of a solid body into a liquid. These perturbations are what we call mediumistic phenomena. .... (*Laughter, whispering.*)

SAKHATOF. This is perfectly correct and comprehensible; but allow me to ask, if, as you are pleased to say, the submersion of the medium in a sleep produces perturbations of the psychic ether, then why are these perturbations always produced, as is usually presupposed at spiritualistic séances, by the manifestation of the activity of the souls of the departed?

THE PROFESSOR. Well, it is because the particles of this psychic ether are nothing else than the souls of the living, of the dead, and of the unborn, so that every agitation of this psychic ether inevitably produces a motion of its particles. These particles are nothing else than men's souls, which by this motion come into mutual communication.

THE STOUT LADY (*to* SAKHATOF). What don't you understand in that? It is so simple.... I thank you very, very warmly!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. It seems to me that now all is clear and we may begin.

THE DOCTOR. The young man is in perfectly normal

condition: temperature thirty-seven and two; pulse seventy-four.

THE PROFESSOR (*takes out his note-book and writes*). Confirmation of what I have had the honor to communicate may be had in the fact that the submersion in sleep will inevitably, as we have just seen, bring about an increase in temperature and pulse just exactly as in hypnosis.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes, yes, excuse me; I only wanted to say to Sergyeï Ivanuitch in answer to his question how we know that the souls of the departed communicate with us: — We know this because the spirit which comes to us tells us in so many words — just as simply as I am speaking now — tells us who he is and why he came, where he is, and whether all is well with him. At the last séance there was a Spaniard, Don Castillos, and he told us everything. He told us who he is, and when he died, and how hard it is for him because he took part in the Inquisition. Moreover, he communicated to us what was taking place at the very time he was speaking to us, and precisely at the very time when he was talking to us he was to be born again on earth, and so he could not finish the conversation that he had begun with us. .... But now you will see for yourself. ....

THE STOUT LADY. Akh, how interesting! Maybe the Spaniard has been born in our house and is a baby now!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Very possible!

THE PROFESSOR. I think it is time we should begin.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I only wanted to say ....

THE PROFESSOR. It is late already.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Very well, then. Then we may begin. Be kind enough, Anton Borisovitch, to put the medium to sleep.

GROSSMANN. How do you wish that I put the subject to sleep? There are many methods employed. There is Brady's method, there is the Egyptian symbol, there is Charcot's method.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. It 's all the same, I think.

THE PROFESSOR. It is immaterial.

GROSSMANN. Then I will employ my own method which I demonstrated at Odessa.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Please do so.

(GROSSMANN *waves his hands over* SEMYON. SEMYON *closes his eyes and stretches.*)

GROSSMANN (*observes*). He is going to sleep..... He has gone to sleep. A remarkably rapid approach of hypnosis. Apparently the subject has already entered into the anesthetic condition. A remarkably, extraordinarily impressionable subject, and might be subjected to an interesting experiment..... (*He sits down, stands up, and sits down again.*) Now you might run a needle through his hand. If you wish....

THE PROFESSOR (*to* LEONID FEODOROVITCH). Do you notice what an effect the medium's sleep has on Grossmann? He begins to vibrate.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes, yes..... Now we may put out the lights, may we not?

SAKHATOF. But why is darkness necessary?

THE PROFESSOR. Darkness? Well, because darkness is one of the conditions whereby the mediumistic energy is produced, just as a certain temperature is the condition of certain manifestations of chemical or dynamical energy.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. But not always. To many, and to me, they have appeared in candle light, and even in the sunlight.

THE PROFESSOR (*interrupting*). May we put out the lights?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes, yes. (*Puts out the lights.*) Gentlemen! now I ask your attention.

(TANYA *creeps out from under the divan, and gets hold of the thread fastened to a bracket.*)

PETRISHCHEF. That Spaniard amused me! How in the middle of the conversation he came down on our heads — how do you say? *piquer une tête.*

BETSY. No, you just wait, and see what will happen!

PETRISHCHEF. All I 'm afraid of is that Vovò will grunt like a pig.

VASILI LEONIDUITCH. Do you want me to? I 'll do it. ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Gentlemen! I beg you not to talk, please. .... (*Silence.*)

(SEMYON *laps his finger, rubs it over his knuckles, and brandishes his hand in the air.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. A light! Did you see the light?

SAKHATOF. A light? Yes, yes, I see it! but allow me. ....

THE STOUT LADY. Where? where? Akh! I did not see it! There it is! Akh! ....

THE PROFESSOR (*to* LEONID FEODOROVITCH *in a whisper, pointing to* GROSSMANN, *who is in motion*). You remark how he is vibrating: a twofold force.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*to the* PROFESSOR). That is he!

SAKHATOF. Who is he?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. The Greek Nikolas. It 's his light. Is n't that so, Alekseï Vladimirovitch?

SAKHATOF. What is the Greek Nikolas?

THE PROFESSOR. A Greek who used to be a monk at Tsargrad in the time of Constantine.

THE STOUT LADY. Where is he, where is he? I don't see him.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I can't see him any longer. .... Alekseï Vladimirovitch, he always seems especially well disposed to you. Question him.

THE PROFESSOR (*in a peculiar voice*). Nikolas, is that you?

(TANYA *raps twice on the wall.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*joyously*). It 's he, it 's he!

THE STOUT LADY. Aï, aï! I 'm going away!

SAKHATOF. Why is it supposed that it is he?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Why, the two raps. An affirmative answer; otherwise he would have kept still! (*Silence.*)

(*Suppressed laughter in the young people's corner.* TANYA *drops on the table a lamp-shade, a lead-pencil, and a pen-wiper.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*in a whisper*). Do you notice, gentlemen, here is a lamp-shade. And there's something else! A lead-pencil!.... Alekseï Vladimirovitch, a lead-pencil!

THE PROFESSOR. Good, good! I am watching both him and Grossmann. Do you notice?

(GROSSMANN *stands up and examines the objects that fell on the table.*)

SAKHATOF. Permit me, permit me. I should like to see whether the medium himself did not produce all these things.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Do you think so?.... Then sit next him, take hold of his hand. But be assured he is asleep.

SAKHATOF (*approaches, hits his head against the thread which* TANYA *lets down; he bends down terrified*). Yes .... Ah-h!.... Strange, strange! (*He approaches* SEMYON *and takes hold of his elbow.* SEMYON *roars.*)

THE PROFESSOR. Do you notice what an effect Grossmann's presence has? A new phenomenon.... must make a note of it.... (*He hurries out and writes down something; then returns.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Yes.... but it is impossible to leave Nikolas without an answer; we must begin....

GROSSMANN (*gets up, approaches* SEMYON, *lifts up his hand and drops it*). Now it would be interesting to produce contraction. The subject is in complete hypnosis

THE PROFESSOR (*to* LEONID FEODOROVITCH). Do you see, do you see?

GROSSMANN. If you wish....

THE DOCTOR. There, batyushka, permit Alekseï Vla-

dimirovitch to give his orders. .... The affair is becoming serious.

THE PROFESSOR. Let him be. He is already talking in his sleep.

THE STOUT LADY. How glad I am now that I decided to be present. It 's gruesome, but still I 'm glad, because I always said to my husband ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I beg you to keep silent.

(TANYA *moves the thread over the* STOUT LADY'S *head.*)

THE STOUT LADY. Aï! ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. What was it, what was it?

THE STOUT LADY. He pulled my hair!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*in a whisper*). Don't be afraid, it's nothing; give him your hand. The hand will be cold, but I like that.

THE STOUT LADY (*hides her hand*). Not for the world!

SAKHATOF. Yes, strange, strange!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. He is here and seeks communication. Who wishes to ask any questions?

SAKHATOF. Permit me, may I question him?

THE PROFESSOR. Do us the favor.

SAKHATOF. Do I believe or not?

(TANYA *raps twice.*)

THE PROFESSOR. The answer is affirmative.

SAKHATOF. Permit me, I will ask something more. Have I a ten-ruble note in my pocket?

(TANYA *raps several times and draws the thread along* SAKHATOF'S *head.*)

SAKHATOF. Akh! .... (*Seizes the thread and snaps it.*)

THE PROFESSOR. I would ask those present not to ask unnecessary or ridiculous questions. It is unpleasant to him.

SAKHATOF. No, permit me, I have a thread in my hand.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. A thread? Hold it. This often happens. Not only a thread but silken knots, very ancient ones.

SAKHATOF. No, but I should like to know where the thread comes from. (TANYA *flings a pillow at him.*) Permit me, permit me. Something soft hit me in the head. Let us have a light .... there 's something here ....

THE PROFESSOR. We beg you not to disturb the manifestations.

THE STOUT LADY. For God's sake, don't disturb them. I want to ask some questions. May I?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. You may, you may. Ask your questions.

THE STOUT LADY. I wish to ask him concerning my stomach. May I? I wish to ask what I shall take, aconite or belladonna? (*Silence.*)

(*Whispering among the young people, and suddenly* VASILI LEONIDUITCH *cries like a young baby, ua! ua! Laughter; covering their noses and mouths and snorting, the young ladies with* PETRISHCHEF *run away.*)

THE STOUT LADY. Akh! it is evident that monk has been born again.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*in a furious, wrathful whisper*). You give us nothing but your absurd nonsense. If you can't behave yourself decently, then go.

(*Exit* VASILI LEONIDUITCH.)

SCENE XX

LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *the* PROFESSOR, *the* STOUT LADY, SAKHATOF, GROSSMANN, *the* DOCTOR, SEMYON, *and* TANYA. *Darkness and silence.*

THE STOUT LADY. Akh! What a shame! Now we can't ask him any more questions. He was born!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Not at all. That is Vovò's nonsense. But *he* is here. Ask your questions.

THE PROFESSOR. It often happens so; these pleasantries and absurdities are a very ordinary phenomenon. I suspect that *he* is here still. However, we can ask. Leonid Feodorovitch, will you?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. No, you, please. This has annoyed me. So unpleasant, this lack of tact. ....

THE PROFESSOR. Good, good! .... Nikolas, are you here still?

(TANYA *raps twice and rings a bell.* SEMYON *begins to bellow and opens out his arms. He seizes* SAKHATOF *and the* PROFESSOR *and chokes them.*)

THE PROFESSOR. Such an unexpected manifestation. An action on the medium himself. Such a thing has never happened before. Leonid Feodorovitch, you take the observations; it 's awkward for me. He is choking me. See what Grossmann is doing. Now full attention is required.

(TANYA *flings the muzhiks' paper on the table.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Something fell on the table.

THE PROFESSOR. Look out, and see what fell.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. A paper! a folded sheet of paper! (TANYA *throws down a travelling inkstand.*) An inkstand! (TANYA *throws down a pen.*) A pen!

(SEMYON *roars, and keeps choking the men.*)

THE PROFESSOR (*strangling*). Allow me, allow me, a perfectly new phenomenon! Not the elicited mediumistic energy, but the medium, is acting! Open the inkstand, and put the pen on the paper, — he will write.

(TANYA *goes behind* LEONID FEODOROVITCH, *and strikes him on the head with the guitar.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. He struck me on the head. (*He examines the table. The pen does not write yet, and the paper is folded.*)

THE PROFESSOR. Go and see what kind of a paper it is, quick! Evidently a dual force.... his and Grossmann's .... produces perturbations.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*takes the paper and goes to the door, and immediately returns*). Extraordinary! This

paper is the agreement with the peasants which this morning I refused to sign, and gave back to the peasants. Apparently *he* wishes me to sign it.

THE PROFESSOR. Of course, of course! Now ask him.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Nikolas! Do you wish me to?

(TANYA *raps twice.*)

THE PROFESSOR. Do you hear. Evidently, evidently.

(LEONID FEODOROVITCH *takes the pen and goes.* TANYA *raps, plays on the guitar and harmonica, and creeps back under the divan.* LEONID FEODOROVITCH *returns.* SEMYON *stretches and coughs.*)

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. He is waking up. We can have the lights again.

THE PROFESSOR (*hastily*). Doctor, doctor, please, his temperature and pulse! You will see a recrudescence of temperature and heart action manifest itself immediately.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH (*lights the candles*). Well, now, unbelievers?

THE DOCTOR (*going to* SEMYON *and putting the thermometer into his mouth*). How now, my galliard. Tell me, have you had a nap? There, now, get up and give me your hand. (*Looks at his watch.*)

SAKHATOF (*shrugs his shoulders*). I can bear witness that the medium could not have done what has taken place. But the thread?.... I should like an explanation of the thread.

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. The thread, the thread? There were much more serious phenomena.

SAKHATOF. I don't know. But in any case *je reserve mon opinion.*

THE STOUT LADY. No, how can you say, "*je reserve mon opinion?*" But the youth with the wings? Why, didn't you see him? At first I thought that it was my imagination; but afterwards it was distinct, just as distinct as if it were a real body.....

SAKHATOF. I can only speak of what I saw. I did not see that, I did not see it.

THE STOUT LADY. Now why? It was perfectly distinct. And from the left-hand side the monk in black raiment was bending toward him. ....

SAKHATOF (*walks away*). What an exaggeration.

THE STOUT LADY (*turns to the* DOCTOR). You must have seen it. He rose up from near you. (*The* DOCTOR, *not heeding, continues to count* SEMYON'S *pulse. The* STOUT LADY *addresses* GROSSMANN.) And there was a light from him, especially around his dear little face .... and the expression was so sweet, so tender, really something heavenly. (*She smiles gently.*)

GROSSMANN. I saw a phosphorescent light, objects changed places, but I perceived nothing else.

THE STOUT LADY. Well, there! You express that so! It comes because you pupils of Charcot's school do not believe in the life beyond the tomb. But now no one, no one in the world shall disturb my belief in the future life. (GROSSMANN *walks away from her.*) No, no, whatever you may say, this has been one of the happiest occasions of my life. When Sarasate played and now .... Yes! (*No one heeds her. She approaches* SEMYON.) Now tell me, my young friend, what you felt. Was it very hard for you?

SEMYON (*laughs*). Rather.

THE STOUT LADY. Still you could endure it?

SEMYON. Rather. (*To* LEONID FEODOROVITCH). Shall I go now?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Go, go!

THE DOCTOR (*to the* PROFESSOR). His pulse is just the same, but his temperature has fallen.

THE PROFESSOR. Fallen? (*Ponders, and suddenly settles it in his own mind.*) And that is the way it should have been .... there should have been a loss of heat! Twofold energy interacting had to produce something in the nature of an interference. Yes, yes!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. I regret that complete materialization should not have taken place, but still .... Gentlemen, I beg you to go with me to the drawing-room.

THE STOUT LADY. I was especially surprised when he waved his wings, and it was plain to see how he rose.

GROSSMANN (*to* SAKHATOF). If hypnosis only were concerned, complete epilepsy might be produced. Success might be absolute.

SAKHATOF. Interesting but not perfectly convincing. That's all I can say.

ALL GO OUT TALKING TOGETHER

SCENE XXI

LEONID FEODOROVITCH *with the paper. Enter* FEODOR IVANUITCH

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, Feodor, what a séance we have had! wonderful! It seems that I must let the peasants have the land on the conditions they want it.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. How so?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Why not? (*Shows him the paper.*) Fancy, the document which I handed them, made its appearance on the table. I signed it.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. How did it come there?

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, it came! (*Exit.*)

(FEODOR IVANUITCH *follows him out.*)

SCENE XXII

TANYA (*alone; crawls out from under the divan and laughs*)

TANYA. Ye powers![1] how frightened I was when he grabbed the thread! (*Squeals.*) Still it succeeded.... he signed!

[1] *Batyushki moï, galubchiki!* my little fathers, little doves!

Scene XXIII

Tanya *and* Grigori

Grigori. So you've been playing a trick on them, have you?

Tanya. What's that to you?

Grigori. Well, do you suppose the baruinya will commend you for it? No, fiddlesticks! Now I've got you. I'll tell your roguery if you don't do as I want you to!

Tanya. I won't do as you want me to, and you won't do anything to harm me!

Curtain

ACT IV

The Stage represents the same Anteroom as in the first Act

Scene I

Two Footmen (*in livery*). Feodor Ivanuitch *and* Grigori

First Footman (*in gray side-whiskers*). You are the third we've come to to-day. Lucky the reception days are all in the same neighborhood. Yours used to be on Thursdays.

Feodor Ivanuitch. They changed it to Saturday so as to have it all come on the same day, the Golovkins, the Grade-von-Grabes....

Second Footman. It's great at the Shcherbakofs, for when they have a ball, then they treat the lackeys.

Scene II

The Same. *The* Princess *and her daughter come downstairs.* Betsy *accompanies them.* *The* Princess *looks into her note-book, then at her watch, and sits on the chest.* Grigori *puts on her overshoes*

The Young Princess. No, now please come! For if you decline Dodo will decline and it will be a failure!

Betsy. I don't know. I must certainly go to Shubin's. Then the rehearsal.

The Young Princess. You 'll have time. No, please come. *Ne nous fait pas faux bond!* Fedya 'll be there and Koko.

Betsy. *J'en ai par-dessus la tête de votre Koko.*

The Young Princess. I expected to find him here. *Ordinairement il est d'une exactitude.*

Betsy. He will surely be here.

The Young Princess. Whenever I see you with him, it seems to me that he has just made or is just going to make you a proposal.

Betsy. Yes, probably it will be my fate to go through with that. And it 's so disagreeable!

The Young Princess. Poor Koko! He 's so desperately in love!

Betsy. *Cessez, les gens.*

(The Young Princess *sits on the divanchik talking in a whisper.* Grigori *puts on her overshoes.*)

The Young Princess. Till this evening then.

Betsy. I will try.

The Young Princess. Tell your papa then that I believe nothing, but that I am coming to see his new medium. Only he must let me know. *Proschaïte, ma toute belle!* (*Kisses her and goes out with her daughter.* Betsy *goes up.*)

Scene III

The Two Footmen, Feodor Ivanuitch, *and* Grigori

Grigori. I don't like to put shoes on for old women; they never bend any, they can't see over their bellies; it 's different with a young woman; it 's pleasant to hold their feet in your hand.

Second Footman. So he would choose!

First Footman. It is n't for us to choose.

Grigori. Why should n't we choose? Are n't we human beings? They think we don't understand; as soon as they begin to talk they look at me and then it 's *lay zhong*.

Second Footman. And what does that mean?

Grigori. That means in Russian: "don't speak, he understands!" The same way at table; and I do understand. You say there 's a difference .... but there is none.

First Footman. A wide difference for any one who knows.

Grigori. There 's no difference at all. To-day I 'm a lackey, but to-morrow maybe I may be living as well as any of them. And lackeys get married; have n't such things been? I must go and smoke. (*Exit.*)

Scene IV

The Same, without Grigori

Second Footman. That young man 's got gall.

Feodor Ivanuitch. An empty young fellow, who does n't know his place; he used to be a clerk .... but he got spoilt. I advised not to take him, but he pleased the baruinya .... he looks well when she drives out.

First Footman. I should like to give him to our count; he'd bring him to his place. Okh! he does n't like such weather-vanes! If a man's a lackey, let him be a lackey. Do your duty; this sort of pride is n't becoming.

Scene V

The Same. Petrishchef *comes down-stairs and takes out a cigarette*

Petrishchef (*in a brown study*). Yes, yes. My second is "Ka." Kar-tozh-ka.[1] My whole .... yes, yes. (Koko Klingel, *with a pince-nez, comes to meet him.*) Ah! Kokosha-Kartosha! whither away?

Koko Klingel. From the Shcherbakofs'. You are forever full of nonsense. ....

Petrishchef. No, listen, a charade: my first is *kin*, my second is *ka;* my whole drives calves a long distance.

Koko Klingel. Give it up, give it up! and I have no time.

Petrishchef. But where else have you to go?

Koko Klingel. Where else, indeed? To Ivin's, for the chorus must be there. Then to Shubin's; then to the rehearsal. Why, you 're to be there, are n't you?

Petrishchef. Why, of course. Both at the rehearsal and at the reversal.[2] You see, I was wild, but now I am both wild and a general.

Koko Klingel. Well, tell me how was yesterday's séance?

Petrishchef. Awfully funny! A muzhik was there, but the main thing was — it all took place in the dark. Vovò squealed like a baby. The Professor made explanations and Marya Vasilyevna gave illustrations. It was such fun! Too bad you were n't there.

Koko Klingel. I 'm afraid, *mon cher*, somehow or other you succeed in brazening it out with jests; but it always seems to me that if I should say the least little word, it would be instantly interpreted as a proposal. *Et ça ne m'arrange pas du tout, du tout. Mais du tout, du tout!*

Petrishchef. Even if you should make a proposal

[1] *Kartochka*, visiting-card; *kartoshka*, potato.

[2] *I na repetitsi i na morkovetitsi. Repeï* is burdock-seed; *morkov'* is a carrot.

with your predicate, nothing would come of it. So come on, let's go to Vovò, and we 'll go to the conversal.[1]

KOKO KLINGEL. I don't understand how you can get along with such an idiot! He's so stupid .... a perfect booby!

PETRISHCHEF. But I like him. I like Vovò, but .... "with a strange love" .... "to him, the path will ne'er be grown with grass."

(*Goes to* VASILI LEONIDUITCH'S *room.*)

SCENE VI

The TWO FOOTMEN, FEODOR IVANUITCH, *and* KOKO KLINGEL. BETSY *accompanies a* LADY *down-stairs.* KOKO *bows significantly*

BETSY (*shakes his hand as she passes. To the* LADY). Are n't you acquainted?

THE LADY. No.

BETSY. Baron Klingel .... Why were n't you here yesterday?

KOKO KLINGEL. I could not. I had n't the time.

BETSY. Too bad. It was very interesting. (*She laughs.*) You would have seen what manifestations we had. Tell me, how is your charade progressing?

KOKO KLINGEL. Oh, yes. The verses for my second are ready. Nik wrote the poetry and I the music.

BETSY. How does it go, tell me?

KOKO KLINGEL. Let me think how .... oh, yes. The knight sings to Nanna. (*Sings:*)

Kak prekrasna natura
Lyet na dushu mnye nadezhda ....
Nanna, Nanna, na, na, na![2]

THE LADY. If my second is *na*, what is my first.

KOKO KLINGEL. My first is Are — the name of a wild woman.

[1] *Red'kotiisi : red'ka* is radish, another play on *repetitsi.*

[2] How doth beautiful nature inspire hope in my soul. Nanna-na-na.

BETSY. Are — that you see is a wild woman who wants to eat the object of her love.... (*Laughs.*) She walks, she grieves, she sings.

My appetite

KOKO KLINGEL (*interrupting*),

Fills me with spite.

BETSY (*catching him up*),

I must have food or perish.
I w-wandered round....

KOKO KLINGEL.

But nothing found.

BETSY.

But little hope I cherish!

KOKO KLINGEL.

But there 's a raft!

BETSY.

Here comes the craft —
Two generals seek the dry land!

KOKO KLINGEL.

Two generals we are
Beneath one evil star
We drift toward the island.

And then the refrain again: —

Sud'ba nas svazala
Na ostrof posla-a-la.

THE LADY. *Charmant!*

BETSY. How stupid it is!

KOKO KLINGEL. That is its very charm.

THE LADY. Who is Are?

BETSY. I am. I act it in costume, but mamma says it is "indecent." But it is n't any more indecent than a ball dress.... (*To* FEODOR IVANUITCH.) Tell me, is the messenger from Bourdier's here still?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Yes, he 's waiting in the kitchen.

THE LADY. Well, is the word *arena?*

BETSY. You 'll see. I don't want to spoil your pleasure. *Au revoir.*

THE LADY. *Prashchaïte* — good-by. (*They bow to each other, the* LADY *goes.*)

BETSY (*to* KOKO KLINGEL). Let us go to mamma.

(BETSY *and* KOKO KLINGEL *go up-stairs.*)

SCENE VII

FEODOR IVANUITCH, *the* TWO FOOTMEN, *and* YAKOF

YAKOF (*enters from the butler's pantry with a platter, tea, and pastry; he passes through the anteroom panting; to the* FOOTMEN). My respects to you, my respects to you! (*The* FOOTMEN *bow to* FEODOR IVANUITCH.) If you would only order Grigori Mikhaïluitch to help me. I 'm bothered to death getting things ready. ....

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII

The Same, without YAKOF

FIRST FOOTMAN. You have a diligent man in him.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. He 's a good fellow, but he does n't please the baruinya; he 's not good enough looking she says. And only yesterday they were pitching into him because he admitted the muzhiks into the kitchen. If only they don't discharge him. But he 's a fine fellow!

SECOND FOOTMAN. What muzhiks?

FEODOR IVANUITCH. They came from our village in Kursk to buy land; it was for all night; they are townsmen of ours. One of them is the father of the butler's muzhik. Well, they took them into the kitchen. And it so happened there was some mind-reading going on; they had something in the kitchen, all the folks came down, the baruinya caught sight of them — there was a

row. "Why," says she, "these men may be infected, and here they are in the kitchen!".... She's in great fear of this infection.

Scene IX

The Same, and Grigori

Feodor Ivanuitch. Go on, Grigori, help Yakof Ivanuitch; I'll stay here alone. But he won't have time if he's alone.

Grigori. He's clumsy; that's why he doesn't have time. (*Exit.*)

Scene X

The Same, without Grigori

First Footman. What is this new-fangled thing that's just come.... these infections?.... So your mistress is afraid of them, is she?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Worse than fire! It keeps us busy here all the time, fumigating, scrubbing, and sprinkling.

First Footman. That's why the air seemed to me so close here. (*With animation.*) There's nothing like the troubles that come from these infections. It's perfectly disgusting! They even forget God! Now our barin's sister, the Princess Mosolova, lost her daughter. What happened? Why, neither her father nor her mother went into the room, and so they didn't say good-by to her. And the daughter was crying, and called them to come and say good-by.... they wouldn't go. The doctor found some infection. But there were people to look after her.... her maid and her nurse, and nothing happened to them.... both of them are alive!

Scene XI

The Same, Vasili Leoniduitch, *and* Petrishchef (*who enter with cigarettes*)

Petrishchef. Come along; I just want to catch Kokosha-Kartosha.

Vasili Leoniduitch. Your Kokosha's a blockhead. I tell you, I can't endure him. He's a regular good-for-nothing; a perfect chump! He has nothing to do but wander round. What?

Petrishchef. Well, just wait then; I'll say good-by to him.

Vasili Leoniduitch. All right. I'll go and look at the dogs, in the coachman's room. One of the curs is so ugly the coachman says he almost ate him up. What?

Petrishchef. Which ate which? The coachman would n't eat the dog, would he?

Vasili Leoniduitch. You're forever .... joking. ....
(*Puts on his coat and exit.*)

Petrishchef. Ma-kin-tosh, Ka-tozh-ka .... Yes —yes.
(*Goes up-stairs.*)

Scene XII

The Two Footmen, Feodor Ivanuitch, *and* Yakof (*who runs across the stage at the beginning and end of the scene*)

Feodor Ivanuitch (*to* Yakof.) What is it now?

Yakof. No sandwiches! I said .... (*Goes out.*)

Second Footman. Then one time our young master[1] took sick. They immediately sent him to a hotel with his nurse, and he died there without his mother.

First Footman. Well, they have no fear of the sin. I suppose there is no getting away from God.

[1] *Barchuk;* also *barchinok*, popular diminutive of *baritch*, the son of a *barin*.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. I think so too.

(YAKOF *runs up-stairs with tartinkas.*)

FIRST FOOTMAN. And notice this; if we had to be so afraid of all men we should have to shut ourselves up within four walls, just as in a prison, and stay there!

SCENE XIII

The Same, and TANYA; *then* YAKOF

TANYA (*bows to the* FOOTMEN). How are you? (*The* FOOTMEN *bow.*) Feodor Ivanuitch, I should like to say two words to you.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, what is it?

TANYA. Feodor Ivanuitch, the little muzhiks have come back. ....

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Well, what of it? I gave their paper to Semyon. ....

TANYA. I have given the paper back to them, and I can't begin to tell you how grateful they are. Now all they want is to pay over the money.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Where are they?

TANYA. Yonder, standing by the doorsteps.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. All right. I'll give their message.

TANYA. I have one more request, batyushka, Feodor Ivanuitch.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. What is it?

TANYA. Now, Feodor Ivanuitch, there's no reason for me to stay here any longer. Ask that I may be dismissed. (YAKOF *comes running in.*)

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*to* YAKOF). What is it this time?

YAKOF. Another samovar, and oranges.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Ask the housekeeper for them. (YAKOF *hurries away. To* TANYA.) What was that you were saying?

TANYA. Why, you don't need to ask. My affair is now all settled.

YAKOF (*running back*). Very few oranges.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Give them what there are. (YAKOF *runs off.*) You have not chosen a good time; why, you see what a bustle ....

TANYA. But you know, Feodor Ivanuitch, there 'll never be any end to the bustle, if you wait forever .... you know it as well as I do. But my affair is for all time. Now, batyushka, Feodor Ivanuitch, you have been so good to me, be my real father, choose a convenient little time and tell them. Otherwise she 'll be angry and not give me my billet.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. But why are you in such a hurry?

TANYA. Why, Feodor Ivanuitch, my affair is all decided. I should like to visit mamenka, and then my godmother, and get things ready. .... And the wedding is to take place at Krasnaya-gorka. Do tell her, batyushka, Feodor Ivanuitch.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Go away! This is not the place!

(*An elderly barin comes down-stairs and silently takes his departure with the* SECOND FOOTMAN. *Exit* TANYA.)

SCENE XIV

FEODOR IVANUITCH, FIRST FOOTMAN, *and* YAKOF

YAKOF (*enters*). Now, Feodor Ivanuitch, this is a crying shame! She wants to dismiss me. "You break everything," she says, "you forget Firka, and contrary to my wishes you admit muzhiks into the kitchen." You know yourself I knew nothing whatever about it. Only Tatyana said to me, "Take them into the kitchen," and I did n't know whose order it was.

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Tell me, did she say so?

YAKOF. She just said so. Do stand up for me, Feodor Ivanuitch! One just gets his family nicely established and then has to lose his place, and it 's not so easy to find another. Feodor Ivanuitch, please!

Scene XV

Feodor Ivanuitch, *the* First Footman, *and the* Baruinya, *who accompanies an old* Countess *with false hair and teeth. The* First Footman *puts the* Countess's *cloak on for her*

The Baruinya. It is certainly so. I am truly touched.

The Countess. If my health were not so bad, I would come and see you oftener.

The Baruinya. Truly try Piotr Petrovitch. He is brusque, but there 's no one like him for calming one; everything with him is so simple and clear.

The Countess. No, I'm used to mine now.

The Baruinya. Be careful!

The Countess. *Merci, mille fois merci.*

Scene XVI

The Same, *and* Grigori, *who comes rushing in from the pantry in excitement, with disheveled hair. Behind him* Semyon *is visible*

Semyon. Don't you dare come near her.

Grigori. You villain. I 'll teach you to strike me! Oh, you wretch!

The Baruinya. What does this mean? Do you imagine you are in a tavern?

Grigori. I can't live on account of this coarse muzhik.

The Baruinya (*in vexation*). You 've lost your senses! don't you see! (*To the* Countess.) Merci, mille fois merci! À mardi.

(*The* Countess *and* First Footman *take their departure.*)

Scene XVII

Feodor Ivanuitch, *the* Baruinya, Grigori, *and* Semyon

The Baruinya (*to* Grigori). What does this mean?

Grigori. Even if I do fulfil the duties of a lackey, I have my proper pride, and I don't allow every muzhik to lay hands on me.

The Baruinya. What happened?

Grigori. That Semyon of yours has been putting on airs because he has sat down with gentlemen. He wants to get into a fight.

The Baruinya. What do you say? What for?

Grigori. God only knows.

The Baruinya (*to* Semyon). What does this mean?

Semyon. Why is he pursuing her?

The Baruinya. Tell me what has taken place between you?

Semyon (*smiling*). Well, he's all the time following after Tanya, the chambermaid, and she won't have it. So I pushed him aside with my hand.... this way, very gently.

Grigori. Fine way of pushing one aside; he almost broke my ribs and he tore my dress-coat. And then what did he say? "The force came over me," said he, "just as it did last night." And he began to pound me!

The Baruinya (*to* Semyon). How do you dare fight in my house?

Feodor Ivanuitch. Allow me to inform you, Anna Pavlovna, that Semyon has an affection for Tanya and they have just become engaged; but Grigori — I must tell the truth — does n't behave well toward her, not honorably. And Semyon, I imagine, was indignant with him.

Grigori. Not at all. It was out of spite because I discovered their rascality.

The Baruinya. What rascality?

Grigori. Why, at the séance. All the manifestations

last night were performed, not by Semyon, but by Tanya. I myself saw her creeping out from under the divan.

THE BARUINYA. What is that? .... creeping out from under the divan?

GRIGORI. I can give you my word of honor. She also got the document and threw it on the table. If it had not been for her, the paper would not have been signed, and the land would not have been sold to the muzhiks.

THE BARUINYA. You saw it yourself?

GRIGORI. With my own eyes. Have her called, she can't deny it!

THE BARUINYA. Call her. (*Exit* GRIGORI.)

SCENE XVIII

The Same, without GRIGORI. *Behind the scenes, a confusion. The* SWISS'S *voice: "You can't go in, you can't go in!" The* SWISS *appears, the* THREE MUZHIKS *crowd past him, the* SECOND MUZHIK *in advance; the* THIRD MUZHIK *trips, falls, and puts his hand on his nose*

THE SWISS. You can't go in, go away!

SECOND MUZHIK. Why, there's no need of a fuss. We don't mean any harm, do we? We want to pay our money.

FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, as the business of putting his signature to the document has been done, all we have to do is to pay over the money and offer our thanks!

THE BARUINYA. Just wait, wait with your thanks! It was all a fraud. It isn't done with yet! The land hasn't been sold yet .... Leonid! call Leonid Feodorovitch! (*Exit the* SWISS.)

Scene XIX

The Same, and Leonid Feodorovitch (*who starts to come in, but on seeing his wife and* Muzhiks *tries to go back*)

The Baruinya. No, no, please come here! I told you that you had no business to sell that land on credit, and every one told you the same thing. But you have been cheated, like the stupidest of men!

Leonid Feodorovitch. How so? I don't understand where the deception is.

The Baruinya. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your hair is gray, and yet you allow yourself to be cheated and turned to ridicule like a boy! You begrudge your son three hundred paltry rubles required by his social position, and you yourself, like a fool, are cheated out of thousands.

Leonid Feodorovitch. Calm yourself, Annette.

First Muzhik. All we wanted was to pay over the sum, of course. ....

Third Muzhik (*takes out the money*). Let us go, for Christ's sake!

The Baruinya. Wait, wait!

Scene XX

The Same, Grigori *and* Tanya

The Baruinya (*sternly to* Tanya). Yesterday evening were you in the parlor at the time of the séance?

(Tanya, *sighing, looks at* Feodor Ivanuitch, Leonid Feodorovitch, *and* Semyon.)

Grigori. No shuffling will avail now — when I myself saw ....

The Baruinya. Speak, were you there? I know all. Confess! I won't do anything to you. I only want to

convince him (*indicating* LEONID FEODOROVITCH). Did you throw the paper on the table?

TANYA. I don't know what answer to give. The only thing is whether I can be permitted to go home or not.

THE BARUINYA (*to* LEONID FEODOROVITCH). There, you see what a fool they make of you.

SCENE XXI

The Same; enter BETSY *at the beginning of the scene and stands unobserved*

TANYA. Let me go home, Anna Pavlovna.

THE BARUINYA. No, dear. You see, maybe you have done damage amounting to several thousands. Land has been sold which should not have been sold.

TANYA. Let me go, Anna Pavlovna.

THE BARUINYA. No, you are responsible. Such tricks cannot be allowed. We shall put it into the hands of the law.

BETSY (*interfering*). Let her go, mamma. And if you want to sue her, then you 'll have to sue me too. She and I did that together last evening.

THE BARUINYA: Well, then, you may know, if you had anything to do with it, there could be only mischief in it.

SCENE XXII

The Same, and the PROFESSOR

THE PROFESSOR. How are you, Anna Pavlovna? How do you do, young lady?[1] I am bringing you a report, Leonid Feodorovitch, from the Thirteenth Congress of Spiritualists, at Chicago. A wonderful discourse by Schmidt!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Ah, very interesting.

THE BARUINYA. I will tell you something far more interesting. It seems that this silly girl has played a trick on you and my husband. Betsy tells on herself, but

[1] *Baruishnya.*

that is in order to plague me; but an illiterate servant-girl has duped you, and you believe her! Last evening none of your manifestations were by spirits, but this girl (*pointing to* TANYA) did them all!

THE PROFESSOR (*taking off his overcoat*). What is that?

THE BARUINYA. Yes, indeed. She played the guitar in the dark, and struck my husband on the head, and played all sorts of stupid tricks on you; and has just confessed that she did.

THE PROFESSOR (*smiling*). But what does that prove?

THE BARUINYA. It proves that your mediumism is rubbish, that is what it proves!

THE PROFESSOR. Because this maid wanted to deceive, hence mediumism is rubbish, as you may please to express it. (*Smiling.*) Strange conclusion! Very possibly this maid intended to deceive; it often happens so. Maybe she even did something; but what she did she did: but what came from the mediumistic energy came from the mediumistic energy. It is even perfectly likely that what this maid did called forth, solicited, so to speak, the manifestation of the mediumistic energy, gave it definite form.

THE BARUINYA. Another lecture!....

THE PROFESSOR (*severely*). You say, Anna Pavlovna, that this maid, and possibly, also, this amiable young lady, did something; but the light which we all saw, and, in the first case, the fall in temperature, and in the second the rise in temperature, and Grossmann's excitement and vibration .... tell me, was that also done by this maid? These are facts, ... facts, Anna Pavlovna. No, Anna Pavlovna, there are things which must be investigated and fully understood in order to speak about them .... things too serious, quite too serious ....

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. How about the child which Marya Vasilyevna, and I too, saw? .... This maid couldn't have done this.

THE BARUINYA. Do you think that you have brains? .... But you are a fool!

LEONID FEODOROVITCH. Well, I 'm going .... Alekseï Vladimirovitch, come to my room.

(*Exit into his private room.*)

THE PROFESSOR (*shrugging his shoulders, follows him*). Yes, we are still far away from Europe!

SCENE XXIII

The BARUINYA, *the* THREE MUZHIKS, FEODOR IVANUITCH, TANYA, BETSY, GRIGORI, SEMYON, *and* YAKOF (*who enters*)

THE BARUINYA (*calling to her husband*). They cheat him like a fool! And he can't see a thing. (*To* YAKOF.) What do you want?

YAKOF. Do you wish me to lay the table for many persons?

THE BARUINYA. For many? .... Feodor Ivanuitch, take the silver from him. Then away with him! He 's to blame for everything. This man will drive me into the grave. Yesterday he almost starved the poor little dog to death, and she had never done a thing to him. Nor was that sufficient for him; he let these infected muzhiks into the kitchen, and here they are again. He 's to blame for everything! Away with him, instantly! away with him! Settle his accounts, settle his accounts. (*To* SEMYON.) And if you allow yourself to make such a commotion in my house again, I 'll give you a lesson, you nasty muzhik!

THE SECOND MUZHIK. Well, now, if he 's a nasty muzhik, there 's no need of keeping him; give him his wages, and that 's the end of it.

THE BARUINYA (*as she hears him, examines the* THIRD MUZHIK). Just look at him; he has an eruption on his nose, an eruption! He is sick, he is a reservoir of infection. Why, I declared last evening that they were not to be admitted, and here they are again. Drive them out!

FEODOR IVANUITCH. Tell me, shall we not take their money?

THE BARUINYA. Their money?.... Take their money, but drive them away, entirely away, this very instant! He 's perfectly putrid!

THE THIRD MUZHIK. You 're quite mistaken, matushka, by God, quite. Ask my old woman, I tell you, whether I 'm putrid. I 'm as smooth as a mirror, I tell you....

THE BARUINYA. And still he talks!.... Away, away with you! All out of spite! No, I can't bear, I can't bear it!.... Send for Piotr Petrovitch. (*Runs out sobbing.*) (*Exeunt* YAKOF *and* GRIGORI.)

SCENE XXIV

The Same, without the BARUINYA, YAKOF, *and* GRIGORI

TANYA (*to* BETSY). My dear young lady, sweetheart,[1] what am I to do now?

BETSY. It 's all right, it 's all right. Just go home with them. I 'll attend to it. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XXV

FEODOR IVANUITCH, *the* THREE MUZHIKS, TANYA, *and the* SWISS

THE FIRST MUZHIK. How is it now, worthy sir, about the receipt of the money?

THE SECOND MUZHIK. Dismiss us now!

THE THIRD MUZHIK (*fidgeting with the money*). If I had known, I would n't, for the world, have undertaken this job. It dries one up worse than a malignant disease!

FEODOR IVANUITCH (*to the Swiss*). Bring them to my room; the abacus is there. And I 'll receive the money there, too. Go, go!

[1] *Baruishnya, galubushka.*

THE SWISS. Let us go, then, let us go!

FEODOR IVANUITCH. But thank Tanya. If it had not been for her, you would n't have had your land.

THE FIRST MUZHIK. Reely, just as she proposed to do, she carried it out.

THE THIRD MUZHIK. She has made men of us! What should we have done otherwise? We have little land — not room for cattle, not even for a hen on it! Good-by,[1] Miss Cleverness! When you come to the village, come and eat honey at my house.

THE SECOND MUZHIK. Just let me get home, I 'll set about the wedding and brew beer. Only come!

TANYA. I 'll come, I 'll come! (*Squeals.*) Semyon, is n't this nice? (*Exeunt the* MUZHIKS.)

SCENE XXVI

FEODOR IVANUITCH, TANYA, *and* SEMYON

FEODOR IVANUITCH. God bless you. Now look here, Tanya, when you have a home of your own I 'll come and visit you. Will you receive me?

TANYA. You dear fellow,[2] we will receive you like a father!

(*Hugs and kisses him.*)

CURTAIN

[1] *Prashchevaĭ* for *prashchaĭ*.
[2] *Galubchik tui moĭ*, little pigeon, thou mine.

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